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FRANKLIN INTERMEDIATE READER.



BOSTON-
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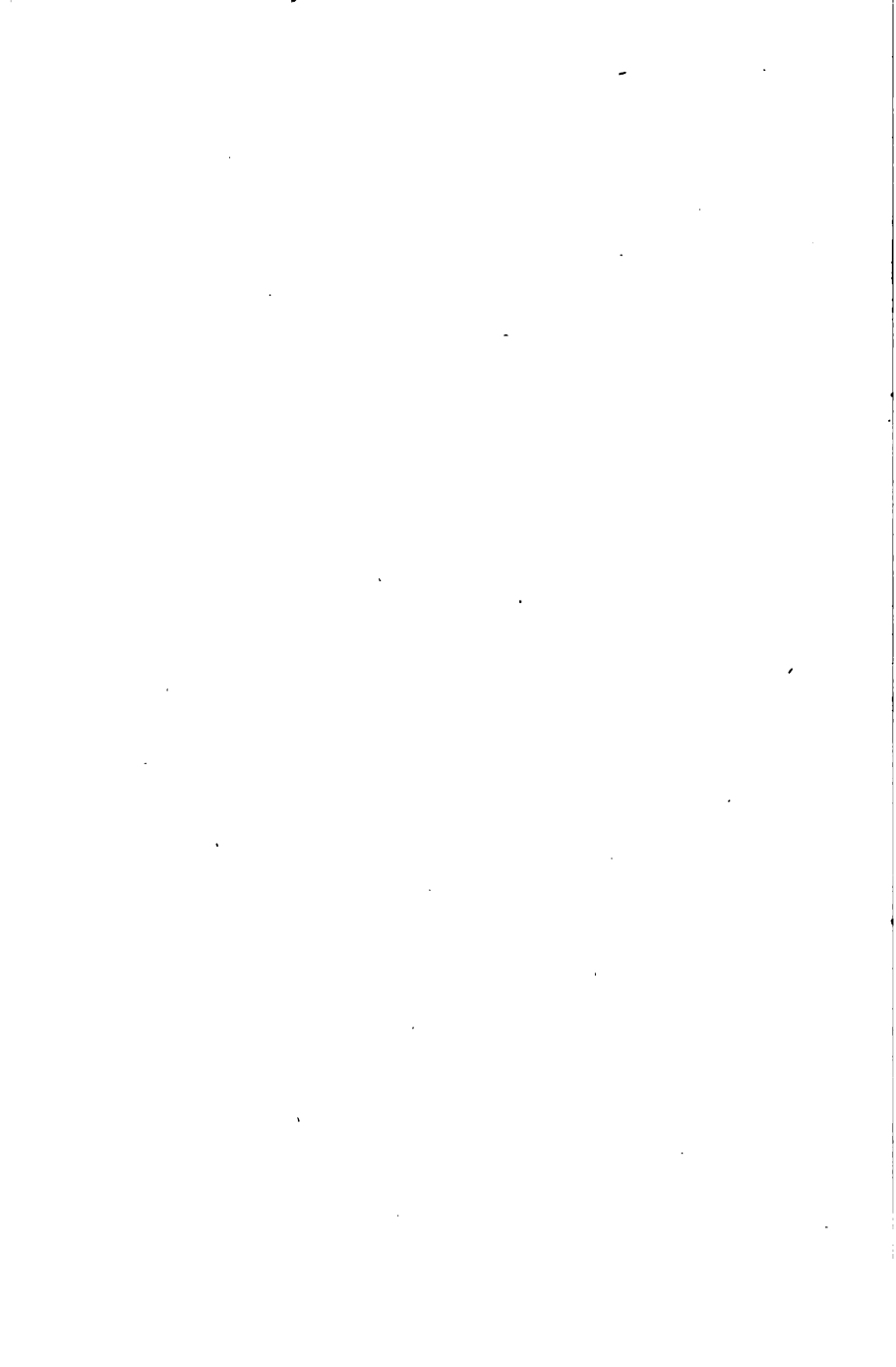
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THE
FRANKLIN
INTERMEDIATE READER

FOR THE USE OF
PUBLIC AND PRIVATE SCHOOLS

By GEORGE S. HILLARD

WITH NEW AND ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS

BOSTON
BREWER AND TILESTON
1875

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PREFACE.

THE FRANKLIN INTERMEDIATE READER has been prepared for use in classes which may require a reading-book of a slightly more advanced grade than the Franklin Fourth, yet not quite so advanced as the Franklin Fifth. While for District Schools in small towns this Reader may be regarded as superfluous, in large towns and cities, where the pupils are divided into more numerous classes, such a work as the present is frequently called for, and is to a certain extent a necessity.

It is adapted to pupils of from nine or ten to thirteen years of age, and is to take the place of the Intermediate Reader of the former series.

The compiler is indebted to SAMUEL W. MASON, ESQ., Master of the Eliot School, Boston, for the valuable and original lessons in vocal culture, as well as for important aid in the preparation of the introductory exercises.

The selections are largely new, only a few of the most approved pieces having been retained because of their intrinsic merit and permanent interest. Many of the selections are either entirely original and expressly written for this Reader, or have been adapted for its pages, and are protected by its copyright.

G. S. HILLARD.

Boston, July 1, 1874.

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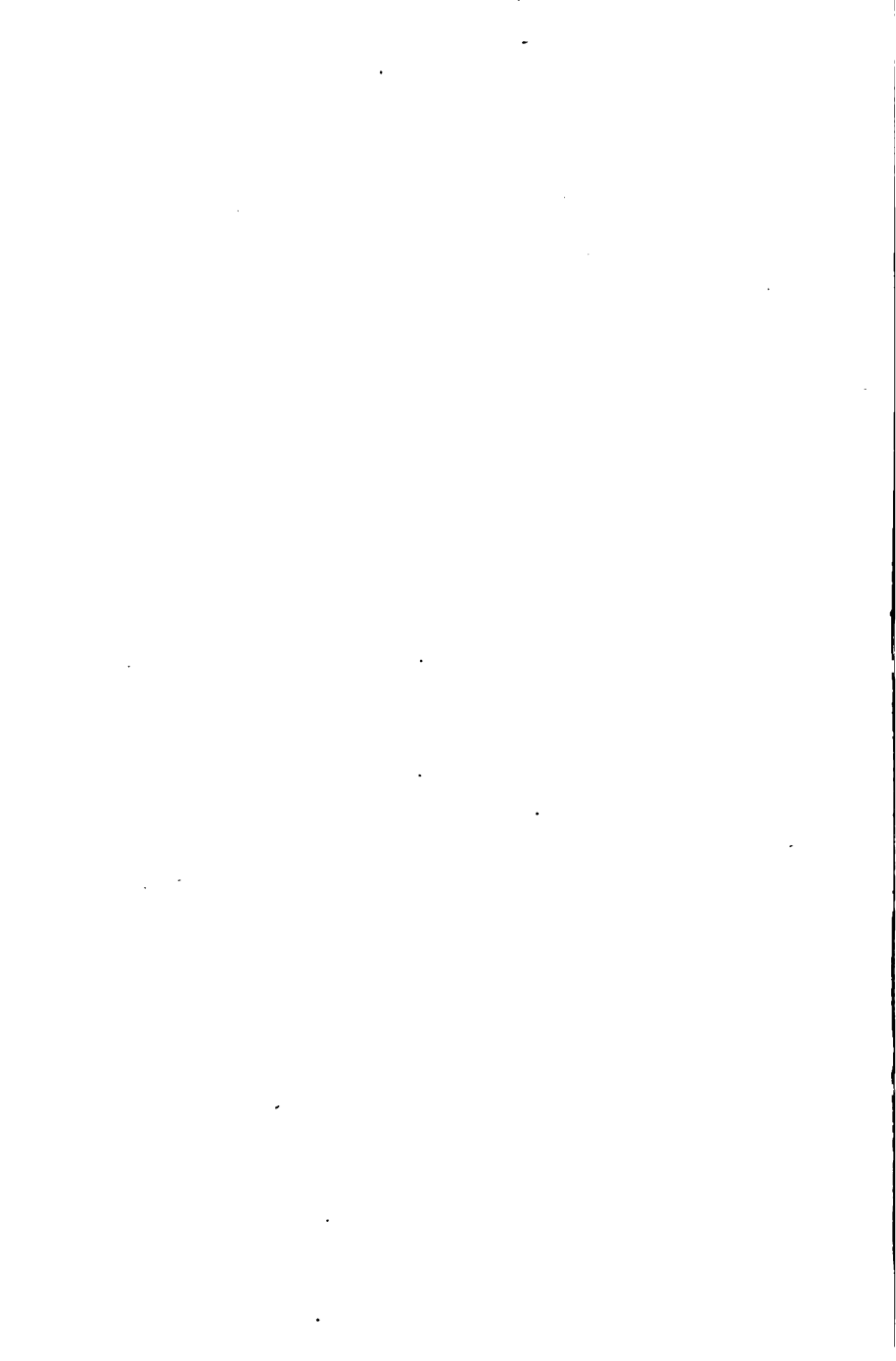
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THE FRANKLIN INTERMEDIATE READER.

INTRODUCTION.

ARTICULATION.

CORRECT articulation is the basis of good reading. It implies a clear and accurate utterance of each syllable, a due proportion of sound to every letter, and a clearly marked termination to each syllable or sound before another is commenced.

The following exercises in articulation are designed for pupils as a *daily* discipline, during the entire time in which this volume is used. Every reading-lesson should be preceded by an exercise in articulation, even though a short one. The sounds and words should be accurately and forcibly uttered, and especial attention should be given to such sounds as are liable to be perverted or suppressed. The importance of a thorough training in this department especially commends it to the attention of teachers.

Concert exercises upon the table of vowel sounds, with frequent changes of key, and with different degrees of force, sometimes with all the power of which the voice is capable, are well calculated to develop command of voice and promote accuracy in pronunciation. Similar exercises on the table of consonant sounds should not be neglected, since the defective utterance of the consonants is one of the chief causes of bad articulation.

POSITION.

VOCAL gymnastics is the art of training the vocal organs so as to develop their powers, and enable them to act with ease, precision, and effect.



All who would be good readers should practise systematically and persistently such vocal exercises as will give them complete control of all the muscles of articulation, increase the power and elasticity of the voice, rendering it smooth, pure, and melodious.

Such exercises rightly taken will not only give power and purity to the voice, but will also promote the general health.

Physical culture and vocal exercises are so intimately connected that in the proper development of one the other must be necessarily improved; indeed, no vocal exercises can be correctly practised without first securing the proper position and carriage of the body.



Fig. 1.

It is of the first importance that pupils acquire the habit of sitting correctly. At the command, *One*: insist that the pupils assume the following position:—

1. Sit erect as far back in the seat as possible.
2. Body square to the front.
3. Feet resting on the

floor, one slightly in advance and forming with each other an angle of sixty degrees.

4. Knees bent nearly at right angles.

5. Chest fully expanded.

6. Hands resting gently on the edge of the seat.

7. Shoulders level.

8. Head erect.

9. Chin slightly depressed.

10. Eyes directly to the front.

11. Incline the body slightly forward, bringing the ear, shoulder, elbow, and hip in a straight line, as in Fig. 1.

At the command, *Two* : Right face. See Fig. 2.

At the command, *Three* : Stand ; still facing to the right. See Fig. 3.

At the command, *Four* : Left face, standing in the correct position, viz. :

1. Heels in a line and touching each other.

2. Feet turned equally outward, forming with each other an angle of sixty degrees.

3. Knees straight.

4. Body erect and square to the front.

5. Arms hanging easily at the side.

6. Elbows near the body.



Fig. 2.



Fig. 3.

7. Shoulders square and at equal height.

8. Head erect.

9. Eyes looking directly to the front.

10. Chin slightly depressed.

11. Body inclined forward, bringing ear, shoulder, hip, knee, and ankle, in a vertical line. See Fig. 4.

Every change in position should be made with military precision and promptness.

Pupils in position, as in Fig. 4, with lungs fully inflated, are now ready to practise the following




Fig. 4.

VOCAL EXERCISES.

1. Sound the syllable hō.

Make the tone prolonged, smooth, uniform, and musical.

Let the pitch be 

With this same pitch give the principal vowel sounds with h prefixed.

- | | |
|------------------------|-------------------------|
| 2. Hā : ā as in name. | 11. Hô : ô as in move. |
| 3. Hă : ä as in arm. | 12. Hõ : õ as in not. |
| 4. Hâ : â as in fall. | 13. Hū : ū as in use. |
| 5. Hǎ : ǎ as in mat. | 14. Hű : ű as in up. |
| 6. Hē : ē as in me. | 15. Hû : û as in pull. |
| 7. Hě : ě as in met. | 16. Hü : ü as in fur. |
| 8. Hī : ī as in pine. | 17. Hoi : oi as in oil. |
| 9. Hȳ : ȳ as in pin. | 18. Hou : ou as in out. |
| 10. Hō : ō as in note. | |

Give the vowel sounds with quick, sharp, percussive tone.

ā, ä, â, ă, ē, ě, ī, ĭ, ō, ô, ǒ, ū, ŭ, û, ü, oi, ou.

Give all the vowel sounds with one continuous breath, letting one sound glide smoothly into the next. Do not permit pupils to replenish their breath during this exercise. Each one should stop as his breath is exhausted.

Begin with lungs fully inflated.

ā, ä, â, ă, ē, ě, ī, ĭ, ō, ô, ǒ, ū, ŭ, û, ü, oi, ou.

Give vowel sounds with radical stress, impulse on first part of tone. Thus : >

ā̂, ä̂, â̂, ă̂, ē̂, ě̂, ī̂, ĭ̂, ō̂, ô̂, ǒ̂, ū̂, ŭ̂, û̂, ü̂, oî, oû.

Terminal stress : impulse on the last part of the tone. Thus : <

ā̂, ä̂, â̂, ă̂, ē̂, ě̂, ī̂, ĭ̂, ō̂, ô̂, ǒ̂, ū̂, ŭ̂, û̂, ü̂, oî, oû.

Median stress : commence with soft tone, and gradually increase to middle of sound, and then as gradually diminish.

Thus : ◇

ā̂, ä̂, â̂, ă̂, ē̂, ě̂, ī̂, ĭ̂, ō̂, ô̂, ǒ̂, ū̂, ŭ̂, û̂, ü̂, oî, oû.

Compound stress : impulse on the initial and final points of the sound, passing slightly over middle part. Thus : ><

ā̂, ä̂, â̂, ă̂, ē̂, ě̂, ī̂, ĭ̂, ō̂, ô̂, ǒ̂, ū̂, ŭ̂, û̂, ü̂, oî, oû.

Thorough stress : the initial, middle, and final portions of the sound equally loud and full. Thus : ==

ā̂, ä̂, â̂, ă̂, ē̂, ě̂, ī̂, ĭ̂, ō̂, ô̂, ǒ̂, ū̂, ŭ̂, û̂, ü̂, oî, oû.

Tremulous stress. Thus : ~~~

ā̂, ä̂, â̂, ă̂, ē̂, ě̂, ī̂, ĭ̂, ō̂, ô̂, ǒ̂, ū̂, ŭ̂, û̂, ü̂, oî, oû.

SENTENCES.

Radical, > Attention $\overset{\text{>}}{\text{all}}$.

Terminal, < I said $\overset{\text{<}}{\text{all}}$, not two or three.

Median, \diamond Let $\overset{\diamond}{\text{all}}$ bow in reverence.

Compound, \times What! $\overset{\times}{\text{all}}$ — were they $\overset{\times}{\text{all}}$ lost?

Thorough, = Bring them $\overline{\text{all}}$ in.

Tremulous, \sim Oh! I have lost you $\widetilde{\text{all}}$.

Give vowel sounds with rising inflections.

\grave{a} , \acute{a} , \hat{a} , \check{a} , \acute{e} , \acute{e} , \acute{i} , \acute{i} , \acute{o} , \acute{o} , \acute{o} , \acute{u} , \acute{u} , \acute{u} , \acute{u} , $\acute{o}\acute{i}$, $\acute{o}\acute{u}$.

With falling inflections; as,

\grave{a} , \grave{a} , \grave{a} , \grave{a} , \grave{e} , \grave{e} , \grave{i} , \grave{i} , \grave{o} , \grave{o} , \grave{o} , \grave{u} , \grave{u} , \grave{u} , \grave{u} , $\grave{o}\grave{i}$, $\grave{o}\grave{u}$.

With rising and falling; as,

\grave{a} , \acute{a} , \hat{a} , \check{a} , \acute{a} , \acute{a} , \acute{a} , \acute{a} , \acute{e} , \acute{e} , \acute{e} , \acute{e} , \acute{i} , \acute{i} , \acute{i} , \acute{i} , etc.

With falling and rising; as,

\grave{a} , \acute{a} , \hat{a} , \check{a} , \acute{a} , \acute{a} , \acute{a} , \acute{a} , \acute{e} , \acute{e} , \acute{e} , \acute{e} , \acute{i} , \acute{i} , \acute{i} , \acute{i} , etc.

With two rising and one falling; as,

\acute{a} , \acute{a} , \hat{a} , \acute{a} , \acute{a} , \hat{a} , \acute{a} , \acute{a} , \acute{a} , \acute{a} , \acute{a} , \acute{a} , \acute{e} , \acute{e} , \acute{e} , \acute{e} , \acute{e} , \acute{e} , etc.

With two falling and one rising; as,

\grave{a} , \grave{a} , \acute{a} , \grave{a} , \grave{a} , \acute{a} , \grave{a} , \grave{a} , \acute{a} , \grave{a} , \grave{a} , \acute{a} , \grave{e} , \grave{e} , \acute{e} , \grave{e} , \acute{e} , \acute{e} , etc.

Exercises like the last may be continued almost indefinitely.

INTRODUCTION.

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Practice the musical scale with the scale names ; also, with the different vowel sounds. Thus :

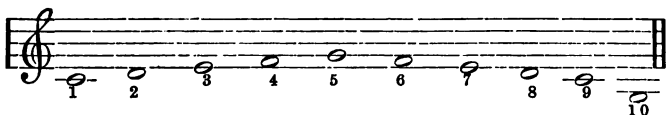


Divide the class into three sections, and practise the sounds given below.

The first section sound the lowest note ; the second, the middle note ; the third, the highest. Thus :



Chant stanzas, the first line on first note, the second line on second note, and so on, as indicated below.



1. " Tell me not, in mournful numbers,
2. Life is but an empty dream,
3. For the soul is dead that slumbers,
4. And things are not what they seem.
5. Life is real, life is earnest,
6. And the grave is not its goal ;
7. Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
8. Was not spoken of the soul,
9. Was not spoken of the soul,
10. Was not spoken of the soul."

QUALITY.

Whisper the vowel sounds.

ā, ä, â, ă, ē, ě, ī, ȳ, ō, ô, ȝ, ū, ŭ, û, ü, oi, ou.

Whisper.

“Pray you tread softly, — that the blind mole may not
Hear a footfall ; we are now near his cell.

Speak softly !

All’s hushed as midnight yet.

See’st thou here ?

This is the mouth of the cell ; no noise ! and enter.”

Aspirated tone.

ā, ä, â, ă, ē, ě, ī, ȳ, ō, ô, ȝ, ū, ŭ, û, ü, oi, ou.

“Hush ! lightly tread ! still tranquilly she sleeps ;
I’ve watched, suspending e’en my breath, in fear
To break the heavenly spell. Move silently.”

Pure tone.

ā, ä, â, ă, ē, ě, ī, ȳ, ō, ô, ȝ, ū, ŭ, û, ü, oi, ou.

“Look at Franklin ! he who
With the thunder talked, as friend to friend,
And wove his garland of the lightning’s wing
In sportive twist.”

Orotund.

ā, ä, â, ă, ē, ě, ī, ȳ, ō, ô, ȝ, ū, ŭ, û, ü, oi, ou.

“It thunders ! sons of dust, in reverence bow !
I hear thy awful voice. Alarmed, afraid,
I see the flashes of thy lightning wild,
And in the very dust would hide myself.”

FORCE.

Very soft.

“Tread softly; bow the head,—
 In reverent silence bow,—
 No passing bell doth toll,
 Yet an immortal soul
 Is passing now.”

Soft.

“Ah! few shall part where many meet!
 The snow shall be their winding-sheet,
 And every turf beneath their feet
 Shall be a soldier's sepulchre!”

Moderate.

“The curfew tolls the knell of parting day;
 The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea;
 The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
 And leaves the world to darkness and to me.”

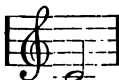
Loud.

“The combat deepens! on ye brave
 Who rush to glory or the grave!
 Wave, Munich, all thy banners wave,
 And charge with all thy chivalry!”

Very loud.

“*Strike*—till the last armed foe expires!
Strike—for your altars and your fires!
Strike—for the green graves of your sires!
 God, and your native land!”

PITCH.

Very low.

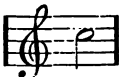
“Silence how dead! and darkness how profound!”

Low.

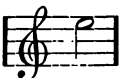
"To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
 Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,
 To the last syllable of recorded time."

Middle.

"Here rest the great and good, — here they repose
 After their generous toil."

High.

"Now, even now my joys run high!"
 "Joy! joy! shout, shout aloud for joy!"

Very high.

"Wheel the wild dance till the morning break."

MOVEMENT.

Very slow.

"'Tis midnight's holy hour, and silence now
 Is brooding, like a gentle spirit, o'er
 The still and pulseless world. Hark! on the winds
 The bell's deep tones are swelling, — 't is the knell
 Of the departed year."

Slow.

"Alas! my noble boy, that thou shouldst die!
 Thou, who wert made so beautifully fair!
 That death should settle in thy glorious eye,
 And leave his stillness in thy clustering hair."

Moderate.

"How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank !
 Here will we sit, and let the sound of music
 Creep in our ears."

Rapid.

"The stars are rolling in the sky,
 The earth rolls on below,
 And we can feel the rattling wheel
 Revolving as we go."

Very rapid.

"Now for the fight, now for the cannon peal :
 Forward ! through blood, and toil, and cloud, and fire.
 Glorious the shout, the shock, the crash of steel,
 The volley's roll, the rocket's blazing spire !"

EXERCISES ON THE VOWEL SOUNDS.

IN pronouncing the words in the following exercises, special attention should be given to the precise sound of the letters italicized. The sounds of the letters in Italics are the same as the sound of the vowel at the head of the paragraph.

- a, long as in *fâte*. — Fame, blame, obey, survey, cambric, nature, ancient, neighbor, weigh, sleigh, patron, matron, patriot, patriotism.
- a, short, as in *fât*. — Bat, bad, had, cannon, sand, fancy, marry, have, charity, inhabit, national.
- a, Italian, as in *fâr*. — Are, star, guitar, alarm, father, heart, hearth, guard, daunt, gauntlet, jaundice, balm, aunt.
- a, broad as in *fâll*; and o, as in *nör*. — Call, tall, nor, form, storm, salt, ought, fought, nought, awful, water, author, always, cause, lawyer, balsam, palsy.

- a**, as in *färe* ; and *e*, as in *thère*. — Dare, rare, pair, air, bear, where, stare, pare.
- a**, as in *fäst*. — Blast, chance, lance, branch, grasp, graft, grant, grass, pass, class, mastiff, pasture, plaster.
- e**, long, as in *mête* ; and *i*, as in *marîne*. — Be, she, theme, scene, marine, pique, fiend, grieve, treaty, relief, belief, receive, deceive, receipt, leaf, lenient.
- e**, short, as in *mët*. — Bed, bread, debt, engine, said, says, friend, special, preface, heroism, again, merit, helm, realm, many, any, get, yes, chest, egg, kettle.
- i**, long, as in *pîne* ; and *y*, as in *bÿ*. — Smile, mile, child, fly, height, might, type, isle, defy, guide, guile, sky, kind, blight, flight, apply, tiny.
- i**, short, as in *pîn* ; and *y*, as in *mÿth*. — Din, ring, prince, whip, skíp, city, agile, busy, sieve, sift, cygnet, cylinder, wring, bring, Italian.
- o**, long, as in *nôte*. — Home, dome, glory, vocal, gore, only, both, oath, explode, historian, poet, foe, dough, glow, soldier, yeoman, coeval, encroach, note, devotion.
- o**, short, as in *nôt*. — Mob, rob, sob, was, wash, dot, got, watch, wasp, bond, fond, from, foster, docile.
- o**, long and close, as in *môve* ; and *u*, as in *rûle*. — Prove, mood, remove, smooth, rude, truant, prudent, brutal.
- u**, long, as in *tûbe* ; and *ew*, as in *neû*. — Tune, cure, lure, duty, curate, few, pew, Tuesday, cubic, music, pursuit, resume, endure, luminary, beautiful, revolution.
- u**, short, as in *tûb* ; and *o*, as in *soñ*. — Just, must, fun, rug, such, does, rough, son, ton, one, some, tongue, nothing, come.
- u**, middle, as in *fûll*. — Bush, push, could, should, good, hood, wolf, pulpit, cushion, woollen, puss, foot, pulley, book.
- u**, short and obtuse, as in *für* ; *e*, as in *hër* ; *i*, as in *fir* ; and *y*, as in *mÿrrh*. — Burn, murmur, further, herd, fern, person, merge, mercy, sir, bird, virtue, dírk, dírt, mërth, mÿrrh, myrtle.

oi, as in *vóice* ; and *oy*, as in *böý*. — Boil, coil, coy, toy, coin, joint, joist, noise, employ, rejoice, avoid, appoint, oyster.

ou, as in *söünd* ; and *ow*, as in *nöw*. — Pound, proud, brown, vow, endow, noun, town, doubt, devout, plough, ground, vowel, thou.

VOWEL SOUNDS IN UNACCENTED SYLLABLES.

VOWELS marked with a dot underneath, thus (a, e, i, ó, u, y), are found so marked only in syllables which are not accented, and which are slightly or hastily articulated.

This mark indicates a *slight* stress of voice in uttering the appropriate sound of the vowel, rather than *any particular quality of sound*. In a majority of cases this mark may be regarded as indicating an *indistinct short* sound, as in *mental, travel, peril, idol, forum, carry* : — *friar, speaker, nadir, actor, sulphur*.

In many cases, however, it indicates a slight or unaccented *long* sound ; as in *sulphate, emerge, obey, duplicity, educate*.

The difference between the long and obscure long sound may be readily distinguished. In the word *fate*, the *a* is long ; in the word *fatality*, the first *a* is obscure long. The case is similar with the *o* in the words *note* and *notorious*. In the word *deliberate*, when a verb, as, “I will deliberate,” the *a* is long ; when an adjective, as “A deliberate act,” it is obscure long.

The common errors in the pronunciation of words of this class are, either a complete suppression of the vowel sound, or the substitution of a sound of some *other* vowel. This suppression or perversion of sound is much increased by the hurried manner in which many persons are accustomed to speak or read. So general is this fault, that the ear becomes accustomed to the improper sounds from infancy ; hence the difficulty and the importance of remedying the defect. The habit of indistinct utterance is one easily acquired, and it soon becomes very difficult to eradicate.

In pronouncing words containing unaccented syllables, care should be taken to avoid a formal or fastidious prominence of sound. The two extremes which ought to be equally avoided are, carelessness on the one hand, and extreme precision on the other, as if the sounds of the letters were constantly uppermost in the mind.

a, obscure, as in *mental*. — Musical, comical, critical, numerical, fatal, principal, original, criminal, ascendant, defendant, defiance, reliance, variance, countenance, performance, peaceable, agreeable, sociable, amiable, detestable, respectable, tolerable.

a, obscure long, as in *sulphate*. — Ability, about, abolish, afloat, again, alarm, amaze, apart, arise, away, canal, caress, cathedral, separate.

e, obscure, as in *travel*. — Travel, chapel, gravel, counsel, moment, confidence, dependent, silence, eminent, goodness, boundless, sameness, plainness, laziness.

e, obscure long, as in *emerge*. — Believe, benevolent, before, behold, delight, deliver, deny, prepare, precede.

i, obscure, as in *ruin*. — Invincible, forcible, audible, illegible, possibly.

o, obscure, as in *idol*. — Collect, command, commence, committee, compose, comply, concern, convert, consult.

o, obscure long, as in *obey*. — Domain, corroborate, history, rhetoric, memorable, memory, composition, advocate, potato, motto, window, meadow, willow, billow, follow, tomorrow.

u, obscure, as in *sulphur*. — Awful, fearful, playful, dutiful, graceful, beautifully.

u, obscure long, as in *educate*. — Articulate, accurate, masculine, regular, particular, emulate, pleasure, exposure, nature, feature, pressure, leisure.

y, obscure, as in *truly*. — Envy, lady, safety, marrying, carrying.

EXERCISES ON THE CONSONANT SOUNDS.

IN pronouncing the words in the following exercises, force and clearness of sound should be given to the consonant elements. The letters to which attention is more particularly directed are printed in *Italics*.

b, as in *babe*. — *Bad, bag, bat, beet, bear, bought, beast, stab, ebb, tube, globe, inhabit, babble, babbler, bound.*

ch, as in *church*. — *Chair, chat, charm, check, churn, march, switch, satchel, touching.*

d, as in *did*. — *Deed, debt, mad, modest, would, should, deduce, added, wedded, dated.*

f, as in *fife*. — *Fame, feud, fanciful, proffer, crafty, enough, rough, laughter, fatal, fireman, ferry.*

g, as in *gag*. — *Game, plague, vague, ghost, gone, jug, egg, guilt, guinea, give.*

h, as in *hold*. — *Hay, hate, high, huge, human, who, upholder, childhood, withhold, ink-horn, race-horse, perhaps, unhappy.*

j, as in *joy*. — *Jam, jar, gesture, gibbet, edge, ledge, jury.*

k, as in *kirk*. — *Car, coil, seek, music, talk, vaccinate, chasm, echo, choir, chorus, epoch, architect.*

l, as in *lull*. — *Bell, lurk, isle, pale, lark, loll, lively, lovely, hail, tall, sweetly.*

m, as in *maim*. — *Man, morn, mound, moment, blame, hymn, memory.*

n, as in *nun*. — *Nine, linen, nay, can, keen, noun, gnaw, kneel, banner.*

ng, as in *song*. — *King, ring, flinging, singing, anger, nothing.*

p, as in *pipe*. — *Peer, pool, happy, rapid, tropic, pupil, piper, creep.*

r,¹ (trilled,) initial, or before a vowel, as in *rap*. — *Ray, rough, raw, rot, rest, ride, rise, rural.*

¹ The letter *r*, used as an *initial*, or before a vowel, is articulated by a forcible trill of the tongue against the upper gum. This sound should never be prolonged.

- r**, (untrilled,) final, or before a consonant, as in *nor*. — *Far*, *our*, *eternal*, *murmur*, *former*, *torpor*, *servant*.
- s**, as in *seal*. — *Sin*, *sign*, *suit*, *dose*, *sinless*, *science*.
- sh**, as in *shine*. — *Shade*, *shine*, *gash*, *rash*, *sash*, *associate*, *mansion*, *enunciation*, *expansion*, *action*, *caution*.
- t**, as in *tent*. — *Tell*, *time*, *tune*, *matter*, *critic*, *debt*, *receipt*, *better*, *chatter*, *tutor*, *taught*.
- th**, as in *thin*. — *Thank*, *thick*, *theory*, *theatre*, *bath*, *path*, *mouth*, *month*, *breath*, *thankful*, *thinking*.
- th**, as in *thine*. — *This*, *thus*, *there*, *those*, *beneath*, *tithe*, *with*, *brethren*, *farthing*, *father*, *breathe*, *wreath*.
- v**, as in *valve*. — *Veer*, *vine*, *vivid*, *weave*, *seven*, *revive*.
- w**, as in *wine*. — *Waft*, *wall*, *wonder*, *one*, *once*, *woo*, *wane*, *wormwood*, *weather*, *beware*, *weal*, *wayward*.
- wh**, as in *whit*. — *Whale*, *where*, *when*, *what*, *why*, *whether*, *white*, *whiten*, *whipping*, *whisper*.
- x**, like *ks*, as in *tax*. — *Box*, *six*, *next*, *text*, *except*, *sexton*, *execute*, *complexion*.
- x**, like *gz*, as in *exalt*. — *Exact*, *example*, *exempt*, *exert*, *exaltation*.
- y**, as in *yes*. — *Year*, *young*, *yawn*, *you*, *use*, *utility*, *yonder*, *million*, *rebellion*, *spaniel*, *filial*, *useful*.
- z**, as in *zeal*. — *As*, *was*, *zephyr*, *maze*, *prize*, *flies*, *daisies*, *praises*, *arise*, *breezes*, *Xerxes*.
- z**, like *zh*, as in *azure*. — *Glazier*, *leisure*, *seizure*, *collision*, *occasion*, *persuasion*, *osier*, *vision*.

CONSONANT COMBINATIONS.

Pronounce the following words distinctly and forcibly. The initial and final combinations are printed in *Italics*, and may also be pronounced separately.

Words without connection of sense afford a better exercise in articulation than sentences.

1. *Blue*, *breath*, *draw*, *dwelt*, *fly*, *free*, *glen*, *grain*, *cleave*, *crave*, *crust*.

2. *Play, proud, queen, shriek, shrink, skill, screen, slate, smite, snow, snag, speak, sphere.*

3. *Splice, spring, spread, square, stain, straw, thrift, thwart, truce, twine, when.*

4. *Curb, wolf, triumph, dirge, lunch, marsh, ink, jerk, desk, storm, prism, rhythm, earn, black'n, open, lisp, usurp, carve.*

5. *Act, sift, felt, learnt, sort, first, apt, canst, lisp'd, work'd, thank'd, rock'd, heap'd, pitch'd, repuls'd.*

6. *Wants, facts, starts, precepts, roasts dense, once, science, else, necks, silks, inks, proofs, cuffs, truths, depths.*

7. *Want'st, wilt'st, left'st, attempt'st, help'st, hop'st, laugh'st, ask'st.*

8. *Ebb'd, comb'd, long'd, oblig'd, breath'd, world, arm'd, whelm'd, end, open'd, heard, liv'd, starv'd.*

9. *Liv'dst, prov'dst, fill'dst, learn'dst.*

VOWEL AND CONSONANT SOUNDS IN SENTENCES.

A *sentence* is an assemblage of words so joined as to make complete sense.

The following sentences are arranged to aid the learner in acquiring a correct enunciation, both of vowels and consonants. The vowels to which attention is to be especially directed are printed in *Italics*.

a long, as in *fâte*. — Stay, lady, stay, for mercy's sake! The breaking waves dashed high. To praise the hand that pays thy pains. Well hast thou framed, old man, thy strains! O, gaoler, haste that fate to tell!

a short, as in *fât*. — I am not mad! The proper study of mankind is man. He bade me stand and hear my doom. As on a jag of a mountain crag.

a Italian, as in *fâr*. — Hast thou a charm to stay the morning-star? Here it comes sparkling, and there it lies darkling. Ay, laugh, ye fiends! Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot. To arms! to arms! they come! they come! Charge, Chester, charge!

- a** broad, as in *fáll*. — So long he seems to pause on thy bald, awful head. His tall and manly form was bowed. Trust him little who praises all. Aurora, now, fair daughter of the dawn.
- a** long before *r*, as in *färe*. — I dare to meet the lion in his lair. O happy pair! O happy fair! Thou hast been careful with all this care. Let me but bear your love, I'll bear your cares.
- a** intermediate, as in *fäst*. — Oh grant me what I ask at last! Faster come, faster come, faster and faster. On the blast he flew swiftly past. What masks, what dances shall we have!
- e** long, as in *mē*. — 'T is sweet to see the evening star appear. Hear, O ye nations! hear it, O ye dead! Up a high hill he heaves a huge round stone. We would not seek a battle as we are; nor as we are, say we, we will not shun it.
- e** short, as in *mēt*. — Uprouse ye, then, my mērry merry men! Eternal summer gilds them yet, but all, except their sun, is set. He saw an elk upon the banks of the *Elbe*.
- i** long, as in *pīne*. — For life, for life, their flight they ply. His blithest notes the pīper plied. What! silent still, and silent all?
- i** short, as in *pīn*. — Bring hither, then, the wedding ring. Him first, him last, him midst, and without end. His glimmering lamp still, still I see. My pretty, pretty lad.
- o** long, as in *nōte*. — In solemn measure, soft and slow, arose the father's notes of woe. Echo on echo, groan for groan. Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean, roll. Cold, bitter cold; no warmth, no light. On thy cold, gray stones, O Sea!
- o** short, as in *nōt*. — O'er stock and rock their race they take. He plods from the spot. Yon sun that sets upon the sea, we follow in his flight.
- o** long and close, as in *mōve*. — The Moor was doomed to do or die. Who spoke of love? Alas, poor Clarence! As I do live by food, I met a fool, a motley fool.

- u** long, as in *tûbe*. — Your voices in His praise attune.
Adieu, adieu; my native shore fades o'er the waters blue.
 Eye the blue vault, and bless the useful light. *Few, few*
 shall part where many meet!
- u** short, as in *tûb*. — A drum, a drum, Macbeth doth come.
 High in his pathway hung the sun. For love is heaven, and
 heaven is love. Hush! hush! thou vain dreamer! Some-
 where on a sunny bank *buttercups* are bright.
- u** middle, as in *fûll*. — The good woman stood to look at the
 wolf. Sir, you 've pulled my bell as if you 'd pull it off the
 wire. Full many a flower is born to blush unseen.
- u** short and obtuse, as in *fûr*. — One murder makes a villain.
 Turn and turn, and yet go on and turn again. Stern were
 her looks. The bird that whirls in air.
- oi** as in *vöice*. — Rejoice, still cried the crowd, rejoice. With
 songs of joy your voices raise. An hour of joy, an age of
 woe.
- ou** as in *söund*. — And often, when I go to plough, the plough-
 share turns them out. Not from one lone cloud, but every
 mountain now hath found a tongue.

ACCENT AND EMPHASIS.

Accent is a stress which is laid upon one *syllable* of a *word* more than upon the others. The accented syllable is noted by the accute accent, thus ('), placed just above the syllable at its right; as in *ban'ner*, *win'dow*, *alone'*, *return'*, *forgiv'ing*.

Emphasis is a stress laid upon one or more *words* in a *sentence*, and should be placed upon the important word or words to bring out more fully the meaning of the sentence. Emphatic words are sometimes indicated by *Italics*, and sometimes by **CAPITAL LETTERS**.

EXAMPLES OF EMPHASIS.

1. I said an *elder* soldier, not a *better*.
2. He that cannot *bear* a jest should not *make* one.
3. You *have* done that you *should* be sorry for.

4. Study not so much *to show* knowledge as *to acquire* it.
5. He spoke *for* religion, not *against* it.
6. They went out *from* us, but were not *of* us.
7. A custom more honored in the *breach* than in the *observance*.
8. *You* have done the *mischief*, and *I* bear the *blame*.
9. *He* raised a *mortal* to the *skies*, *she* drew an *angel* down.
10. You were paid *to fight* against Alexander, not *to rail* at him.
11. "Heaven and earth will witness —
IF ROME MUST FALL — that *we* are innocent."

INFLECTION.

Inflection is a slide or bend of the voice, either upward or downward, from the usual level of a sentence.

The upward, or *rising inflection* is usually indicated by an acute accent ('), and the downward, or *falling inflection* by the grave accent (`).

RIISING INFLECTION.

The rising inflection is generally applied to single words, though it often extends through several words, and sometimes through an entire sentence. In definite questions, — that is, such as may be answered by Yes or No, — it takes the form of a gradual rise, varied only by emphatic words. The following diagrams will show the direction of the voice in the more common cases of the rising inflection.

The air, the earth, the water, teem with delighted existence.

Can you read?

Will you die of hunger in the land which your sweat has made fertile?

Shall we live in slavery?

EXAMPLES OF RISING INFLECTION.

1. Good morning, Henry'. Are you going to school'?
2. Did you ever try' to help it, John'?
3. Waters', woods', and winds' in concert join.

FALLING INFLECTION.

The falling inflection usually commences at a point above the key, and slides down toward it, and to it when the thought is completed. When a sentence ends with a graver sentiment than the opening one, the voice may fall below the key.

Indefinite questions — that is, such as cannot be answered by Yes or No — are usually delivered with a downward slide from the emphatic word to the end of the sentence.

Every leaf is of a different *form*, every *plant* hath a separate in-*habitant*.

What are you going to *do* about it?

AWAKE, *ARISE*, or be for-*ever* fallen!

Where sleep the brave?

If our cause is not just, there is *no* just cause, and *no* justice on earth.

EXAMPLES OF FALLING INFLECTION.

1. Why stand ye here idle'?
2. Where do you go this summer'?
3. What do you call' the play?
4. When shall we get to the top' of the hill?

RISING AND FALLING INFLECTIONS.

The following are the more general and obvious principles for the use of the inflections, to which there are many exceptions. There are many sentences and clauses which might very properly be read with either the rising or falling inflection, according to the reader's conception of the idea intended to be conveyed. As a general principle, positive and complete asser-

tion may be said to have the *falling inflection*, and doubtful or incomplete, the *rising*.

The *rising inflection* is generally required, —

1. When the sense is incomplete or suspended, as : —

And flocks', woods', streams' around, repose and peace impart.

2. In words and phrases of address, as : —

Men', brethren', and fathers', hearken !

3. In words expressing wonder and surprise, as : —

Ha' ! laugh'st thou, Lochiel, my vision to scorn' ?

4. In language of tender emotion, as : —

O my son Absolom' ! my son', my son Absolom' ! would God I had died for thee, Absolom', my son', my son' !

5. In questions that can be answered by Yes or No ; except when the question is asked or repeated in an emphatic or impatient tone, and then it takes an intense falling inflection, as : —

Will you lend me your book' ? Will you lend me your book' ? Can wealth', or honor', or pleasure' satisfy the soul' ? Is this reason' ? Is it law' ? Is it right' ?

6. The last inflection but one in most sentences, as : —

The rocks crumble', the trees fall', the leaves fade', and the grass withers'.

The falling inflection is generally required, —

1. When the sense is complete or terminated, as : —

No life is pleasing to God but that which is useful to mankind'.

2. In questions that cannot be answered by Yes or No, as : —

Where can his equal be found' ?

How far did you go yesterday' ?

3. In answers to questions, except when given in a careless or slightly disrespectful manner, as : —

Can you solve this problem' ? Yes', sir, I can'.

Did you admire his style' ? Not much'.

4. In language of deep emotion, as of authority, bold encouragement, surprise, denunciation, or terror, as :—

Hence', home', you idle creatures, get you home'.

You blocks', you stones', you worse than senseless things'.

On', on', to the just and glorious strife'.

5. In emphatic, abrupt, disconnected series, as :—

Eloquence is action', noble', sublime', godlike' action'.

6. When words or clauses are compared, contrasted, or in antithesis, the former part generally has the rising inflection, and the latter the falling, as :—

Sink' or swim', live' or die', survive' or perish',

I give my hand and heart to this vote.

It was black' or white', soft' or hard', rough' or smooth'.

7. When negation is opposed to affirmation, the negative member has generally the rising inflection, and affirmative member the falling, in whichever order they occur, as :—

He did not call me', but you'.

He called you', not me'.

Study not for amusement', but for improvement'.

Study for improvement', not for amusement'.

I come not to destroy', but to fulfil'.

I come to fulfil', not to destroy'.

CIRCUMFLEX.

The union of the two inflections is called the *circumflex*, or *wave*, and is marked thus, \wedge or thus, \vee .

The *circumflex* is used to indicate the emphasis of strong assertion, surprise, irony, contrast, mockery, or hypothesis; also, in expressions used in a peculiar sense, or with a double meaning. Its effect is sometimes upon single words, and sometimes it takes the form of a wave, or gradual sweep, extending through the sentence, the voice ascending to the emphatic word, and falling after it (see figures 3 and 4), as in language of supplication, or when a proposition is expressed with such

confidence in its truth as precludes contradiction ; also in an indirect question, that is, when a *declarative* sentence is spoken in the *form* of a question.

The two inflections combine so as to form different kinds of circumflex, which may be represented by the following figures : —



The application of the different forms of the circumflex to the various classes of sentences, must be left, in a great measure, to the taste and judgment of the teacher.

EXAMPLES OF THE CIRCUMFLEX.

1. Yǒu, sir, are beñeath contempt.
2. Let me ask the hoñorable gentleman what has hê done.
3. Mǔ father's trǎde ? ah, really, that's too bad !
Mǔ father's trǎde ? why, blockhead, are you mǎd ?
Mǔ father, sir, did never stôop so low,
Hê was a gefñtleman, I'd have you know.
4. Are the Americans too pǒor to pay a few pounds on stamped paper' ?
5. The weights had never been accused of liġht conduct.
6. Is he honest ? honest.
7. Is he honést ? hoñest !

MONOTONE.

When no inflection is used, a *monotone*, or sameness of tone is produced.

The term *monotone*, in the language of elocution, should not be understood in its literal signification, as "a sound never varied," but rather to imply the successive recurrence of the same radical pitch or tone, with a full, smooth, and prolonged stress of voice. Its low-pitched, solemn utterance may be said to resemble the repeated sounds of a deep-toned bell, with its perpetually recurring low note.

It is the language of awe, reverence, solemnity, grandeur, majesty, and power; especially when connected with the idea of supernatural agency or influence. Emotions of amazement, terror, and horror are often expressed in monotone.

In its proper place, monotone can be employed with beauty and effect; but one of the most prominent faults in reading is a prevalent use of this mode of voice without reference to appropriateness. This habit destroys everything like feeling or expression, and is the chief cause of that wearisome sameness so common in the reading exercises of the school-room. Teachers should be unremitting in their efforts to counteract this tendency. To this end they should omit no opportunity of showing the use and effect of the inflections and the circumflex; also of leading the child to study the meaning of the selection to be read and to give expression to the author's ideas by means of the proper tones, stress, pitch, and movement of the voice.

EXAMPLES OF MONOTONE.

1. " Ò Thōu eternal Òne! whose prēsence bright
All spāce doth occūpy, all mōtion gūide;
Unchānged through tīme's all-devāstating flight;
Thōu only God! Thēre is no Gōd bēside!"
2. "Farēwell! a lōng farēwell to āll my grēatness!"
3. "And I sāw a grēat whīte thrōne and Hīm that sāt on
it, from whōse fāce the heāvens and the eārth fīed āwāy, and
there was fōund nō plāce for them."
4. "Thoū sūre and fīrm-set eārth!
Hēar not my stēps whīch wāy they wālk, for fēar
The vērý stōnes prāte of my wherēabouts
And tāke the prēsēt horrōr from the tīme
Whīch nōw sūits with it."

MARKS OR POINTS USED IN PRINTING.

The following points or marks are those most frequently used in written composition, and serve to show more clearly the writer's meaning, and the pauses and inflections required in reading.

The **Comma** (,) usually denotes the shortest stop in reading.

The **Semicolon** (;) requires a pause somewhat longer than a comma.

The **Colon** (:) requires a pause somewhat longer than a semicolon.

The **Period** (.) indicates the end of a sentence, and requires a full stop. It is also used after all abbreviations ; as, *Mr.* for *Mister*, *Eng.* for *England*.

The **Note of Interrogation** (?) indicates that a question is asked ; as, What is the matter ?

The **Note of Exclamation** (!) is used after expressions of strong emotion, earnest addresses, etc. ; as, Liberty ! Freedom ! Tyranny is dead !

The **Marks of Parenthesis** () are used to enclose a word, phrase, or remark, which is explanatory, and which might be omitted without injury to the sense ; as, Time (so it is said) is money.

The **Dash** (—) is used to denote an unfinished sentence, a sudden turn, an abrupt transition, or that a significant pause is required ; as, The pages of history — how is it that they are so dark and sad ?

REMARK. — The dash may be used after other points, to increase the length of a pause, and also instead of the marks of parenthesis.

The **Apostrophe** (') denotes the omission of one or more letters ; as, *ne'er*, for *never*, *tho'*, for *though*. It is also the sign of the possessive case of nouns ; as, The *boy's* pen, The *boys'* pens.

The **Hyphen** (-) is used to separate syllables, and also the parts of a compound word ; as, *cit-i-zen*, *town-house*. It is also used at the end of a line, when part of a word is carried to the beginning of the next line.

Quotation Marks (" ") are used to show that the exact words of another are given ; as, There is much truth in the proverb, "Light gains make heavy purses." A quotation within a quotation is marked by single points ; as, He exclaimed, "The 'wide, wide sea' is before us."

Brackets, or Crotchets [] are chiefly used in citations to enclose an explanation, or correction, inserted by some other person than the author ; as, "She [Nature] gave him [man] alone the power of laughing."

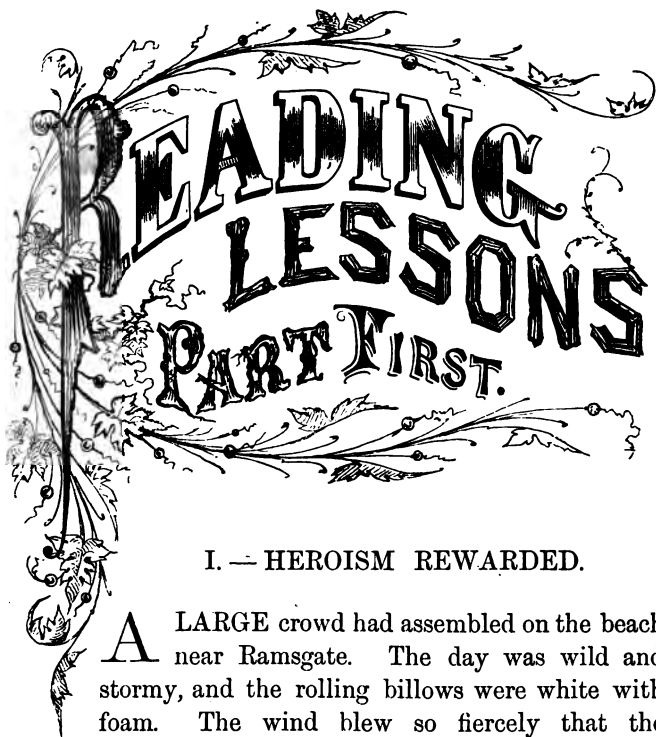
The **Index, or Hand** (*✱*), is used to show that special attention is directed to a particular passage. Sometimes three stars, arranged thus (*✱✱✱*), are used instead of the Index.

The **Brace** (~) is used to connect two or more words or lines with something to which they are related ; as, James } Stuart.
Charles }

Marks of Ellipsis (*****) indicate the omission of letters, or words ; as *K***g* *G***e*, for *King George*. Sometimes a long dash, or a succession of dots, is used instead of the stars ; as, *L—d M—y*, for *Lord Murray*.

The **Diæresis** (~) is placed over the second of two vowels, to show that they must be sounded separately ; as, *âërial*.

The **Asterisk**, or **Star** (*), the **Dagger**, or **Obelisk** (†), the **Double Dagger** (‡), the **Section** (§), the **Parallels** (||), and the **Paragraph** (¶), are marks, used in the order here given, referring to the margin or the bottom of a page. Small Italic letters or the Arabic figures are sometimes employed for the same purpose.



READING LESSONS PART FIRST.

I. — HEROISM REWARDED.

A LARGE crowd had assembled on the beach near Ramsgate. The day was wild and stormy, and the rolling billows were white with foam. The wind blew so fiercely that the women could scarcely keep their footing.

2. What had brought that crowd together in the midst of that raging storm? What made the young and tender leave the shelter of their homes to stand in the pelting rain, and brave the furious wind? The sound of guns of distress had been borne on the blast. Tidings had spread through the town that a homeward-bound vessel had struck on the Goodwin Sands. During the night, which would soon close in, she would certainly go to pieces.

3. The life-boat was manned, its gallant crew being

ever ready to go to the relief of the shipwrecked, even at the hazard of their lives. But upon this occasion it appeared that their service would not be needed. The ship, though of considerable size, contained so few passengers, that her large boat had been able to hold all.

4. Over the heaving billows it came, bending under the force of the gale, laden with its precious freight. First like a tiny speck on the sea, it appeared to the anxious eyes that were watching it from the shore. Then it grew larger and larger, till at length even the forms of those who crowded the deck could be distinguished.

5. "See! see!" exclaimed a woman, "there stands one man with his hands raised towards heaven, as if he were returning thanks for deliverance from a watery grave."

6. "Well may he return thanks," said an old sailor, "for the storm is increasing, and the night is coming on. Had those poor souls not had the means of leaving the vessel at once, there would be but a poor chance of their ever seeing the morning."

7. A joyous cheer burst from the crowd, when the heavily laden boat, after rude tossing on the waves, reached the mouth of the friendly harbor, and floated into quiet waters.

8. Every one was eager to give hearty welcome to the shipwrecked band, and proffer the help which the exhausted crew so sorely required. They had been able to bring nothing with them but the dripping clothes in which they stood. It was for them a sad landing in England, after long absence from their dear native land.

9. "Are all saved,—all?" asked John Holden, the steersman of the life-boat, as he helped a feeble passenger to shore.

10. "Yes, all,—except *one*," was the answer given by several voices at once.

11. "One hand is missing," said the boatswain, who had called over the names of the crew.

12. "Was the poor fellow washed overboard in the storm?" asked a gentleman near.

13. No one could answer. The sailor might have been down in the hold at the time when the boat put off, and forgotten in the confusion. He might have been swept off the deck by one of the great billows that had dashed over the stranded vessel.

14. All that was certainly known was that one man was missing, that he had never entered the boat, and that, if not dead already, he must certainly perish with the ship in the course of the night.

15. John Holden looked up at the stormy sky, then over the dark billows toward the distant vessel. "We will put off in the life-boat," he said; "we may yet be in time to save the poor fellow."

16. "It will be too late,—he must have been washed overboard," was the exclamation from many voices around. Few seemed willing that so many precious lives should be risked on the faint hope of saving one.

17. In the crowd on the beach, anxiously watching the doomed vessel, stood the mother of John Holden. She was a pale, sad widow, in mourning for her oldest son, whose vessel had been lost off the coast of Bombay. John was now the only child left to her in her old age, and was her sole support and comfort.

18. "If you will all go with me," said Holden, glancing at the noble crew that manned the life-boat, "we will soon pull to yonder vessel. We will never give up the poor fellow while there is a chance to save him."

19. As he glanced round he saw that the eyes of his poor widowed mother were fixed on him in silent anguish. She laid one hand upon his arm, but it was not to stay him.

20. "Go—and may God protect you!" faltered the heroic mourner,—"for that poor sailor, too, has a mother awaiting his coming home!"

21. John's nine brave comrades shared the self-sacrificing spirit of this noble mother and her son. They instantly took their places in the life-boat, and in a few moments, amidst the mingled prayers and applause of the anxious spectators, she sped on her errand of mercy over the heaving waves.

22. The sturdy seamen strained at their oars, while dark loomed the clouds above them, and loud roared the angry blast. Often was the life-boat quite hidden in the trough of the sea from the gaze of those on shore. Then again she was seen rising on the crest of a wave.

23. "Ha!" cried John Holden, "what is that yonder? I see something dark moving on the water!"

24. "A floating cask, perhaps," suggested one of the crew, resting for a moment on his oars, and turning round to gaze.

25. "No!" cried Holden, "it is the head of a man swimming. Pull on! Pull on hard, my hearties! No one can swim long in such a sea as this!"

26. The strong men bent to their oars. Each man rowed as if his own life hung on the efforts he was making. John Holden, at the helm, directed the course of the boat, watching with intense interest the head of the swimmer.

27. "He has sunk—no—there he is again! He sees us! God have mercy upon him! If he can but



hold out one minute longer, we will have him safe in the boat!"

28. Every muscle was strained. On, on sped the life-boat over the billows! A tremendous surge strikes the stranded vessel as the life-boat approaches her. Down go masts and spars. The furious waves rush over their prey, and nothing is left of the gallant vessel but a few floating fragments of timber, whirled round and round in the seething waters.

29. But the last of the crew was saved. Dripping and senseless, he lay in the life-boat, but living still! He had been reached just as his own strength failed him, and the gallant seamen were now rowing back for the shore.

30. Well may they all exult in the success of their heroic daring! But no one of them all has such cause to exult as John Holden! Why are his strong hands trembling with emotion as he chafes the cold limbs of the half-drowned man? why are the glad tears rising in his manly eyes?

31. He knows now what he little guessed when he launched forth in the storm to save a fellow-creature, that the man who was in danger—the man whom he went to rescue from death—is his own brother for whom he has mourned as dead.

32. Yes, the poor shipwrecked sailor has indeed a mother, though one no longer expecting him home. It is she who stands now on the shore in the wind and rain, straining her eyes to see the return of the life-boat, praying for the safety of one brave son in it, unconscious that it holds *two*!

33. Loud and long were the cheers which greeted the noble crew of the life-boat as they sprang on shore. Warm and heartfelt were the praises and congratulations that met them from every side. But John Holden could hear nothing at that moment but his mother's wild cry of delight, as she clasped to her heart the long-lost son just snatched from a watery grave.

Ti'dings. News; intelligence.

Manned. Furnished with men.

Har'ard. Danger; risk; peril.

La'den. Loaded; freighted.

De-liv'er-ance. Release; rescue.

Proff'er. Offer.

Sore'ly. Grievously; severely.

Sped. Made haste.

Stur'dy. Strong; stout; robust.

Seeth'ing. Boiling; moving as if boiling.

Ex-ult'. Rejoice exceedingly.

Res'cue. Deliver; save.

Greet'ed. Saluted; welcomed.

II. — HOW THE CRICKETS BROUGHT GOOD FORTUNE.

FROM THE FRENCH.

MY friend James went into a baker's shop one day to buy a little cake which he had fancied in passing. He intended it for a sick child, who could be coaxed to eat only by amusing him. He thought that such a pretty loaf might tempt even the sick.

2. While he waited for his change, a little boy six or eight years old, in poor but perfectly clean clothes, entered the baker's shop. "Ma'am," said he to the baker's wife, "mother sent me for a loaf of bread."

3. The woman climbed upon the counter, took from the shelf the best loaf she could find, and put it into the arms of the little boy.

4. My friend James then first observed the thin and thoughtful face of the little fellow. It contrasted strongly with the round open countenance of the great loaf, of which he was taking the greatest care.

5. "Have you any money?" said the baker's wife.

6. The little boy's eyes grew sad.

7. "No, ma'am," said he, hugging the loaf closer to his thin blouse; "but mother told me to say that she would come and speak to you about it to-morrow."

8. "Run along," said the good woman; "carry your bread home, child."

9. "Thank you, ma'am," said the poor little fellow.

10. My friend James came forward for his money. He had put his purchase into his pocket, and was about to go, when he found the child with the big loaf, whom

he had supposed to be half-way home, standing behind him.

11. "What are you doing there?" said the baker's wife to the child, whom she also had thought to be fairly off. "Don't you like the bread?"

12. "O yes, ma'am!" said the child.

13. "Well, then, carry it to your mother, my little friend. If you wait any longer, she will think you are playing by the way, and you will get a scolding."

14. The child did not seem to hear. Something else absorbed his attention.

15. The baker's wife went up to him and gave him a friendly tap on the shoulder. "What *are* you thinking about?" she said.

16. "Ma'am," said the little boy, "what is it that sings?"

17. "There is no singing," said she.

18. "Yes!" cried the little fellow. "Hear it! Quēēk!"

19. My friend and the woman both listened, but they could hear nothing, unless it was the song of the crickets, frequent guests in bakers' houses.

20. "It is a bird," said the little fellow, "or perhaps the bread sings when it bakes, as apples do."

21. "No, indeed, little goosey!" said the baker's wife; "those are crickets. They sing in the bakehouse because we are lighting the oven, and they like to see the fire."

22. "Crickets!" said the child; "are they really crickets?"

23. "Yes, to be sure," said she, good-humoredly.

24. The child's face lighted up.

25. "Ma'am," said he, blushing at the boldness of his request, "I would like it very much if you would give me a cricket."

26. "A cricket," said the baker's wife, smiling; "what in the world would you do with a cricket, my little friend? I would gladly give you all there are in the house, to get rid of them, they run about so."

27. "O ma'am, give me one, only one, if you please!" said the child, clasping his little thin hands under the big loaf. "They say that crickets bring good luck into houses; and perhaps if we had one at home, mother, who has so much trouble, would n't cry any more."

28. "Why does your poor mamma cry?" said my friend, who could no longer help joining in the conversation.

29. "On account of her bills, sir," said the little fellow. "Father is dead, and mother works very hard, but she cannot pay them all."

30. My friend took the child, and with him the great loaf, in his arms, and I really believe he kissed them both. Meanwhile the baker's wife, who did not dare to touch a cricket herself, had gone into the bakehouse. She made her husband catch four, and put them into a box with holes in the cover, so that they might breathe. She gave the box to the child, who went away perfectly happy.

31. When he had gone, the baker's wife and my friend gave each other a good squeeze of the hand. "Poor little fellow!" said they, both together. Then she took down her account-book, and finding the page where the mother's charges were written, made a great dash all down the page, and then wrote at the bottom, "Paid."

32. Meanwhile, my friend, to lose no time, had put up in paper all the money in his pockets, where fortunately he had quite a sum that day, and had begged the good wife to send it at once to the mother of the little cricket-

boy, with her bill receipted, and a note in which he told her she had a son who would one day be her joy and pride.

33. They gave it to a baker's boy with long legs, and told him to make haste. The child, with his big loaf, his four crickets, and his little short legs, could not run very fast, so that, when he reached home, he found his mother for the first time in many weeks with her eyes raised from her work, and a smile of peace and happiness upon her lips.

34. The boy believed that it was the arrival of his four little black things which had worked this miracle, and I do not think he was mistaken.

35. Without the crickets, and his good little heart, would this happy change have taken place in his mother's fortunes ?

Fan'cied. Liked.

In-tend'ed. Meant ; designed.

Con-tract'ed. Showed the differences.

Blouse. A sort of loose round frock.

Ab-sorbed'. Engaged wholly.

Crick'ets. A chirping insect, — some species of which frequent houses.

Good-hu'mored-ly. Cheerfully ; pleasantly.

Fort'u-nate-ly. Luckily ; happily.

Re-ceipt'ed. Signed to acknowledge payment.

Reached. Arrived.

Be-lieved'. Thought it true.

III. — THE GOLDEN RULE.

1. **O**NE rule to guide us in our life
Is always good and true ;
'Tis "Do to others as you would
That they should do to you."
2. When urged to do a selfish deed,
Pause, and your course review ;
Then do to others as you would
That they should do to you.

3. When doubtful which is right, which wrong,
 This you can safely do ;
 Yes, do to others as you would
 That they should do to you.
4. O simple rule ! O law divine !
 To duty thou 'rt a clew ;
 Child, do to others as you would
 That they should do to you.

Deed. Action ; act.

Re-view'. Consider again ; re-examine.

Di-vine'. Holy ; sacred.

Doubt'ful. Undecided ; uncertain.

Clew. Anything that guides or directs.



IV. — ANECDOTE OF FRANKLIN'S BOYHOOD.

PART I.

IN the year 1716, or about that period, a boy used to be seen in the streets of Boston who was known among his school-fellows and playmates by the name of Ben Franklin. Ben was born in 1706, so that he was then about ten years old. His father, who had come over from England, was a soap-boiler and tallow-chandler, and resided in Milk Street, not far from the Old South Church.

2. Ben was a bright boy at his book, and even a brighter one when at play with his comrades. He had some remarkable qualities, which always seemed to give him the lead, whether at sport or in more serious matters. I might tell you a number of amusing anecdotes about him. You are acquainted, I suppose, with his famous story of the WHISTLE, and how he bought it

with a whole pocketful of coppers, and afterwards repented of his bargain. But Ben had grown a great boy since those days, and had gained wisdom by experience; for it was one of his peculiarities, that no incident ever happened to him without teaching him some valuable lesson.

3. Ben's face was already pretty well known to the inhabitants of Boston. The selectmen and other people of note often used to visit his father, for the sake of talking about the affairs of the town or province. Mr. Franklin was considered a person of great wisdom and integrity, and was respected by all who knew him, although he supported his family by the humble trade of boiling soap and making tallow candles.

4. While his father and the visitors were holding deep consultations about public affairs, little Ben would sit on his stool in a corner, listening with the greatest interest, as if he understood every word. Indeed, his features were so full of intelligence that there could be but little doubt, not only that he understood what was said, but that he could have expressed some very sagacious opinions out of his own mind. But in those days boys were expected to be silent in the presence of their elders. However, Ben Franklin was looked upon as a very promising lad, who would talk and act wisely by and by.

5. "Neighbor Franklin," his father's friends would sometimes say, "you ought to send this boy to college, and make a minister of him."

6. "I have often thought of it," his father would reply; "and my brother Benjamin promises to give him a great many volumes of manuscript sermons, in case he should be educated for the church. But I

have a large family to support, and cannot afford the expense."

7. In fact, Mr. Franklin found it so difficult to provide bread for his family, that, when the boy was ten years old, it became necessary to take him from school. Ben was then employed in cutting candle-wicks into equal lengths, and filling the moulds with tallow; and many families in Boston spent their evenings by the light of the candles which he had helped to make.

8. Busy as his life now was, Ben still found time to keep company with his former school-fellows. He and the other boys were very fond of fishing, and spent many of their leisure hours on the margin of the mill-pond, catching flounders, perch, eels, and tom-cod, which came up thither with the tide.

9. The place where they fished is now, probably, covered with stone pavements and brick buildings, and thronged with people and with vehicles of all kinds. But at that period it was a marshy spot on the outskirts of the town, where gulls flitted and screamed overhead, and salt meadow grass grew under foot.

10. On the edge of the water there was a deep bed of clay, in which the boys were forced to stand while they caught their fish. Here they dabbled in mud and mire like a flock of ducks.

11. "This is very uncomfortable," said Ben Franklin one day to his comrades, while they were standing mid-leg deep in the quagmire.

12. "So it is," said the other boys. "What a pity we have no better place to stand!"

13. Nothing more would have been done or said about the matter by the other boys. But it was not in Ben's nature to be sensible of an inconvenience

without using his best efforts to find a remedy. So, as he and his comrades were returning from the water-side, Ben suddenly threw down his string of fish with a very determined air.

14. "Boys," cried he, "I have thought of a scheme which will be greatly for our benefit and for the public benefit."

15. It was queer enough, to be sure, to hear this little fellow—this rosy-cheeked, ten-year-old boy—talking about schemes for the public benefit. Nevertheless, his companions were ready to listen, being assured that Ben's scheme, whatever it was, would be well worth their attention. They remembered how sagaciously he had conducted all their enterprises.

16. They remembered, too, his wonderful contrivance of sailing across the mill-pond by lying flat on his back in the water and allowing himself to be drawn along by a paper kite. If Ben could do that, he might certainly do anything.

17. "What is your scheme, Ben?—what is it?" cried they all.

18. It so happened that they had now come to a spot of ground where a new house was to be built. Scattered round about lay a great many large stones, which were to be used for the cellar and foundation. Ben mounted upon the highest of these stones, so that he might speak with the more authority.

19. "You know, lads," said he, "what a plague it is to be forced to stand in the quagmire yonder,—over shoes and stockings (if we wear any) in mud and water. Unless we can find some remedy for this evil, our fishing business must be entirely given up. And, surely, this would be a terrible misfortune!"

20. "That it would! that it would!" said his comrades, sorrowfully.

21. "Now, I propose," continued master Benjamin, "that we build a wharf, for the purpose of carrying on our fisheries. You see these stones. The workmen mean to use them for the underpinning of a house; but that would be for only one man's advantage. My plan is to take these same stones and carry them to the edge of the water, and build a wharf with them.



22. "This will not only enable us to carry on the fishing business with comfort and to better advantage, but it will likewise be a great convenience to boats passing up and down the stream. Thus, instead of one man, fifty or a hundred, besides ourselves, may be benefited by these stones. What say you, boys? Shall we build the wharf?"

23. Ben's proposal was received with one of those uproarious shouts wherewith boys usually express their delight at whatever just suits them. Nobody thought of questioning the right and justice of building a wharf with stones that belonged to another person.

24. "Hurrah! hurrah!" shouted they. "Let's set about it."

25. It was agreed that they should all be on the spot that evening and commence their grand public enterprise by moonlight. Accordingly, at the appointed time, the whole gang of youthful laborers assembled, and eagerly began to remove the stones. They had not calculated how much toil would be requisite in this important part of their undertaking. The very first stone which they laid hold of proved so heavy that it almost seemed to be fastened to the ground. Nothing but Ben's cheerful and resolute spirit could have induced them to persevere.

26. Ben, as might be expected, was the soul of the enterprise. By his mechanical genius, he contrived methods to lighten the labor of transporting the stones, so that one boy, under his directions, would perform as much as half a dozen if left to themselves. Whenever their spirits flagged, he had some joke ready, which seemed to renew their strength, by setting them all into a roar of laughter.

27. The boys, like a colony of ants, performed a great deal of labor by their multitude, though the individual strength of each could have accomplished but little. Finally, just as the moon sank below the horizon, the great work was finished.

28. "Now, boys," cried Ben, "let's give three cheers and go home to bed. To-morrow we may catch fish at our ease."

29. "Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!" shouted his comrades. Then they all went home in such an ecstasy that they could hardly get a wink of sleep.

Comrades. Companions.

An'ec-dote. A short story of personal history.

In-ci-dent. That which happens; an event; an-occurrence.

Se-lect'men. Certain officers who manage the affairs of a town.

In-teg'ri-ty. Honesty; uprightness; rectitude.

Man'u-script. Written, not printed.

Pave'ment. A floor of stones, or other solid materials used as a walk or road; a paved floor.

Ve'hi-cle. That in which anything is carried, as a wagon, a sleigh, etc.

In-con-ven'ience. That which annoys or gives trouble.

Wharf. A firm landing-place built by the side of water or into it.

Me-chan'i-cal. Relating to machines, or to the laws of matter and motion.

Trans-port'ing. Carrying; conveying.

Ho-ri'zon. The circular line which bounds the view.

Ec'sta-sy. Excessive joy.

V. — ANECDOTE OF FRANKLIN'S BOYHOOD.

PART II.

IN the morning, when the early sunbeams were gleaming on the steeples and roofs of the town, and gilding the waters that surrounded it, the masons, rubbing their eyes, came to begin their work at the foundation of the new house. But, on reaching the spot, they rubbed their eyes so much the harder. What had become of their heap of stones?

2. "Why, Sam," said one to another, in great perplexity, "here's been some witchcraft at work while we were asleep. The stones must have flown away through the air."

3. "More likely they have been stolen," answered Sam.

4. "But who on earth would think of stealing a heap of stones?" cried a third. "Could a man carry them away in his pocket?"

5. The master mason, who was a gruff kind of man, stood scratching his head, and said nothing at first. But, looking carefully on the ground, he discerned innumerable tracks of little feet, some with shoes and some barefoot. Following these tracks with his eye, he saw that they formed a beaten path towards the water-side.

6. "Ah, I see what the mischief is," said he, nodding his head. "Those little rascals, the boys,—they have stolen our stones to build a wharf with."

7. The masons immediately went to examine the new structure. And to say the truth, it was well worth looking at, so neatly and with such admirable skill had it been planned and finished. The stones were put together so securely that there was no danger of their being loosened by the tide, however swiftly it might sweep along.

8. There was a broad and safe platform to stand upon, whence the little fishermen might cast their lines into deep water and draw up fish in abundance. Indeed, it almost seemed as if Ben and his comrades might be forgiven for taking the stones, because they had done their job in such a workmanlike manner.

9. "The boys that built this wharf understood their

business pretty well," said one of the masons. "I should not be ashamed of such a piece of work myself."

10. But the master mason did not seem to enjoy the joke. He was one of those people who care a great deal more for their own rights and privileges than for the convenience of all the rest of the world.

11. "Sam," said he, more gruffly than usual, "go call a constable."

12. So Sam called a constable, and inquiries were set on foot to discover the perpetrators of the theft. In the course of the day warrants were issued, with the signature of a justice of the peace, to take the bodies of Benjamin Franklin and other evil-disposed persons who had stolen a heap of stones.

13. If the owner of the stolen property had not been more merciful than the master mason, it might have gone hard with our friend Benjamin and his fellow-laborers. But, luckily for them, the gentleman had a respect for Ben's father, and, moreover, was amused with the spirit of the whole affair. He therefore let the culprits off pretty easily.

14. But when they were set at liberty the poor boys had to go through another trial, and receive sentence, and suffer execution too, from their own fathers. Many a rod, I grieve to say, was put in use on that unlucky night. As for Ben, he was less afraid of a whipping than of his father's disapprobation.

15. Mr. Franklin, as I have mentioned before, was a sagacious man, and also an inflexibly upright one. He had read much for a person in his rank of life, and had pondered upon the ways of the world until he had gained more wisdom than a whole library of books could have taught him.

16. Ben had a greater reverence for his father than for any other person in the world, as well on account of his spotless integrity as of his practical sense and deep views of things.

17. Consequently, after being released from the clutches of the law, Ben came into his father's presence with no small perturbation of mind.

18. "Benjamin, come hither!" began Mr. Franklin, in his customary solemn and weighty tone.

19. The boy approached and stood before his father's chair, waiting reverently to hear what judgment this good man would pass upon his late offence.

20. "Benjamin," said his father, "what could induce you to take property which did not belong to you?"

21. "Why, father," replied Ben, hanging his head at first, but then lifting his eyes to Mr. Franklin's face, "if it had been merely for my own benefit, I never should have dreamed of it. But I knew that the wharf would be a public convenience. If the owner of the stones should build a house with them, nobody would enjoy any advantage except himself. Now, I made use of them in a way that was for the advantage of many persons. I thought it right to aim at doing good to the greatest number."

22. "My son," said Mr. Franklin, solemnly, "so far as it was in your power, you have done a greater harm to the public than to the owner of the stones."

23. "How can that be, father?" asked Ben.

24. "Because," answered his father, "in building your wharf with stolen materials, you have committed a moral wrong. There is no more terrible mistake than to violate what is eternally right for the sake of a seeming expediency. Those who act upon such a

principle do the utmost in their power to destroy all that is good in the world."

25. "Heaven forbid!" said Benjamin.

26. "No act," continued Mr. Franklin, "can possibly be for the benefit of the public generally which involves injustice to any individual. But, indeed, can we suppose that our all-wise and just Creator would have so ordered the affairs of the world that a wrong act should be the true method of attaining a right end? It is impious to think so. And I do verily believe, Benjamin, that almost all the public and private misery of mankind arises from a neglect of this great truth,—that evil can produce only evil,—that good ends must be wrought out by good means."

27. "I will never forget it again," said Benjamin, bowing his head.

28. "Remember," concluded his father, "that whenever we vary from the highest rule of right, just so far we do an injury to the world. It may seem otherwise for the moment; but, both in time and in eternity, it will be found so."

29. To the close of his life Ben Franklin never forgot this conversation with his father; and in both his public and private career he endeavored to act upon the principles which that good and wise man had then taught him.

Per-plex'i-ty. State of being puzzled or confused.

Dis-cerned' (diz-zérnd'). Saw.

Privi-leg-es. Peculiar advantages, benefits, or rights.

Per-pe-tra-tor. One who commits an offence.

Warrant (wör-). A printed or written paper authorizing an officer to arrest a person named, or to take certain property.

Ex-pe'di-en-cy. Fitness to effect some good or desired end.

At-tain'ing. Gaining; reaching.

Im'pi-ous. Wicked; profane.

Ca-reer'. Course of action.

Signa-ture. The name of a person written by himself.

Dis-ap-pro-ba'tion. Act of censuring; a condemning.

Per-tur-ba'tion. Disquiet; agitation of mind.

VI. — JACK FROST.

HANNAH F. GOULD.

1. **T**HE Frost looked forth on a still, clear night,
And whispered, "Now I shall be out of sight ;
So, through the valley and over the height
In silence I'll take my way.
I will not go on like that blustering train,
The wind and the snow, the hail and the rain,
That make such a bustle and noise in vain ;
But I'll be as busy as they !"
2. So he flew to the mountain, and powdered its crest ;
He lit on the trees, and their boughs he dressed
With diamonds and pearls ; and over the breast
Of the quivering lake he spread
A coat of mail, that it need not fear
The glittering point of many a spear
Which he hung on its margin, far and near,
Where a rock could rear its head.
3. He went to the window of those who slept,
And over each pane like a fairy crept ;
Wherever he breathed, wherever he stepped,
By the morning light were seen
Most beautiful things ! — there were flowers and trees,
There were beves of birds and swarms of bees,
There were cities and temples and towers ; and these
All pictured in silvery sheen !
4. But he did one thing that was hardly fair, —
He peeped in the cupboard ; and, finding there
That all had forgotten for him to prepare,
"Now, just to set them a-thinking,

I'll bite this basket of fruit," said he,
 "This costly pitcher I'll burst in three!
 And the glass of water they've left for me
 Shall '*tchick*' to tell them I'm drinking."

Bus'tle. Great stir.

Blus'ter-ing. Noisy; boisterous.

Crest. Top.

Quiv'er-ing. Trembling; moving
 with a tremulous motion.

Mail. Armor, or defensive covering.

Spear. A long weapon with a sharp
 point; a lance.

Rear. Raise; lift.

Fair'y (fâr'e). An imaginary small
 being in human shape, formerly
 supposed to possess certain powers
 over man.

Bev'ies. Flocks.

Sheen. Brightness; splendor.

VII. — EXCELSIOR.

W. C. BENNETT.

1. **H**IGHER, higher, ever higher,
 Ever to perfection nigher,
 Mortal, climb, — untiring climb,
 Up the steep ascent of time!
 Ever higher, — life was given
 Thus to raise itself to heaven.
2. Higher ever, until death
 Stays at last thy mortal breath;
 But, O, take to heart this truth!
 He who wins aspires in youth;
 He who earliest shall begin,
 He shall ever highest win.

Ex-cel'si-or. Higher; more lofty.

Fer-fec'tion. The state of being per-
 fect, blameless, or faultless.

Nigh'er. Nearer.

Climb. Ascend up with labor.

Un-tir-ing. Not tiring; unwearied.

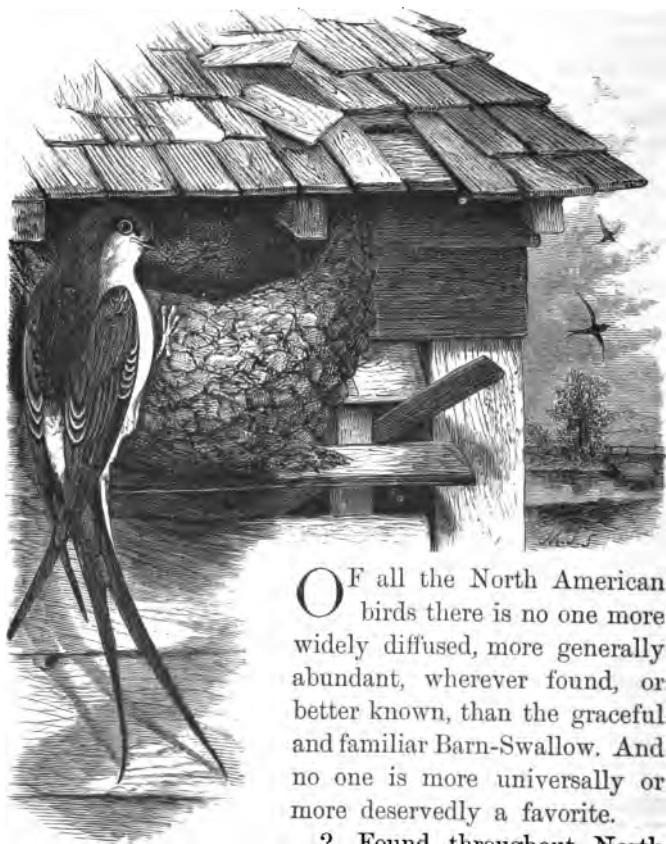
As-cent'. Elevation; inclination up-
 wards.

Mor'tal. Subject to death, *adj.* A
 man; a human being, *noun*.

As-pires'. Seeks ambitiously; tries
 to reach.

VIII.—THE BARN-SWALLOW.

NORTH AMERICAN BIRDS.



OF all the North American birds there is no one more widely diffused, more generally abundant, wherever found, or better known, than the graceful and familiar Barn-Swallow. And no one is more universally or more deservedly a favorite.

2. Found throughout North America, from Florida to Greenland and from ocean to ocean, and breeding nearly throughout the same wide extent, its distribution is universal.

3. Venturing with a confiding trust into our crowded cities, and building its elaborate nests in the porches of the dwellings, as well as entering in greater numbers the barns and farm-buildings of the agriculturists, and placing itself under the protection of man, it rarely fails to win for itself the interest and good-will it so well deserves.

4. Innocent and blameless in its life, there is no evil blended with the many benefits it confers on man. It is his ever-constant benefactor and friend, and is never known, even indirectly, to do him any injury. For its daily food, and for that of its offspring, it destroys the insects that annoy his cattle, injure his fruit-trees, sting his fruit, or molest his person.

5. Social, affectionate, and gentle in its intercourse with its kind; faithful and devoted in the discharge of its conjugal and parental duties; exemplary, watchful, and tender, alike to its own family and to all its race; sympathizing and benevolent when its fellows are in any trouble,—this lovely and beautiful bird is a bright example to all in its blameless and useful life.

6. This Swallow passes the winter months in Central and South America, as far south as Brazil, and is found throughout the year in the Plateau of Mexico. It appears in the Southern States in March, in the Central States early in April, and reaches New England, becoming abundant about the first of May.

7. Caves, overhanging rocky cliffs, and similar localities were the natural breeding-places of this bird, before the settlement of the country. Swallow Cave, at Nahant, was once a favorite place of resort, and in the unsettled portions of the country it is found only in such situations. As the country is settled the Swallow forsakes these

places for the buildings of the farm, and rapidly increases in number. In the fur countries and in all the Pacific coast, it still breeds in caves, chiefly among limestone rocks.

8. The wonderful activity of this bird, the rapidity and power of its flight, are striking peculiarities. During its stay with us, from May to September, from morn to night it seems to be ever in motion, especially so before incubation, or after the young have flown. The rapidity of its tortuous evolutions, its intricate, involved, and repeated zigzag flights, are altogether indescribable, and must be witnessed to be appreciated.

9. Wilson estimated that this bird flies at the rate of a mile a minute, but any one who has witnessed the ease and celerity with which it seems to delight in overtaking, passing, and repassing a train of cars moving at the rate of thirty miles an hour must realize that this estimate is far from doing full justice to its real speed.

10. The attentions of a pair of Swallows to each other when sitting upon the nest, and to their young when hatched, are unremitting. The estimated number of small insects they collect for their own consumption and that of their nestlings is almost incredible.

11. The manœuvres of the parents to draw them out, when the young are old enough to leave their nests, and their assistance to them when practising their first short flights, are curious and interesting scenes.

12. Mr. Lord, the English Boundary Commissioner, publishes an interesting account of a visit made by a solitary pair of Barn Swallows to his party when encamped in the wilderness in British Columbia. A small shanty, loosely built of poles, and tightly roofed, was in constant use as a blacksmith's shop. Early one summer

morning late in June, a pair of Swallows perched on the roof of this shed, without exhibiting the slightest fear of the noise made by the bellows or the showers of sparks that flew all around.

13. Presently they entered the house and carefully examined the roof and its supporting poles, twittering to each other all the while in the most excited manner. At length the important question appeared to be settled, and the following day the pair commenced building on one of the poles immediately over the anvil. Though the hammer was constantly passing close to their structure, these birds kept steadily at their work. In about three days the rough outline of the nest had been constructed.

14. This trustful pair seemed to know no fear, even when Mr. Lord stood on a log to watch them, with his face so near that their feathers frequently brushed against it as they toiled at their work.

15. Curious to see whence they procured their materials, he tracked them to the stream where, on its edge, they with their beaks worked up the clay and fine sand into a kind of mortar. Incessantly they worked, till in a few days their nest was finished, the mud walls having finally been warmly lined with soft dry grasses and the feathers and down of ducks and geese.

16. Five eggs were then laid which were never left once uncovered until they were hatched. The young birds were fed with great assiduity by the parents, and grew rapidly. In leaving the nest, two of them fell to the ground, but were picked up by the blacksmith and placed with the others on their roosting-place. A few days' training taught them the use of their wings, and they soon after took their departure.

17. The number of the young is from four to six, and

there are often two broods in a season. As soon as the second brood can fly, or early in September, they all prepare to leave. They usually collect in large flocks, and depart within a few days of their first assembling. Large flocks pass along the Atlantic coast, from the north and east, early in September, often uniting as they meet, and passing rapidly on.

Dif-fused'. Spread; extended in every direction.

E-lab'o-rate. Much labored upon; highly finished.

Blend'ed. Mingled; mixed.

Ex-em'pla-ry. Worthy of imitation.

Tor'tu-ous. Winding; crooked.

In'tri-cate. Complicated; difficult.

Ce-ler'i-ty. Rapidity; swiftness.

Un-re-mit'ting. Constant; continual; unceasing.

In-cred'i-ble. That cannot be believed.

In-ces'sant-ly. Continually; all the time.

As-si-du'i-ty. Diligence.

Brood. The number hatched at once.

As-sem'bling. Meeting together.

IX.—HOW MARGERY WONDERED.

LUCY LARCOM.

ONE bright morning, late in March, little Margery put on her hood and her Highland plaid shawl, and went trudging across the beach. It was the first time she had been trusted out alone, for Margery was a little girl; nothing about her was large, except her round gray eyes, which had yet opened upon scarcely half a dozen springs and summers.

2. There was a pale mist on the far-off sea and sky, and up around the sun were white clouds edged with the hues of pink and violet. The sunshine and the mild air made Margery's very heart feel warm, and she let the soft wind blow aside her Highland shawl, as she looked across the water at the sun, and wondered.

3. For, somehow, the sun had never looked before as it did to-day; it seemed like a great golden flower bursting out of its pearl-lined calyx,—a flower without a stem. Or was there a strong stem behind it in the sky, that reached down below the sea, to a root, nobody could guess where?

4. Margery did not stop to puzzle herself about the answer to her question, for now the tide was coming in. The waves, little at first, but growing larger every moment, were crowding up, along the sand and pebbles, laughing, winking, and whispering, as they tumbled over each other like thousands of children hurrying home, each with its own precious little secret to tell.

5. Where did the waves come from? Who, with the hoarse hollow voice, was down there under the blue wall of the horizon, urging and pushing them across the beach to her feet?

6. And what secret were they lisping to each other with their pleasant voices? Oh! what was there beneath the sea, and beyond the sea, so deep, so broad, and so dim, too, where the white ships, that looked smaller than sea-birds, were gliding out and in?

7. But while Margery stood still for a moment on a dry rock and wondered, there came to her ear a low, rippling warble from a cedar-tree on the cliff above her. It had been a long winter, and Margery had forgotten that there were birds, and that birds could sing.

8. So she wondered again what the music was. And when she saw the bird perched on a yellow-brown bough, she wondered yet more. It was only a bluebird, but then it was the first bluebird Margery had ever seen.

9. He fluttered among the prickly twigs, and looked as if he had grown out of them, as had the cedar-berries, which were dusty-blue, the color of his coat.

10. But how did the music get into his throat? And after it was in his throat, how did it untangle itself, and wind itself off so evenly? And where had the bluebird flown from, across the snow-banks, down to the shore of the blue sea?

11. The waves sang a welcome to him, and he sang a welcome to the waves. They seemed to know each other well, and the ripple and the warble sounded so much alike, the bird and the wave must both have learned their music of the same teacher.

12. And Margery kept on wondering as she stepped between the song of the bluebird and the echo of the sea, and climbed a sloping bank, just turning faintly green in the spring sunshine.

13. The grass was surely beginning to grow. There were fresh, juicy shoots running up among the withered blades of last year; and closer down she saw the sharp points of new spears peeping from their sheaths. And scattered here and there were small dark green leaves folded around buds shut up so tight that only those who had watched them many seasons could tell what flowers were to be let out of their safe prisons by and by.

14. So no one could blame Margery for not knowing that they were only common things, — mouse-ear, dandelions, and cinquefoil, — or for stooping over the tiny buds and wondering.

15. What made the grass come up so green out of the black earth? And how did the buds know when it was time to take off their little green hoods, and see what there was in the world around them? And how came they to be buds at all? Did they bloom in another world before they sprung up here? and did they know, themselves, what kind of flowers they should blossom

into ? Had flowers, like little girls, souls that would live in another world when their forms had faded away from this ?

16. Margery thought she should like to sit down on the bank and wait beside the buds until they opened ; perhaps they would tell her their secret, if the very first thing they saw was her eyes watching them. One bud was beginning to unfold ; it was streaked with yellow in little stripes that she could imagine became wider every minute. But she would not touch it, for it seemed almost as much alive as herself. She only wondered and wondered.

17. But the dash of the waves grew louder, and the bluebird had not stopped singing yet, and the sweet sounds drew Margery's feet down to the beach again, where she played with the shining pebbles, and sifted the sand through her plump fingers, stopping now and then to wonder a little about everything, until she heard her mother's voice calling her.

18. Then Margery trudged home across the shells and pebbles with a pleasant smile dimpling her cheeks, for she felt very much at home in this large, wonderful world, and was happy to be alive, although she neither could have told, nor cared to know, the reason why.

19. But when her mother unpinned the little girl's Highland shawl, and took off her hood, she said : " O mother, do let me live on the doorstep ! I don't like houses to stay in. What makes everything so pretty and so glad ?

20. Margery's mother was a good woman. But then there was all the housework to do, and if she had thoughts, she did not often let them wander outside the kitchen-door. And just now she was baking some ginger-

bread, which was in danger of getting burned in the oven. So she pinned the shawl around the child's neck again, and left her on the doorstep, saying to herself, as she returned to her work, "Queer child! I wonder what kind of a woman she will be!"

21. But Margery sat on the doorstep, and wondered, as the sea sounded louder, and the sunshine grew warmer around her. It was all so strange and grand and beautiful! Her heart danced with joy to the music that went echoing through the wide world from the roots of the sprouting grass to the great golden blossom of the sun.

22. And when the round gray eyes closed that night, at the first peep of the stars, the angels looked down and wondered over Margery. For the wisdom of the wisest being God has made ends in wonder; and there is nothing on earth so wonderful as the budding soul of a little child.

Cal'yx. A flower cup; the outer covering or leaves of a flower.

Won'dered. Was surprised or astonished.

Cliff. A steep rock; a crag.

With'ered. Dried; faded.

Cinquefoil (singk' fōil). A five-leaved clover.

Bloom. Blossom.

Sprout'ing. Beginning to grow.

X. — SPEAK GENTLY.

1. **S**PEAK gently; it is better far
To rule by love than fear.
Speak gently; let no harsh words mar
The good we might do here.
2. Speak gently to the little child;
Its love be sure to gain;
Teach it, in accents soft and mild, —
It may not long remain.

3. Speak gently to the aged one ;
Grieve not the care-worn heart ;
The sands of life are nearly run ;
Let such in peace depart.
4. Speak gently, kindly, to the poor ;
Let no harsh tone be heard ;
They have enough they must endure,
Without an unkind word.
5. Speak gently to the erring ; know
They must have toiled in vain ;
Perchance unkindness made them so,
Oh, win them back again.
6. Speak gently ; love doth whisper low
The vows that true hearts bind ;
And gently friendship's accents flow,
Affection's voice is kind.

Rule. Control ; govern.

Mar. Injure ; spoil ; hurt.

Vows. Promises.

Harsh. Rough ; ill-tempered.

Erring. Sinful ; misled by error.

Per-chance'. Perhaps.

XI.—THE SAILOR-BOY OF HAVRE.

A FRENCH brig was returning to Havre, with a rich cargo and numerous passengers. On the coast it was overtaken by a sudden and violent storm. The captain was an experienced sailor, and at once saw the danger which threatened the ship on such a rocky coast. He gave orders to put out to sea, but the winds and waves drove the brig violently towards the shore, and, notwithstanding all the efforts of the crew, it continued to get nearer land.

2. Among the most active on board in doing all that he could to help was little James, a lad of twelve years old, who was serving as cabin-boy in the vessel. At times, when he disappeared for a moment behind the fold of a sail, the sailors thought that he had fallen overboard; and again, when a wave threw him down on the deck, they looked round to see if it had not carried away the poor boy with it; but James was soon up again, unhurt. "My mother," said he, smiling, to an old sailor, "would be frightened enough if she saw me just now."

3. His mother, who lived at Havre, was very poor, and had a large family. James loved her tenderly, and he was enjoying the prospect of carrying to her his little treasure, — two five-franc pieces, which he had earned as his wages for the voyage.

4. The brig was beaten about a whole day by the storm, and, in spite of all the efforts of the crew, they could not steer clear of the rocks on the coast. By the gloom on the captain's brow it might be seen that he had little hope of saving the ship. All at once a violent shock was felt, accompanied by a horrible crash, — the vessel had struck on a rock.

5. "Lower the boats!" cried the captain. The sailors obeyed; but no sooner were the boats in the water than they were carried away by the violence of the waves.

6. "We have but one hope of safety," said the captain. "One of us must be brave enough to run the risk of swimming with a rope to the shore. We may fasten one end to the mast of the vessel, and the other to a rock on the coast, and by this we may all get on shore."

7. "But, captain, it is impossible," said the mate, pointing to the surf breaking on the sharp rocks. "Whoever should attempt to run such a risk would certainly be dashed to pieces."

8. "Well," said the captain, in a low tone, "we must all die together." At this moment there was a slight stir among the sailors, who were silently waiting for orders.

9. "What is the matter there?" inquired the captain.

10. "Captain," replied a sailor, "this little monkey of a cabin-boy is asking to swim to the shore with a strong string round his body to draw the cable after him"; and he pushed James into the midst of the circle.

11. "Nonsense! such a child can't go," said the captain, roughly.

12. But James was not one to be so easily discouraged. "Captain," said he, timidly, "you don't wish to expose the lives of good sailors like these; it does not matter what becomes of a 'little monkey' of a cabin-boy, as the boatswain calls me. Give me a ball of strong string, which will unroll as I get on, fasten one end round my body, and I promise you that within an hour the rope will be well fastened to the shore, or I will perish in the attempt."

13. "Does he know how to swim?" asked the captain.

14. "As swiftly and as easily as an eel," replied one of the crew.

15. "I could swim up the Seine from Havre to Paris," said little James. The captain hesitated, but the lives of all on board were at stake, and he yielded.

16. James hastened to prepare for his terrible undertaking. Then he turned, and softly approached the captain. "Captain," said he, "as it is not impossible that I may be lost, may I ask you to take charge of something for me?"

17. "Certainly, my boy," said the captain, who was almost repenting of having yielded to his entreaties.

18. "Here, then, captain," replied James, holding out

two five-franc pieces wrapped in a bit of cloth; "if I am eaten by the porpoises, and you get safe to land, be so kind as to give this to my mother. She lives on the quay at Havre; and will you tell her that I thought of her, and that I love her very much, as well as all my brothers and sisters?"

19. "Be easy about that, my boy. If you die for us, and we escape, your mother shall never want for anything."

20. "Oh! then, I will willingly try to save you," cried James, hastening to the other side of the vessel, where all was prepared for his enterprise.

21. The captain thought for a moment. "We ought not to allow this lad to sacrifice himself for us in this way," said he at length. "I must forbid it."

22. "Yes, yes," said some of the sailors round him; "it is disgraceful to us all that this little cabin-boy should set us an example of courage; and it would be a sad thing if the brave child should die for old men like us, who have lived our time. Let us stop him!"

23. They rushed to the side of the vessel, but it was too late. They found there only the sailor who had aided James in his preparations, and who was unrolling the cord that was fastened to the body of the heroic boy.

24. They all leaned over the side of the vessel to see what was going to happen, and a few quietly wiped away a tear which would not be restrained. At first nothing was seen but waves of white foam, mountains of water which seemed to rise as high as the mast, and then fell down with a thundering roar.

25. Soon the practised eye of some of the sailors perceived a little black point rising above the waves, and then, again, distance prevented them from distinguishing

it at all. They anxiously watched the cord, and tried to guess, by its movements, the fate of him who was unrolling it.

26. This anxiety lasted more than an hour; the ball of string continued to be unrolled, but at unequal periods. At length it slipped slowly over the side of the vessel, and often fell as if slackened. They thought James must be unable to get through the surf.

27. All at once a violent pull was given to the cord. This was soon followed by a second, then by a third. It was the signal agreed upon to tell them that James had reached the shore.

28. They hastened to fasten a strong rope to the cord, which was drawn on shore as fast as they could let it out, and was firmly fastened by some of the people who had come to the help of the little cabin-boy. By means of this rope many of the shipwrecked sailors reached the shore, and found means to save the others.

29. The little cabin-boy was long ill in consequence of his fatigue, and from the bruises he had received by being dashed against the rocks. But he did not mind that; for, in reward of his bravery, his mother received a yearly sum of money which placed her above the fear of want. Little James rejoiced in having suffered for her, and at the same time in having saved so many lives, and felt that he had been abundantly rewarded.

Cargo. The lading of a ship; freight.

Ex-pe'ri-enced. Made skilful by experience; wise by long practice and reflection.

Not-with-stand'ing. In defiance of; in spite of.

Dis-ap-peared'. Was lost to view; vanished.

Steer. Direct a course.

Surf. The swell of the sea that breaks on the shore.

Un-der-tak'ing. Attempt; enterprise.

Quay (kē). An artificial bank or wharf, by the side of a navigable water, for loading and unloading vessels.

Re-strained'. Withheld; repressed.

Sig'nal. A sign that gives notice; a mark.

XII. — THE SUNBEAM.

1. **A** LITTLE sunbeam in the sky
Said to itself one day :
“ I ’m very small, but why should I
Do nothing else but play ?
I ’ll go down to the earth and see
If there is any use for me.”
2. The violet beds were wet with dew,
Which filled each heavy cup ;
The little sunbeam darted through,
And raised their blue heads up ;
They smiled to see it, and they lent
The morning’s breeze their sweetest scent.
3. A mother, ’neath a shady tree,
Had left her babe asleep ;
It woke and cried, but when it spied
The little sunbeam peep
So slyly in, with glance so bright,
It laughed and chuckled with delight.
4. On, on it went, it might not stay :
Now through a window small
It poured its glad but tiny ray,
And danced upon the wall.
A pale young face looked up to meet
The sunbeam she had watched to greet.
5. And now away beyond the sea
The merry sunbeam went ;
A ship was on the waters free,
From home and country sent,
But, sparkling in the sunbeam’s play,
The blue waves curled around her way.

6. A voyager stood and watched them there,
 With heart of bitter pain ;
 She gazed, and half forgot her care,
 And hope came back again.
 She said, " The waves are full of glee,
 Then yet there may be joy for me ! "
7. And so it travelled to and fro,
 And frisked and danced about ;
 And not a door was shut, I know,
 To keep the sunbeam out.
 But ever, as it touched the earth,
 It woke up happiness and mirth.
8. I may not tell the history
 Of all that it could do,
 But I tell you this, that you may try
 To be a sunbeam too ;
 By little smiles to soothe and cheer,
 And make your presence ever dear.

Scent. Smell ; odor.

Spied. Gained sight of ; saw.

Tiny. Little ; very small.

Merry. Gay ; joyful.

Voy'a-ger. One who makes a voyage ; one who travels by sea.

Gazed. Looked earnestly.

Glee. Joy ; merriment.

XIII. — THE ALARM.

WHITTIER.

1. **U**P the hillside, down the glen,
 Rouse the sleeping citizen,
 Summon out the might of men !
2. Like a lion crouching low,
 Like a night-storm rising slow,
 Like the tread of unseen foe, —

3. It is coming, — it is nigh !
Stand your homes and altars by !
On your own free hearth-stones die !
4. Clang the bells in all your spires ! .
On the gray hills of your sires
Fling to heaven your signal-fires.
5. Oh, for God and duty stand,
Heart to heart and hand to hand,
Round the old graves of your land !
6. Whoso shrinks and falters now,
Whoso to the yoke would bow,
Brand the craven on his brow !

Glen. A narrow valley.

Rouse. Awake ; arouse.

Sum'mon. Call by authority.

Crouch'ing. Lying close to the ground.

Spires. Steeples.

Sires. Fathers ; ancestors.

Cra'ven. Coward ; dastard.

XIV. — LITTLE ANNIE'S RAMBLE.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

PART I.

DING—DONG ! Ding-dong ! Ding-dong ! The town-crier has rung his bell at a distant corner, and little Annie stands on her father's doorsteps, trying to hear what the man with the loud voice is talking about. Let me listen too.

2. He is telling the people that an elephant, and a lion, and a royal tiger, and a horse with horns, and other strange beasts from foreign countries, have come to town, and will receive all visitors who choose to wait upon them.

3. Perhaps little Annie would like to go. Yes; and I can see that the pretty child is weary of this wide and pleasant street, with the green trees flinging their shade across the quiet sunshine.

4. She feels that impulse to go strolling away — that longing after the mystery of the great world — which many children feel, and which I felt in my childhood.

5. Little Annie shall take a ramble with me. See! I do but hold out my hand, and, like some bright bird in the sunny air, with her blue silk frock fluttering upwards, she comes bounding on tiptoe across the street.

6. Smooth back your brown curls, Annie, and let me tie on your bonnet, and we will set forth. What a strange couple to go on their rambles together! One walks in black attire, with a measured step, and a heavy brow, and his thoughtful eyes bent down; while the gay little girl trips lightly along, as if she were forced to keep hold of my hand, lest her feet should dance away from the earth.

7. Yet there is sympathy between us. If I pride myself on anything, it is because I have a smile that children love; and, on the other hand, there are few grown ladies that could entice me from the side of little Annie; for I delight to let my mind go hand in hand with the mind of a sinless child. So come, Annie, look about you and be merry!

8. Now we turn the corner. Here are hacks with two horses, and stage-coaches with four, thundering to meet each other, and trucks and carts moving at a slower pace, being heavily laden with barrels from the wharves; and here are rattling gigs, which, perhaps, will be smashed to pieces before our eyes.

9. Hitherward, also, comes a man trundling a wheel-

barrow along the pavement. Is not little Annie afraid of such a tumult? No: she does not even shrink closer to my side, but passes on with fearless confidence, — a happy child amidst a great throng of grown people, who pay the same reverence to her infancy that they would to extreme old age.

10. Nobody jostles her; all turn aside to make way for little Annie; and, what is most singular, she appears conscious of her claim to such respect.

11. Now her eyes brighten with pleasure! A street-musician has seated himself on the steps of yonder church, and pours forth his strains to the busy town, a melody that has gone astray among the tramp of footsteps, the buzz of voices, and the roar of passing wheels.

12. Who heeds the poor organ-grinder? None but myself and little Annie, whose feet begin to move in unison with the lively tune, as if she were loath that music should be wasted without a dance.

13. But where would Annie find a partner? Many have leaden feet, because their hearts are far heavier than lead. It is a sad thought that I have chanced upon. What a company of dancers should we be! For I, too, am a gentleman of sober footsteps, and therefore, little Annie, let us walk sedately on.

14. It is a question with me, whether this giddy child or my sage self has the more pleasure in looking at the shop windows. We love the silks of sunny hue, that glow within the darkened premises of the spruce dry-goods men. We are pleasantly dazzled by the burnished silver and the chased gold, glistening at the window of the jeweller; but Annie, more than I, seeks for a glimpse of her passing figure in the dusty looking-glasses at the hardware stores. All that is bright and gay attracts us both.

15. Here is a shop to which the recollections of my boyhood, as well as present partialities, give a peculiar magic. How delightful to let the fancy revel on the dainties of a confectioner! On pies, with such white and flaky paste, their contents being a mystery; on those cakes, heart-shaped or round, piled in a lofty pyramid.

16. Then the mighty treasures of sugar-plums, white and crimson and yellow, in large glass vases; and candy of all varieties. Oh, my mouth waters, little Annie, and so doth yours; but we will not be tempted except to an imaginary feast; so let us hasten onward, devouring only the vision.

17. Here are pleasures, as some people would say, of a more exalted kind, in the window of a bookseller. Is Annie a literary lady? Yes; she is deeply read in, and has an increasing love for, fairy-tales, though seldom met with nowadays, and she will subscribe, next year, to the *Juvenile Miscellany*.

18. But, truth to tell, she is apt to turn away from the printed page, and keep gazing at the pretty pictures, such as the gay-colored ones which make this shop-window the continual loitering-place of children.

19. What would Annie think, if, in the book which I mean to send her on New Year's day, she should find her sweet little self, bound up in silk or morocco with gilt edges, there to remain till she become a woman grown, with children of her own to read about their mother's childhood? That would be very queer.

20. Little Annie is weary of pictures, and pulls me onward by the hand, till suddenly we pause at the most wondrous shop in all the town. Is this a toy-shop, or is it fairy-land? For here are gilded chariots, in which the king and queen of the fairies might ride side by side.

21. Here, too, are dishes of china-ware fit to be the dining-set of those same princely personages when they make a regal banquet. Betwixt the king and queen should sit my little **Annie**, the prettiest fairy of them all.

22. Here stands a turbaned Turk, threatening us with his sabre, like an ugly heathen, as he is. And next a Chinese mandarin, who nods his head at Annie and myself. Here we may review a whole army of horse and foot, in red and blue uniforms, with drums, fifes, trumpets, and all kinds of noiseless music.

23. But what cares Annie for soldiers? Her whole heart is set upon that doll, who gazes at us with such a fashionable stare. This is the little girl's true plaything.

24. Little Annie does not understand what I am saying, but looks wishfully at the proud lady in the window. (We will invite her home with us as we return.) Meantime, good by, Dame Doll!

25. Come, little Annie, we shall find toys enough, go where we may.

Stroll'ing. Roving from place to place; wandering.

Ram'ble. An irregular excursion.

En-tice'. Attract; draw; coax.

Trun'dling. Rolling along.

Tu'mult. Uproar; confused noise.

Jos'tles (jös'sls). Runs against; knocks against.

Uni-son. Harmony; agreement.

Loath (lōth). Unwilling; reluctant.

So-date'ly. Calmly; quietly.

Sage. Wise; solemn.

Par-ti-al'i-ties. Strong likings or inclinations.

Re'gal. Kingly; royal.

Ban'quet. Feast.

Tur'baned. Wearing a turban, the usual head-dress of the Turks.

Man-da-rin' (rēn). A Chinese nobleman, magistrate, or public officer.

Wish'ful-ly. With wishing; earnestly.

XV.—LITTLE ANNIE'S RAMBLE.

PART II.

NOW we elbow our way among the throng again. It is curious, in the most crowded part of a town, to meet with living creatures that had their birthplace in some far solitude, but have acquired a second nature in the wilderness of men.

2. Look up, Annie, at that canary-bird, hanging out of the window in his cage. Poor little fellow! His golden feathers are all tarnished in this smoky sunshine; he would have glistened twice as brightly among the summer islands; but still he has become a citizen in all his tastes and habits, and would not sing half so well without the uproar that drowns his music.

3. There is a parrot, too, calling out, "Pretty Poll! Pretty Poll!" as we pass by. Foolish bird, to be talking about her prettiness to strangers, especially as she is not a pretty Poll, though gaudily dressed in green and yellow.

4. See that gray squirrel, at the door of the fruit-shop, whirling round and round so merrily within his wire wheel! Being condemned to the treadmill, he makes it an amusement.

5. Here comes a countryman's dog in search of his master; smelling at everybody's heels, and touching little Annie's hand with his cold nose, but hurrying away, though she would fain have patted him. Success to your search, Fidelity!

6. And there sits a great yellow cat upon a window-sill, gazing at this transitory world with owl's eyes, and making pithy comments, doubtless, or what appear such to the silly beast.

7. Here we see something to remind us of the town-crier, and his ding-dong bell! Look! look at that great cloth spread out in the air, pictured all over with wild beasts.

8. They have come from the deep woods, and the wild mountains, and the desert sands, and the polar snows, only to do homage to my little Annie.

9. As we enter among them the great elephant makes us a bow, in the best style of elephantine courtesy, bending lowly down his mountain bulk. Annie returns the salute, much to the gratification of the elephant, who is certainly the best-bred monster in the caravan.

10. The lion and the lioness are busy with two beef-bones. The royal tiger, the beautiful, the untamable, keeps pacing his narrow cage with a haughty step. He is unmindful of the spectators, or, perhaps, recalls the fierce deeds of his former life, when he was wont to leap forth upon such inferior animals from the jungles of Bengal.

11. Here we see a wolf; do not go near him, Annie! In the next cage, a hyena from Egypt, who has doubtless howled around the pyramids, and a black bear from our own forests, are fellow-prisoners and most excellent friends.

12. Here sits a great white bear absorbed in contemplation. He is thinking of his voyages on an iceberg, and of his comfortable home in the vicinity of the north pole, and of the little cubs that he left rolling in the eternal snows.

13. But oh, those unsentimental monkeys; the ugly, grinning, aping, chattering, ill-natured, mischievous and queer little brutes! Annie does not love the monkeys. Their ugliness shocks her pure, instinctive delicacy of taste.

14. But here is a little pony, just big enough for Annie to ride, and round and round he gallops in a circle, keeping time with his trampling hoofs to a band of music.

15. And here, — with a laced coat and a cocked hat, and a riding-whip in his hand, — here comes a little gentleman, small enough to be king of the fairies, and takes a flying leap into the saddle. Merrily, merrily plays the music, and merrily gallops the pony, and merrily rides the little old gentleman. Come, Annie, into the street again; perchance we shall see monkeys on horseback there.

16. Mercy on us, what a noisy world we quiet people live in! With what lusty lungs doth yonder man proclaim that his wheelbarrow is full of lobsters!

17. Here comes another mounted on a cart, and blowing a hoarse and dreadful blast from a tin horn, as much as to say "Fresh fish!"

18. Lo! the town-crier again, with some new secret for the public ear. Will he tell us of an auction, or of a lost pocket-book, or of a show of beautiful wax figures, or of some monstrous beast more horrible than any in the caravan? I guess the latter.

19. See how he uplifts the bell in his right hand, and shakes it slowly at first, then with a hurried motion, till the clapper seems to strike both sides at once, and the sounds are scattered forth in quick succession, far and near.

20. Ding-dong! Ding-dong! Ding-dong! Now he raises his clear, loud voice above all the din of the town; it drowns the buzzing talk of many tongues, and draws each man's mind from his own business; it rolls up and down the echoing street, and ascends to the hushed chamber of the sick, and penetrates downward to the cellar-kitchen, where the hot cook turns from the fire to listen.

21. Who, of all that address the public ear, whether in church or court-house or hall of state, has such an attentive audience as the town-crier? What saith the people's orator?

22. "Strayed from her home, a *Little Girl*, of five years old, in a blue silk frock, with brown curling hair and hazel eyes. Whoever will bring her to her afflicted mother —"

23. Stop, stop, town-crier! The lost is found. O my pretty Annie, we forgot to tell your mother of our ramble, and she is in despair, and has sent the town-crier to bellow up and down the streets, affrighting old and young, for the loss of a little girl who has not once let go my hand.

24. Well, let us hasten homeward; and, as we go, forget not to thank Heaven, my Annie, that, after wandering a little way into the world, you may return at the first summons, with an untainted and unwearied heart, and be a happy child again.

25. Sweet has been the charm of childhood on my spirit, throughout my ramble with little Annie! Say not that it has been a waste of precious moments, an idle matter, a babble of childish talk, and a revery of childish imaginations about topics unworthy of a grown man's notice. Has it been merely this? Not so; not so. They are not truly wise who would affirm it.

26. As the pure breath of children revives the life of aged men, so is our moral nature revived by their free and simple thoughts, their native feeling, their airy mirth, for little cause or none, their grief, soon roused and soon allayed.

27. Their influence on us is, at least, reciprocal with ours on them. When our infancy is almost forgotten,

and our boyhood long departed, though it seems but as yesterday, when life settles darkly down upon us, and we doubt whether to call ourselves young any more, then it is good to steal away from the society of bearded men, and even of gentler women, and spend an hour or two with children.

28. After drinking from those fountains of still fresh existence, we shall return into the crowd, as I do now, to struggle onward and do our part in life, perhaps as fervently as ever, but, for a time, with a kinder and purer heart, and a spirit more lightly wise. All this by thy sweet magic, dear little Annie!

Tarnished. Made dull ; soiled.

Gau'di-ly. Showily.

Tran'si-to-ry. Continuing but a short time ; fleeting.

Pith'y. Containing force or energy.

Jun'gles. Thickets of shrubs, reeds, or high grass.

Mis'chief-ous. Inclined to do mischief.

Rev'e-ry or **Rev-e-rie'.** Idle fancy ; irregular thought.

Top'ics. Subjects ; matters.

As-firm'. Declare positively ; assert.

Al-layed'. Quieted ; soothed.

Re-cip-ro-cal. Done by each to the other ; mutual.

Fer'vent-ly. Eagerly ; zealously.

XVI. — LITTLE BROWN HANDS.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

1. **T**HEY drive home the cows from the pasture,
 Up through the long shady lane,
 Where the quail whistles loud in the wheat-fields,
 That are yellow with ripening grain.
 They find, in the thick waving grasses,
 Where the scarlet-lipped strawberry grows,
 They gather the earliest snowdrops,
 And the first crimson buds of the rose.

2. They toss the new hay in the meadow ;
 They gather the elder-bloom white ;
 They find where the dusky grapes purple
 In the soft-tinted October light.
 They know where the apples hang ripest,
 And are sweeter than Italy's wines ;
 They know where the fruit hangs the thickest
 On the long, thorny blackberry-vines.

3. They gather the delicate sea-weeds,
 And build tiny castles of sand ;
 They pick up the beautiful sea-shells, —
 Fairy barks that have drifted to land, —
 They wave from the tall, rocking tree-tops
 Where the oriole's hammock-nest swings ;
 And at night-time are folded in slumber
 By a song that a fond mother sings.

4. Those who toil bravely are strongest ;
 The humble and poor become great ;
 And so from these brown-handed children
 Shall grow mighty rulers of state.
 The pen of the author and statesman, —
 The noble and wise of the land, —
 The sword, and the chisel, and palette,
 Shall be held in the little brown hand.

Purple. Turn purple ; *here*, ripen.

Drifted. Formed into heaps ; floated.

O'ri-ole. The Golden Robin or Baltimore Oriole.

Author. Maker ; composer ; writer.

Pal'ette. A painter's board, or tablet,
 on which he mixes his colors.

XVII.—THE NEWFOUNDLAND DOGS.

J. ABBOTT.

Lapstone, in the book from which this story is taken, is described as a shoemaker, who had once been a sailor. He lives in a village in New Jersey. The boys of the place are fond of hearing him tell stories of what he saw when he was a sailor. Orkney and Top are two of these boys.

PART I.

LAPSTONE did not forget his plan of getting a Newfoundland* dog to come and live with him, and therefore he was very much pleased when, one morning in the month of May, Orkney came to his shop, and told him that a man, a sort of half farmer and half fisherman, who lived on the sea-coast about eight miles off, had some young Newfoundland dogs to sell.

2. The way in which Orkney happened to hear of them was through the carpenter at whose house he lived. This carpenter had a great deal of business in all the surrounding country, and he often went away from home to do work in the neighboring towns and villages. So, when Orkney told him that Lapstone wished to buy a young Newfoundland dog, he undertook to make inquiries for him. In his inquiries he had heard of these, and told Orkney of them.

3. When Lapstone heard Orkney's report, he said, "I will go immediately and secure one of them, before they are gone. Can you get a wagon for me?"

4. "Yes, sir," said Orkney; "Top's father has a wagon that you can hire."

5. "Go and see if you can hire it," said Lapstone; "and get Top to go too. I want you to go to drive the wagon, and Top to bring the dog home. We can all

* Newfoundland.

three go. Top can have a seat behind, and take care of the dog, if we get one."

6. So Orkney went to Top's father to inquire about the wagon. He found that he could have it at any time. So it was all arranged that they were to have the wagon the next Saturday afternoon. Top was to go too. His father said, when the arrangement was made, that he should like to have a Newfoundland dog himself, to keep watch in his stable.

7. "But I suppose the man will ask a dollar or more for one of them," he added, "and I cannot very well afford to pay so much."

8. When the time arrived, Orkney went for the wagon, and he and Top harnessed the horse into it. Then they drove to Lapstone's door. Lapstone was already in his shop waiting for them. He had a basket to bring the dog home in. There was a cloth and a string in the basket, which were to be used to fasten the dog in.

9. "After all," said Lapstone, just before he got into the wagon, "I will not take any basket. If the little fellow is not willing to come with me of his own accord, he need not come. I will not bring him against his will." So Lapstone put the basket away, and got into the wagon without it.

10. It was a very pleasant afternoon, and the party had a charming drive. The road led along the sea-shore, and for a considerable part of the way it followed a high bank overlooking the water. The boys could see the ships and steamers passing to and fro along the coast, and here and there they came to little hamlets of fishermen's houses close to the water, with the fishing-boats drawn up before them on the beach.

11. At length they reached the place where the man

lived who had the dogs. The name of the man was Damrell. As soon as they arrived in the neighborhood where Mr. Damrell lived, they inquired for his house, and were directed to a small dwelling which stood in a very pleasant situation, not far from the sea-shore, at a place where there was a little creek or inlet from the sea, which formed quite a pretty little harbor. There was a small wharf on the shore of this harbor, not far from the house, and a sail-boat moored to it. The sail-boat was Mr. Damrell's fishing-boat.

12. The house was small, but it was very pretty, and there was quite a nice little garden on one side of it. Mr. Damrell was at work in this garden when the wagon drove up to the gate.

13. "I heard that you had some young Newfoundland dogs to sell," said Lapstone, addressing Mr. Damrell.

14. Mr. Damrell straightened himself up from his work, and surveyed Lapstone with a very sharp look.

15. "I have a couple of little Newfoundland cubs," said he, "but it is not everybody that I am willing to sell them to."

16. "Well," said Lapstone, "I like that. That's a sign they come of good breed. I do not think you would say that of them unless you thought much of their mother."

17. "I *do* think much of their mother," said Mr. Damrell. "Here, Dolphin!"

18. He called out the name Dolphin in a loud voice, and immediately a large and very beautiful Newfoundland dog came bounding round the corner of the house in answer to the summons. She came at once to her master, and after looking up into his face a moment, and finding that he had no commands for her, she turned

towards the strangers in the wagon, and looked upon them with a countenance of a calm and quiet dignity that was quite impressive.

19. "That's the mother of the cubs I have," said Mr. Damrell, quietly ; and, so saying, he went on raking the bed that he was making.

20. "She's of the right kind, Orkney," said Lapstone. "Let's get out of the wagon."

21. So Orkney and Top descended from the wagon, and, while Top held the horse, Orkney helped Lapstone to get out. As he did so, Mr. Damrell, looking up, observed that the stranger had a wooden leg.

22. "Is your name Lapstone?" said he.

23. "That's what they call me," said Lapstone.

24. The man laid down his rake, and walked out through his gate, and, advancing to Lapstone, gave him his hand.

25. "I am glad to see you, sir," said he. "I have heard of you before. I have often been to your village in my boat, and I have heard of an old sailor there of that name. And if all I have heard of you is true,—and I suppose it is so,—there will be no difficulty in our trading for one of my little Bobbies. However," he continued, "it will depend more, after all, upon what Dolphin thinks of you. If she likes you, I shall be pretty sure to like you too."

Business (biz'nes). That which keeps one busy ; employment.

Village. A small collection of houses in the country.

In-qui'ry. Question ; search for information by asking questions.

Ar-ranged'. Put in order ; *here*, determined on, settled.

Ham'let. A little cluster of houses in the country.

Straight'ened (strā'tnd). Made straight ; freed from crookedness.

Sur-veyed' (sur-vād'). Looked at carefully ; examined by sight.

Coun'te-nance. The face or appearance of the face ; visage.

Dif'fi-cul-ty. That which renders anything hard to be done.

Pret'ty (prīt'tē). In some degree ; tolerably.

XVIII.—THE NEWFOUNDLAND DOGS.

PART II.

DOLPHIN had followed her master through the garden gate, and, while he was speaking, she seemed to be occupied in looking earnestly at the three strangers, and in smelling of their feet and knees.

2. For a moment she looked a little puzzled, not knowing exactly what to make of Lapstone's wooden leg; but presently she seemed to be satisfied; and she stood quietly by Lapstone's side, and allowed him to pat her head, while her attitude and her countenance expressed confidence and good-will.

3. "She thinks well of you, shipmate," said Mr. Damrell; "and it is well she does; for, if she had not, it would have been very hard for you to get away one of her young ones; though, for that matter, she is not too fond of them now. They are well weaned, and she expects them, after this, to take care of themselves. She is too sensible a dog not to know that nature never intended that a mother and her children should always live together.

4. "However," continued Mr. Damrell, "since you ask about the breed, I will let you see a little what sort of a dog Dolphin is."

5. So saying, he turned to Dolphin, and said, in a quiet tone, "Take care of the horse, Dolphin."

6. Dolphin immediately sprang to the head of the horse, and stood there, looking up into his face with a very resolute but a very calm and quiet air, and in an attitude which showed that she was ready to seize the reins on the least indication of an attempt on his part to

go away. The horse looked at Dolphin too, but he seemed not to be at all disturbed. Indeed, like everybody else, he appeared to regard the dog as his friend and protector, and not as an enemy.

7. "Take him to the post, Dolphin," said Mr. Damrell, quickly.

8. Dolphin immediately reached up and took hold of the horse's bridle. She was so large and tall that she could do this very easily. She then began to lead the horse along towards a post which stood in the corner of the yard. The horse yielded at once, and allowed himself to be led. As soon as they reached the post, Dolphin stopped, and looked towards her master as if awaiting further orders.

9. "Now, my boy," said Mr. Damrell, turning to Orkney, "fasten the horse, and then we shall be at liberty."

10. Dolphin stood by, watching carefully until she saw that the horse was secured. She then seemed to feel released from that duty, and turned towards her master again.

11. "Dolphin," said Mr. Damrell, "I am going —"

12. Mr. Damrell spoke these words very deliberately, and then paused and hesitated, as if he had not quite decided where he was going. Dolphin looked very intently into her master's face, and wagged her tail. She was awaiting the conclusion of the sentence.

13. "To take a sail in the boat," said Mr. Damrell. "Go and get the keys."

14. The moment that Dolphin heard the word *boat* she seemed wild with delight. She leaped about joyously, and by the time that Mr. Damrell had finished the sentence she was bounding away towards a back door of the house. In a moment more she was seen coming out

from the door with two keys attached to a wooden label in her mouth. With these she ran eagerly down to the water. Mr. Damrell and his party of visitors followed.



15. The boat was fastened to the wharf by a chain and padlock. There was also a painter, with a loop in the outer end of it. This loop passed over the top of a short post on the corner of the wharf, so that the boat was thus held by a double fastening.

16. Dolphin dropped the keys near the padlock, and

then, while Mr. Damrell was unlocking the lock, she took her place by the post where the loop of the painter passed over it. Mr. Damrell then invited his visitors to get into the boat, and he followed them in. He gave Lapstone an honorable seat near the stern.

17. The boat was small, but it had a mast and a sail. Mr. Damrell began undoing the sail. Dolphin all the time remained by the line.

18. "Shall I go ashore, sir," said Orkney, "to cast off?"

19. "No," replied Mr. Damrell, "Dolphin will cast off; but you may stand by to take the painter in."

20. Accordingly, as soon as Mr. Damrell had got the sails untied, and was ready to go, he said, "Cast off, Dolphin!"

21. Dolphin immediately took the loop of the painter up in her mouth, lifted it over the post, and let it fall alongside of the boat. Orkney, who, in the mean time, had stationed himself at the bows, drew it in, and coiled it up neatly.

22. As soon as Dolphin had cast off the line, she leaped on board the boat herself, and came and took her station near the helm, close by her master's usual seat.

23. Mr. Damrell, after setting his sail, came to the stern and took the helm. There was a gentle breeze blowing; the sail filled, and the boat began slowly to move away from the wharf.

24. All this time Mr. Damrell seemed to pay no attention to Dolphin, but went on talking with Lapstone about the town where Lapstone lived, and the voyages that he had made in former years, and the different ports which he had visited when he was a seafaring man. While this conversation was pending, Dolphin came to Lapstone's side again, and after smelling his knees and look-

ing up earnestly in his face awhile, she laid her chin on his sound knee in quite an affectionate manner.

25. "She thinks you are the right sort of man," said Mr. Damrell; "that is very plain."

26. Dolphin seemed also to take quite a fancy both to Orkney and Top. She came occasionally towards the part of the boat where they were, and allowed them to pat her head and caress her in other ways. Indeed, she not only allowed these freedoms, but she seemed to be quite pleased with them. The boys thought she was a dog of a remarkably excellent disposition.

At-ti-tude. Position of the body ; posture.	Con-clu'sion. End ; termination ; also, final result.
Res'o-lute. Determined ; firm.	Paint'er. A rope at the bow of a boat, used to make her fast to anything.
Yield'ed. Gave up ; submitted.	
Re-leased'. Set free ; let go.	
De-lib'er-ate-ly. Slowly, as if well considered.	Af-fec-tion-ate. Having or showing warm regard ; tender ; loving.



XIX.—THE NEWFOUNDLAND DOGS.

PART III.

AT length the boat began to draw near to the shore of a creek on one side, and Mr. Damrell said, "Come, Dolphin, I think we'll go about."

2. So Dolphin came to the stern again. Mr. Damrell put the helm hard down, and gave the tiller to Dolphin to hold.

3. "Keep her about so," said he.

4. Dolphin put her paws upon the tiller, and held it in the position in which her master had placed it, while Mr. Damrell himself went forward to attend to the sail.

5. As soon as the sail had filled, and the boat began to fall off on the other tack, Mr. Damrell called out, "Steady!" when Dolphin immediately relaxed her pressure upon the tiller, and allowed it to swing back amidships again.

6. "A man-o'-war's-man could not have done it better," said Lapstone.

7. The party sailed about in this way for some time, and the more Lapstone and the boys saw, the more they were pleased with the sagacity and intelligence that Dolphin manifested. At length the boat returned to the wharf.

8. "Bear a hand, Dolphin," said Mr. Damrell, "to go ashore with the painter."

9. So Dolphin took her station on the bows of the boat with the end of the painter in her mouth. As soon as the bows were near enough to the wharf she leaped ashore, and there held on firmly, while Mr. Damrell took in the sail and made ready to land. When all was ready, the whole party disembarked; and Mr. Damrell, after locking the boat, gave Dolphin the keys, and they all proceeded towards the house. Dolphin ran before with the keys in her mouth.

10. "I have made up my mind," said Mr. Damrell, "that if you like my dogs when you see them, you may have either or both of them. The price is a dollar and a half apiece."

11. "Very well," said Lapstone; "where are they? I want to see them."

12. "They are in my barn," said Mr. Damrell. "They are getting big enough to go out by themselves, and I let them out sometimes, but they are shut up now."

13. So saying, Mr. Damrell led the way to a small

barn which stood in the back part of his premises, and opened the door, which was fastened by a hasp and a fid. On entering the barn, the two young dogs came running to meet their master, and they leaped and capered about him with many expressions of joy.

14. One of the dogs was perfectly black, except a white ring about his neck. The other had both forefeet white.

15. "Are they named?" asked Orkney.

16. "No," replied Mr. Damrell, "they are not regularly named. Our folks call them Whitefoot and Ring, just to distinguish them; but you can name them anything you please. Which one do you like the best?"

17. "I think Whitefoot is rather the prettiest," said Top.

18. "They are both very pretty," said Orkney.

19. "Yes," added Lapstone, "there is very little choice between them. I think that instead of choosing one of them myself, I shall see which of them will prefer me."

20. "That's a good plan," said Orkney.

21. Accordingly, after playing with the dogs a little while, so as to get them both somewhat acquainted with him, Lapstone put them both down in one of the stalls, and went himself to a little distance from them across the floor.

22. "Now, boys," said he, "do you go off to one side. I'm going to call the dogs to me. The one that gets to me first is the one that I will have."

23. So the boys went off to one side, and Lapstone called the dogs to come to him. They immediately came out of the stall, and began rambling about in a somewhat uncertain manner for a few minutes, gradually, however, approaching Lapstone. At length Whitefoot, catching a

glimpse of the two boys at the door, ran off towards them, while Ring ran directly to Lapstone.

24. Lapstone caught him up in his arms, saying, "This is my dog. It is all settled."

25. Top caught up Whitefoot also, saying at the same time, "And this is my dog. Now, Uncle Lapstone, I wish you would buy this one too for me, and I will work for you in your garden all summer, till you say I have done enough to pay for him."

26. "Ah! but how do I know that your father would be willing that you should have a dog?" said Lapstone. "Perhaps he would not like to have him at the house."

27. "Why, he said that he should like one very much," replied Top, "only he could not afford to buy one."

28. "Well, but then there is another difficulty," continued Lapstone. "There's Orkney. If either of you is to have the dog, it ought to be Orkney, for he is the oldest."

29. "No, sir," said Orkney, "I don't care about having him myself, for I am thinking a little of going away to school. If you could buy him for Top, I should like it very much. I could have an interest in him, and Top lives so near our house that that will do just as well."

30. "Very well," said Lapstone; "then it is all settled. We will take both the dogs."

31. So Lapstone paid Mr. Damrell the three dollars, and they took both the dogs and carried them home in the wagon. Top sat behind and carried Whitefoot, while Lapstone took Ring in his arms in front.

32. After this, Lapstone continued to live in peace and prosperity a long time in his house in the village, and he told the boys a great many stories which there is not

space for here. The dog grew fast, and in process of time he became very large. He grew to be a very beautiful dog too, and as he was very intelligent and sagacious, Lapstone taught him a great variety of curious things.

33. Top's dog, too, grew up to be as fine an animal as Lapstone's. When they had got their growth, among other things, Lapstone taught them both to draw in harness. He made a very handsome double harness for them of leather, and Orkney made a very neat and pretty wagon, in the carpenter's shop. The wagon was of good size too, and was very strong. The dogs could draw this wagon, with two boys in it, very easily, and an excellent span they made.

Till'er. A piece of wood or a bar which turns the rudder by which a boat is steered.

Press'ure. Act of pressing; force acting against anything.

A-mid'ships. In the middle of a ship, or so as to be in a line with the stern and the centre of a ship.

Ba-gae'i-ty. Quick discernment.

Man'i-fest-ed. Showed plainly.

Prem'is-es. A piece of land and the buildings on it; an estate.

Hasp. A clasp that passes over a staple.

Fid. The pin that goes into a staple.

Ac-quaint'ed. Familiar; well known.

XX.—THE ALTAR AND THE SCHOOL

W. P. LUNT.

1. **W**HEN, driven by oppression's rod,
Our fathers fled beyond the sea,
Their care was first to honor God,
And next to leave their children free.
2. Above the forest's gloomy shade
The altar and the school appeared ;

On that, the gifts of faith were laid,
In this, their precious hopes were reared.

3. The altar and the school still stand,
The sacred pillars of our trust,
And freedom's sons shall fill the land
When we are sleeping in the dust.
4. Before thine altar, Lord, we bend,
With grateful song and fervent prayer ;
For thou who wast our father's friend
Wilt make our offspring still thy care.

Op-pres'sion. Tyranny ; severity.
Fled. Hastened away.

Reared. Raised ; elevated.
Off'spring. Children ; descendants.



XXI. — SPRING.

LONGFELLOW.

IN all climates Spring is beautiful. The birds begin to sing ; they utter a few joyful notes, and then wait for an answer in the silent woods. Those green-coated musicians, the frogs, make holiday in the neighboring marshes.

2. They, too, belong to the orchestra of Nature, whose vast theatre is again opened, though the doors have been so long bolted with icicles, and the scenery hung with snow and frost like cobwebs. This is the prelude which announces the opening of the scene.

3. Already the grass shoots forth. The waters leap with thrilling force through the veins of the earth, the sap through the veins of the plants and trees, and the blood through the veins of man.

4. What a thrill of delight in Spring-time ! What a

joy in being and moving! Men are at work in gardens, and in the air there is an odor of the fresh earth. The leaf-buds begin to swell and blush.

5. The white blossoms of the cherry hang upon the boughs like snow-flakes; and ere long our next-door neighbor will be completely hidden from us by the dense green foliage. The May-flowers open their soft blue eyes. Children are let loose in the fields and gardens.

6. They hold buttercups under each other's chins, to see if they love butter. And the little girls adorn themselves with chains and curls of dandelions; pull out the yellow leaves, to see if the school-boy loves them, and blow the down from the leafless stalk, to find out if their mothers want them at home.

7. And at night so cloudless and so still! Not a voice of living thing,—not a whisper of leaf or waving bough,—not a breath of wind,—not a sound upon the earth or in the air!

8. And overhead bends the blue sky, dewy and soft, and radiant with innumerable stars, like the inverted bell of some blue flower, sprinkled with golden dust, and breathing fragrance.

9. Or, if the heavens are overcast, it is no wild storm of wind and rain, but clouds that melt and fall in showers. One does not wish to sleep, but lies awake to hear the pleasant sound of the dropping rain.

Utter. Speak; pronounce.

Prel'ude. An introductory flight or flourish of music before a full concert; something introductory.

Or'ches-tra. A band of musicians.

Dense. Close; thick.

A-dorn'. Ornament; decorate.

Re'di-ant. Shining.

In-vert'ed. Turned upside down.

O-ver-cast'. Clouded; darkened.

XXII. — SELF-EDUCATED MEN.

MISS CATHERINE SEDGWICK.

WILLIAM. Father, I often hear people speak of self-educated men. What do they mean ?

MR. BARTON. By a self-educated man, my son, is commonly meant a man who has made himself eminent in some department, without the aid of teachers, schools, or colleges, that is to say, without the ordinary means of education. Our own countryman, Franklin, is one of the grandest examples of self-education the world has known. He was born a poor boy. He never went to school and had no teacher after he was ten years old. He lived to be at the head of science and politics, and to be the instructor of successive generations.

In one sense, William, all education that is of much value is self-education.

WILLIAM. Now, sir, what do you mean by that ? I think it would be rather difficult for all boys to become their own schoolmasters.

MR. BARTON. I mean, my son, that it is what we do for ourselves, and not what others do for us, that most influences the formation of our characters. It is not the opportunities that we have, but the use we make of the opportunities.

WILLIAM. I understand you, father, but what I want to know is about these self-educated men ; how do they educate themselves ?

MR. BARTON. Mainly by keeping their *eyes and ears open*, at home and abroad, in the field and in the workshop. Some observation made early in life, from having the *eyes open*, in my sense of the term, has been the start-

ing-point in most great men's lives. James Ferguson, a man distinguished above most others in the science of mechanics, was a poor boy, and his attention was first turned to the laws of mechanics by the roof of his father's cottage coming down while he was a child. His eyes were *wide open*, Willie.

Claude Lorraine — you have heard of his lovely paintings — first got the idea of design by looking on in the workshop of his brother, who was a wood-engraver.

It was from seeing an apple fall that Newton conceived his first idea of one of the great laws that govern the universe, and he received his first hint in optical discoveries from observing a child blowing soap-bubbles.

Read attentively Franklin's life, my son, — and it is written so plainly that any boy may understand it, — and you will see that through his whole life this remarkable man's eyes and ears were open. This is, above all others, the country of self-made men. Here the rewards of ingenuity, enterprise, and industry are attainable by all. No class is crushed by inevitable want and ignorance.

WILLIAM. I wish I knew any of your self-educated men, father.

MR. BARTON. Keep your eyes open and you will see enough of them, my boy ; you are rather young yet. I often see in the newspapers an account of some clever boy, who, self-educated, has risen to distinction. The last Common School Journal gives the story of one George Wilson, who stopped a gentleman in the street, saying, "Sir, can you tell me of a man who would like a boy to work for him and learn to read ?"

"Whose boy are you ?"

"I have no parents, and I have just run away from the workhouse, because they will not teach me to read."

The gentleman took him home, and, finding him honest and true, allowed him to use his books. He was afterwards apprenticed to a cabinet-maker, whom he served so well that he was allowed time to study. He is now a Professor of Mathematics in the royal college at St. Petersburg!

WILLIAM. Oh, well! father, he is what was called a genius.

MR. BARTON. That does not appear in the account, my son; it expressly says that he owed his success to his integrity and faithfulness. It was these virtues that won the friendship of his employers, who gave him the time and opportunity for study.

WILLIAM. I wish, father, you would tell me of one of these eyes-and-ears-open people whom I know.

MR. BARTON. You know, William, Mr. Edmund Dixon?

WILLIAM. He who has the great machine-shop, and makes the steam-engines? Oh! yes, sir, I know him.

MR. BARTON. I remember Edmund Dixon, a pale, sickly little boy, not deaf, but hard of hearing. His mother was a clever woman in her way. She earned a comfortable living doing up fine muslins and laces. My father's house overlooked the widow Dixon's yard. Many a time have I seen little Ned, then pale and heavy-eyed, sitting on a bench by her wash-tub, whittling a bit of pine. Next door to his mother's was a carpenter's shop. There he often went and looked on, his *eyes open*, Willie. When he did not understand how a thing was done he inquired, and the workmen, pleased with the child's civil and attentive manner, took pleasure in explaining to him; his eagerness sharpened his hearing, and he lost not a word, and afterwards, on that bench, beside the wash-tub, he made little chairs, tables, and bedsteads. All this was

before he was ten years old. This continued sitting posture and want of exercise increased his debility. One Sunday evening, about this time, before he was ten years old, mind you, he went to a lecture with his mother. The preacher was a Scotchman, rather an odd person, who put a deal of instruction about common matters into his sermon. In those days we were not taught the physical laws as you are; we did not know the importance of ventilation, and when we slept in close rooms we did it ignorantly.

"Mother," said Ned, when they had returned from the lecture, "I am not going to sleep with our bedroom door shut any longer. I believe that is what makes my head ache in the morning."

"Why, what now, Ned?" said his mother.

"Did not you hear what that funny old gentleman said?"

"No."

"He said, mother, we had no right to expect the Lord would send us refreshing slumbers, if we shut our bedroom doors, not leaving a crack for God's pure air to come in by. So, mother, after I have said my prayers, I shall leave the door open, and then we will all feel the better for it to-morrow, if the old Scotch gentleman is right."

This was Edmund Dixon's first step towards health. With these and other helps little Ned became in a few years strong and healthy, and was apprenticed to a machine-maker. There have been apprentices to the same business, boys who have had capital or friends, but I do not know one now so eminent or so prosperous as Edmund Dixon, the self-educated man.

WILLIAM. Oh! father, what a pity that our school-boys, who were taken to see Mr. Dixon's great establish-

ment, were not told that he was once the pale, sickly boy whom you have described to me.

MR. BARTON. Why a pity, Willie ?

WILLIAM. Why, then perhaps they would try to imitate him, and keep their *eyes and ears open*.

MR. BARTON. This is the great art of life, my son. I have mentioned the ventilation as an obvious example of this spirit of observation. This spirit Mr. Dixon carried into everything. If he read, he read not as a task or duty, but with fixed attention. If he saw a machine that was new to him, he examined it till he understood it. You heard me, this morning, speak of Finley and of Carter, our grocers ; did you attend to what I said ?

WILLIAM. O yes, sir, you said Carter had failed, and that Finley was going ahead famously. You told me that Carter began business with five thousand dollars, and that Mr. Finley was an orphan at six years of age. A poor, neglected child, when he was only ten, he was sent to the House of Refuge. There our good friend Mr. Curtis was at the head, and took pains with Finley, and soon brought him round, for he was a good boy at heart, and from that time he had gone on from good to better all his life.

MR. BARTON. Very well, my son, your *ears were open*. And did you make any observations when I sent you for the twine to Wilson's yesterday ?

WILLIAM. Yes, sir. Don't you remember that I told you Tom Wilson's shop was all in confusion. Instead of my mother's rule, "A place for everything and everything in its place," there was no place for anything and nothing in its place. His clerk and his son were disputing and there were low fellows standing about.

MR. BARTON. How was it at Mr. Finley's ?

WILLIAM. Light as day, clean, and everything in its place. Even the scales looked as if they had been scoured; and Mr. Finley was as good-natured and as handy as if both his hands were "right hands," as my mother says. The clerk was quiet and civil, and customers were coming in, and all were served quickly and in their turn.

MR. BARTON. Thank you, my son. You had your eyes open, and while you did my errand you learned two good lessons on the worth of temperance, industry, order, and civility. Thus it is, you perceive, that your self-education may be always going on, and that you may be your own best teacher.

Em'i-nent. Distinguished; famous.

Wood'en-gra'ver. An artist who cuts pictures or drawings on box-wood, to take impressions from.

Op'ti-cal. Relating to optics, which treats of light and vision.

In-ge-nu'i-ty. Power of invention or contrivance; skill.

En'ter-prise. Disposition to engage in difficult undertakings; energy.

At-tain'a-ble. That may be gained or obtained.

De-bil'i-ty. Weakness; feebleness.

In-ev'i-ta-ble. Unavoidable; not to be escaped.

Work'house. A house for the poor, where suitable labor is furnished.

Math-e-mat'ics. The science which treats of numbers and magnitude, or of whatever is capable of being numbered or measured.

Pos'ture. Position of the body; attitude.

Ob'vi-ous. Plain; clear.

Ci-vil'i-ty. Politeness; refinement.

XXIII. — LAKE AND RIVER.

H. F. GOULD.

1ST VOICE. **R**IVER, why dost thou go by,
Sounding, rushing, sweeping?

2D VOICE. Lake, why dost thou ever lie,
Listless, idle, sleeping?

1ST VOICE. Naught before my power could stand,
Should I spring to motion.

2D VOICE. I go blessing all the land,
From my source to ocean.

1ST VOICE. I show sun and stars and moon
On my breast untroubled.

2D VOICE. Ay! and wilt thou not as soon
Make the storm-clouds doubled?

1ST VOICE. River, river, go in peace,
I'll no more reprove thee!

2D VOICE. Lake, from pride and censure cease;
May no earthquake move thee.

1ST VOICE. I a higher power obey, —
Lying still, I'm *doing*.

2D VOICE. I for no allurement stay,
My great end pursuing.

1ST VOICE. Speed thee! speed thee, river bright!
Let not earth oppose thee!

2D VOICE. Rest thee, lake, with all thy might,
Where thy hills enclose thee.

1ST VOICE. River, hence we've done with strife,
Knowing each our duty.

2D VOICE. And in loud or silent life,
Each may shine in beauty.

BOTH. While we keep our places thus,
Adam's sons and daughters,
Ho! behold, and learn of us,
Still and running waters.

List'less. Having no desire or wish;
indifferent.

Naught (nâwt). Nothing.

Cen'sure. Reproof; blame.

Al-lure'ment. That which tempts;
enticement.

Pur-su'ing. Following; endeavor-
ing to attain.

XXIV.—ANECDOTE OF ROBERT BRUCE.

ELIZA ROBBINS.

ROBERT BRUCE wished to be king of Scotland (1314), and there were several other persons each of whom wished also to be king. There can be but one king at once in a country, and so the friends of these different men fell to fighting and killing one another.

2. While this was going on, Robert Bruce was often obliged to hide himself; sometimes in the woods, and sometimes in poor huts, for his enemies determined to kill him if they could find him.

3. Once, when he lay in such a hut upon a bundle of straw, he began to fear that he never could be king, and he felt very much grieved not to succeed in his purpose.

4. While he lay thus discouraged, looking upward to the beams of the hut, he saw a spider trying to reach the roof.

5. The spider immediately fell to the ground; but he tried once more to ascend, and then fell again. He did this several times, but, at last, climbed to the top of the beam.

6. Bruce saw the perseverance of the little animal, and concluded that if a creature so small could try again so successfully, he surely, being a man, might yet by exertion become king of Scotland.

7. He immediately went forth from his hiding-place, collected his friends, and afterwards was made king. He reigned to the end of his days.

O-bliged'. Compelled; forced.

De-ter'mined. Decided; firmly resolved.

Per-se-ver'ance. Continuance in action; steadiness.

Con-clud'ed. Judged; decided.

XXV. — PERSEVERANCE.

ELIZA COOK.

1. **K**ING BRUCE of Scotland flung himself down
In a lonely mood to think ;
'T is true he was monarch, and wore a crown,
But his heart was beginning to sink.
2. For he had been trying to do a great deed,
To make his people glad ;
He had tried and tried, but could not succeed,
And so he became quite sad.
3. He flung himself down in low despair,
As grieved as man could be,
And after a while, as he pondered there,
" I'll give it up," cried he.
4. Now just at the moment a spider dropped
With its silken cobweb clew,
And the king in the midst of his thinking stopped
To see what the spider would do.
5. 'T was a long way up to the ceiling dome,
And it hung by a rope so fine,
That how it would get to its cobweb home,
King Bruce could not divine.
6. It soon began to cling and crawl
Straight up with strong endeavor ;
But down it came with a slipping sprawl
As near to the ground as ever.
7. Up, up it ran, nor a second did stay,
To make the least complaint,
Till it fell still lower ; and there it lay
A little dizzy and faint.

8. Its head grew steady, — again it went,
And travelled a half-yard higher ;
'T was a delicate thread it had to tread,
And a road where its feet would tire.
9. Again it fell, and swung below ;
But up it quickly mounted,
Till up and down, now fast, now slow,
Nine brave attempts were counted.
10. "Sure," said the king, "that foolish thing
Will strive no more to climb,
When it toils so hard to reach and cling,
And tumbles every time."
11. But up the insect went once more ;
Ah me, 't is an anxious minute ;
He's only a foot from his cobweb door ;
O, say, will he lose or win it ?
12. Steadily, steadily, inch by inch,
Higher and higher he got,
And a bold little run at the very last pinch
Put him into the wished-for spot.
13. "Bravo, bravo !" the king cried out ;
"All honor to those who try.
The spider up there defied despair ;
He conquered, and why should not I ?"
14. And Bruce of Scotland braced his mind,
And gossips tell the tale,
That he tried once more as he tried before,
And that time he did not fail.
15. Pay goodly heed, all you who read,
And beware of saying, "I can't" ;
'T is a cowardly word, and apt to lead
To idleness, folly, and want.

XXVI. — MY RAINBOW-PILGRIMAGE.

GRACE GREENWOOD.

ONE summer afternoon, when I was about eight years of age, I was standing at an eastern window, looking at a beautiful rainbow that, bending from the sky, seemed to be losing itself in a thick, swampy wood about a quarter of a mile distant.

2. We had just had a thunder-storm; but now the dark heavens had cleared up, and a fresh breeze was blowing from the south. The rose-bushes by the window were dashing rain-drops against the panes, the robins were singing merrily from the cherry-trees, and all was bright and pleasant.

3. It happened that no one was in the room with me then, but my brother Rufus, who was just recovering from a severe illness, and was sitting, propped up with pillows, in an easy-chair, looking out, with me, at the rainbow.

4. "See, brother," I said, "it drops right down among the cedars, where we go in the spring to find winter-greens!"

5. "Do you know, Gracie," said my brother, with a very serious face, "that, if you should go to the end of the rainbow, you would find there purses filled with money, and great pots of gold and silver?"

6. "Is it truly so?" I asked.

7. "Truly so," answered my brother, with a smile.

8. I was then a simple-hearted child who believed everything that was told me, although I had been again and again imposed upon; so, without another word, I darted out of the door and set forth toward the wood.

9. My brother called after me as loudly as he was able, but I did not heed him. I cared nothing for the wet grass, which was sadly drabbling my clean frock.

10. On and on I ran; I was so sure that I knew just where that rainbow ended. I remember how glad and proud I was in my thoughts, and what fine presents I promised to all my friends out of my great riches.

11. So thinking, and laying delightful plans, almost before I knew it I had reached the cedar-grove, and the end of the rainbow was not there! But I saw it shining down among the trees a little farther off; so on and on I struggled, through the thick bushes and over logs, till I came within the sound of a stream which ran through the swamp.

12. Then I thought, "What if the rainbow should come down right into the middle of that deep, muddy brook?" Ah! but I was frightened for my heavy pots of gold and silver, and my purses of money. How should I ever find them there? and what a time I should have getting them out! I reached the bank of the stream, and "the end was not yet."

13. But I could see it a little way off on the other side. I crossed the creek on a fallen tree, and still ran on, though my limbs seemed to give way, and my side ached with fatigue. The woods grew thicker and darker, the ground more wet and swampy, and I found, as many grown people had found before me, that there was rather hard travelling in a journey after riches.

14. Suddenly I met in my way a large porcupine, who made himself still larger when he saw me, as a cross cat raises its back at sight of a dog. Fearing that he would shoot his sharp quills at me, and hit me all over, I ran from him as fast as my tired feet would carry me.

15. In my fright and hurry I forgot to keep my eye on the rainbow, as I had done before ; and when, at last, I remembered and looked for it, it was nowhere in sight ! It had quite faded away. When I saw that it was indeed gone, I burst into tears ; for I had lost all my treasures, and had nothing to show for my pilgrimage, but muddy feet and a wet and torn frock. So I set out for home.

16. But I soon found that my troubles had only begun ; I could not find my way. I was lost. I could not tell which was east or west, north or south, but wandered about here and there, crying and calling, though I knew that no one could hear me.

17. All at once I heard voices shouting and hallooing ; but, instead of being rejoiced at this, I was frightened, fearing that the Indians were upon me ! I crawled under some bushes, by the side of a large log, and lay perfectly still. I was wet, cold, scared, — altogether very miserable indeed ; yet, when the voices came near, I did not start up and show myself.

18. At last I heard my own name called ; but I remembered that Indians were very cunning, and thought they might have found it out some way ; so I did not answer.

19. Then came a voice near me, that sounded like that of my eldest brother, who lived away from home, and whom I had not seen for many months ; but I dared not believe the voice was his.

20. Soon some one sprang up on the log by which I lay, and stood there calling. I could not see his face ; I could only see the tips of his toes, but by them I saw that he wore a nice pair of boots, and not moccasins.

21. Yet I remembered that some Indians dressed like

white folks. I knew a young chief who was quite a dandy ; who not only wore

“ a coat and breeches,
And looked like a Christian man,”

but actually wore a fine ruffled shirt *outside of all*. So I still kept quiet, till I heard shouted over me a pet name, which this brother had given me.

22. I knew that no Indian knew of the name, as it was a little family secret ; so I sprang up, and caught my brother about the ankles. I hardly think that an Onondaga could have given a louder yell than he gave then ; and he jumped so that he fell off the log down by my side.

23. But nobody was hurt ; and, after kissing me till he had kissed away all my tears, he hoisted me on to his shoulder, called my other brothers, who were hunting in different directions, and we all set out for home.

24. I had been gone nearly three hours, and had wandered a number of miles. My brother Joseph's coming and asking for me had first set them to inquiring and searching me out.

25. When I went into the room where my brother Rufus sat, he said, “ Why, my poor little sister ! I did not mean to send you off on such a wild-goose chase to the end of the rainbow. I thought you would know I was only quizzing you.”

26. Then my eldest brother took me on his knee, and told me what the rainbow really was : that it was only painted air, and did not rest on the earth, so nobody could ever find the end ; and that God had set it in the cloud to remind him and us of his promise never again to drown the world with a flood.

27. "Oh, I think *God's promise* would be a beautiful name for the rainbow!" I said.

28. "Yes," replied my mother, "but it tells us something more than that he will not send great floods upon the earth,—it tells us of his beautiful love always bending over us from the skies. And I trust that when my little girl sets forth on a pilgrimage to find God's love, she will be led by the rainbow of his promise through all the dark places of this world to 'treasures laid up in heaven,' better, far better, than silver or gold."

Re-cov'er-ing. Regaining health or strength.

Im-posed' upon. Deceived; cheated.

Ached (ăkd). Was painful.

Hal-loo'ing. Calling loudly.

Scared. Frightened.

Moo'ca-son. An Indian shoe or cover for the foot.

Quis'ing. Imposing upon by talk or by questions so as to make an object of sport.



XXVII.—THE FISH I DIDN'T CATCH.

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

OUR old homestead nestled under a long range of hills which stretched off to the west. It was surrounded by woods in all directions save to the southeast, where a break in the leafy wall revealed a vista of low green meadows, picturesque with wooded islands and jutting capes of upland.

2. Through these a small brook, noisy enough as it foamed, rippled, and laughed down its rocky falls by our garden-side, wound silently and scarcely visible to a still larger stream, known as the Country Brook.

3. This brook in its turn, after doing duty at two or three saw and grist mills, the clack of which we could

hear in still days across the intervening woodlands, found its way to the great river, and the river took it up and bore it down to the great sea.

4. I have not much reason for speaking well of these meadows, or rather bogs, for they were wet most of the year; but in the early days, they were highly prized by the settlers, as they furnished natural mowing before the uplands could be cleared of wood and stones and laid down to grass.

5. There is a tradition that the hay-harvesters of two adjoining towns quarrelled about a boundary question, and fought a hard battle one summer morning in that old time, not altogether bloodless.

6. I used to wonder at their folly, when I was stumbling over the rough hassocks, and sinking knee-deep in the black mire, raking the sharp sickle-edged grass which we used to feed out to the young cattle in midwinter. I had an intense hatred of snakes, and these meadows were full of them, — striped, green, dingy water-snakes, with now and then an ugly spotted adder, by no means pleasant to touch with bare feet.

7. There were great black snakes, too, in the ledges of the neighboring knolls; and on one occasion in early spring I found myself in the midst of a score at least of them, — holding their wicked meeting of a Sabbath morning on the margin of a deep spring in the meadows.

8. One glimpse at their fierce shining heads in the sunshine, as they roused themselves at my approach, was sufficient to send me at full speed toward the nearest upland. The snakes, equally scared, fled in the same direction; and, looking back, I saw the dark monsters following close at my heels. I had, happily, sense enough left to step aside and let the ugly troop glide into the bushes.

9. Nevertheless, the meadows had their redeeming points. In spring mornings the blackbirds and bobolinks made them musical with songs; and in the evenings great bullfrogs croaked and clamored; and on summer nights we loved to watch the white wreaths of fog rising and drifting in the moonlight like troops of ghosts, with the fire-flies throwing up ever and anon signals of their coming.

10. But the brook was far more attractive, for it had sheltered bathing-places clear and white-sanded, and weedy stretches, where the shy pickerel loved to linger, and deep pools, where the stupid sucker stirred the black mud with his fins. I had followed it all the way from its birthplace among the pleasant New Hampshire hills, through the sunshine of broad, open meadows, and under the shadow of thick woods.

11. It was, for the most part, a sober, quiet little river; but at intervals it broke into a low rippling laugh over rocks and trunks of fallen trees.

12. It ground our corn and rye for us at its two grist-mills; and we drove our sheep to it for their spring washing,—an anniversary which was looked forward to with intense delight, for it was always rare fun for the youngsters.

13. On its banks we could always find the earliest and latest wild-flowers, from the pale blue, three-lobed hepatica, and small, delicate wood-anemone, to the yellow bloom of the witch-hazel, burning in the leafless October woods.

14. Yet, after all, I think the chief attraction of the brook to my brother and myself was the fine fishing it afforded us. Our bachelor uncle who lived with us was a quiet, genial man, much given to hunting and fishing, and it was one of the great pleasures of our young life to

accompany him on his expeditions to Great Hill, the Pond, and, best of all, to the Country Brook.

15. We were quite willing to work hard in the corn-field or the haying-lot to finish the necessary day's labor in season for an afternoon stroll through the woods and along the brookside. I remember my first fishing excursion as if it were but yesterday.

16. It was a still sweet day of early summer; the long afternoon shadows of the trees lay cool across our path; the leaves seemed greener, the flowers brighter, the birds merrier than ever before. My uncle, who knew by long experience where were the best haunts of pickerel, considerably placed me at the most favorable point.

17. I threw out my line as I had so often seen others, and waited anxiously for a bite, moving the bait in rapid jerks on the surface of the water, in imitation of the leap of a frog. Nothing came of it. "Try again," said my uncle. Suddenly the bait sank out of sight. "Now for it," thought I; "here is a fish at last." I made a strong pull, and brought up a tangle of weeds. Again and again I cast out my line with aching arms, and drew it back empty. I looked to my uncle appealingly. "Try once more," he said; "we fishermen must have patience."

18. Suddenly something tugged at my line and swept off with it into deep water. Jerking it up, I saw a fine pickerel wriggling in the sun. "Uncle!" I cried, looking back in uncontrollable excitement, "I've got a fish!" "Not yet," said my uncle. As he spoke there was a plash in the water; I caught the arrowy gleam of a scared fish shooting into the middle of the stream; my hook hung empty from the line. I had lost my prize.

19. We are apt to speak of the sorrows of childhood as trifles in comparison with those of grown-up people;

but we may depend upon it the young folks don't agree with us. The doll's nose is broken, and the world breaks up with it; the marble rolls out of sight, and the solid globe rolls off with the marble.

20. So, overcome by my great and bitter disappointment, I sat down on the nearest hassock, and for a time refused to be comforted, even by my uncle's assurance that there were more fish in the brook. He refitted my bait, and, putting the pole again in my hands, told me to try my luck once more.

21. "But remember, boy," he said, with his shrewd smile, "never brag of catching a fish until he is on dry ground. I've seen older folks doing that in more ways than one, and so making fools of themselves. It's no use to boast of anything until it's done, or then either, for it speaks for itself."

22. How often since have I been reminded of the fish that I did not catch! When I hear people boasting of a work yet undone, and trying to anticipate the credit which belongs only to actual achievement, I call to mind that scene by the brookside, and the wise caution of my uncle in that particular instance takes the form of a proverb of universal application: "*Never brag of your fish before you catch him.*"

Vis'ta. A view; a prospect through an avenue of trees.

Pict-u-resque'. Having that kind of beauty which is agreeable in a picture.

Jut'ting. Projecting; shooting out.

In-ter-ven'ing. Coming between.

Has'socks. Tufts of coarse grass growing on wet or marshy ground.

Tra-di'tion. Account handed down from generation to generation by oral communication, not in writing.

Mire. Soft wet earth; mud.

Mar'gin. Border; edge.

Boast. To brag; to exalt one's self.

An-tic'i-pate. Take beforehand.

A-chieve'ment. Performance; accomplishment.



XXVIII.—THE BLUE-JAY.

FROM NORTH AMERICAN BIRDS.

THE common Blue Jay of North America is found throughout the continent, from the Atlantic coast to the Missouri Valley, and from Florida and Texas to the fur regions.

2. The entire family to which this bird belongs, and

of which it is a very conspicuous member, is distinguished by the remarkable intelligence of all its members. Its habits are full of interest, often evincing sagacity and intelligence strongly akin to reason. These traits do not belong exclusively to any one species, but are common to the whole family.

3. When first met with in the wild and unexplored regions of our country, the Jay appears shy and suspicious of the intruder, man. Yet, curious to a remarkable degree, it follows the stranger, watches all his movements, hovers with great pertinacity about his steps, ever keeping at a respectful distance, even before he has been taught to beware of the deadly gun.

4. Afterwards, as it becomes better acquainted with man, the Jay conforms its own conduct to the treatment it receives. Where it is hunted in wanton sport, because of brilliant plumage, or persecuted because of unjust prejudices and a bad reputation not deserved, it is shy and wary. It shuns, as much as possible, human society, and, when the hunter intrudes into its retreat, seems to delight to follow and annoy him, and to give the alarm to all dwellers of the woods that their foe is approaching.

5. In the Western States, where the Jay is unmolested and exempt from persecution, we find it as familiar and confiding as any of the favored birds of the East. In the groves of Iowa our Blue-jay is nearly as unsuspicious as a Black-capped Titmouse. And in Indiana, in one of the principal streets of Richmond, the nest of this bird has been seen in a lilac-bush under the window of a dwelling. The habits of no two species can well be more unlike than are those which persecution on the one hand and kind treatment on the other have developed in this bird.

6. The Blue-jay is conspicuous as a musician. It exhibits a variety in its notes, and occasionally a beauty and a harmony in its song, for which few give it due credit. Wilson compares its position among our singing birds to that of the trumpeter in the band. It varies its notes to an almost infinite extent; at one time screaming with all its might, at another time warbling with all the softness of tone and moderation of the Bluebird, and again imparting to its voice a grating harshness that is indescribable.

7. The power of mimicry possessed by the Jay, though different from, is hardly surpassed by, that of the Mocking-bird. It especially delights in imitating the cries of different kinds of Hawks. These are given with such similarity that the small birds fly to a covert and the inmates of the poultry-yard are in the greatest alarm.

8. Dr. Kirtland, of Cleveland, on whose grounds a large colony of Jays had taken up their abode and become very familiar, has given a very interesting account of their habits: "They soon became so familiar as to feed about our yards and corn-cribs. At the dawn of every pleasant day throughout the year the nesting-season excepted, a stranger, hearing the harsh and discordant utterances of these birds, might well suppose that all the axles in the country were screeching aloud for lubrication."

9. During the day the poultry might be frequently seen running into their hiding-places, and the gobbler with his upturned eye searching the heavens for the enemy, all excited and alarmed by the mimic utterances of the ventriloquists, the Jays, simulating the cries of the Red-tailed Hawks. The domestic circle of the barn-yard evidently never gained any insight into the deception by

experience; for, though the trick was repeated every few hours, the excitement would always be re-enacted.

10. When reared from the nest, the Jay becomes very tame and perfectly reconciled to confinement. It very soon grows into a very amusing pet, learns to imitate the human voice, and to simulate almost every sound that it hears. Wilson gives an account of one that, having been brought up in a family of a gentleman in South Carolina, displayed great intelligence, and had all the loquacity of a parrot. This bird could utter several words with great distinctness, and whenever called would immediately answer to its name with great sociability.

Con-spic'u-ous. Remarkable; distinguished.

E-vinc'ing. Showing clearly; manifesting.

A-kin'. Kindred; having the same properties.

In-trud'er. One who comes without right or welcome.

Per-ti-na-ci'ty. Constancy; obstinacy.

Con-forms'. Makes similar.

Wary. Cautious; watchful.

Un-mo-lest'ed. Undisturbed.

Ex-empt'. Free by privilege.

Mim'ic-ry. The act of imitating.

Cov'ert. Shelter; defence.

Lu-bri-ca'tion. The operation of making smooth or slippery, usually done by oil or grease.

Dis-cord'ant. Wanting harmony or pleasant sound.

Sim-u-lat'ing. Counterfeiting; *here*, imitating the sound.

In'sight. Deep view; discernment.

Lo-quaci'ty. Talkativeness.

XXIX. — RAIN IN SUMMER.

W. C. BENNETT.

1. **O** GENTLE, gentle summer rain,
 Let not the silver lily pine,
 The drooping lily pine in vain
 To feel that dewy touch of thine, —
 To drink thy freshness once again,
 O gentle, gentle summer rain!

2. In heat the landscape quivering lies ;
 The cattle pant beneath the tree ;
 Through parching air and purple skies
 The earth looks up, in vain, for thee ;
 For thee, — for thee, it looks in vain,
 O gentle, gentle summer rain !

3. Come, then, and brim the meadow streams,
 And soften all the hills with mist,
 O falling dew ! from burning dreams
 By thee shall herb and flower be kissed,
 And Earth shall bless thee yet again,
 O gentle, gentle summer rain !

Pine. Languish ; droop.

Brim. Fill to the top.

Parch'ing. Scorching ; drying.

Dreams. Thoughts in sleep.



XXX.—COMING AND GOING.

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

ONCE came to our field a pair of birds that had never built a nest or seen a winter. Oh, how beautiful was everything ! The fields were full of flowers, and the grass was growing tall, and the bees were humming everywhere.

2. Then one of the birds fell to singing, and the other bird said, "Who told you to sing ?" and he answered, "The flowers told me, and the bees told me, and the winds and leaves told me, and the blue sky told me, and you told me to sing." Then his mate answered, "When did I tell you to sing ?"

3. And he said, "Every time you brought in tender grass for the nest, and every time your soft wings flut-

tered off again for hair and feathers to line the nest." Then his mate said, "What are you singing about?" And he answered, "I am singing about everything and nothing. It is because I am so happy that I sing."

4. By and by five little speckled eggs were in the nest, and his mate said, "Is there anything in all the world as pretty as my eggs?" Then they both looked down on some people that were passing by, and pitied them because they were not birds, and had no nests with eggs in them. Then the father-bird sung a melancholy song because he pitied folks that had no nests, but had to live in houses.

5. In a week or two, one day, when the father-bird came home, the mother-bird said, "Oh, what do you think has happened?" "What?" "One of my eggs has been peeping and moving!" Pretty soon another egg moved under her feathers, and then another, and another, till five little birds were born.

6. Now the father-bird sung longer and louder than ever. The mother-bird, too, wanted to sing, but she had no time, and so she turned her song into work. So hungry were these little birds that it kept both parents busy feeding them.

7. Away each one flew. The moment the little birds heard their wings fluttering again among the leaves, five yellow mouths flew open so wide that nothing could be seen but five yellow mouths.

8. "Can anybody be happier?" said the father-bird to the mother-bird. "We will live in this tree always, for there is no sorrow here. It is a tree that always bears joy."

9. The very next day one of the birds dropped out of the nest, and a cat ate it up in a minute, and only four

remained ; and the parent-birds were very sad, and there was no song all that day or the next.

10. Soon the little birds were big enough to fly, and great was their parents' joy to see them leave the nest and sit crumpled up upon the branches. There was then a great time ! One would have thought the two old birds were two French dancing-masters, — talking and chattering and scolding the little birds to make them go alone.

11. The first bird that tried flew from one branch to another, and the parents praised him, and the other little birds wondered how he did it. And he was so vain of it that he tried again, and he flew and flew, and could n't stop flying, till he fell plump down by the house door ; and then a little boy caught him and carried him into the house, and only three birds were left. Then the old birds thought that the sun was not bright as it used to be, and they did not sing so often.

12. In a little time the other birds had learned to use their wings, and they flew away and away, and found their own food and made their own beds, and their parents never saw them any more.

13. Then the old birds sat silent, and looked at each other a long while.

14. At last the wife-bird said, " Why don't you sing ? "

15. And he answered, " I can't sing. I can only think and think. "

16. " What are you thinking of ? "

17. " I am thinking how everything changes, — the leaves are falling from this tree, and soon there will be no roof over our heads ; the flowers are all gone, or going ; last night there was a frost ; almost all the birds have flown away, and I am very uneasy. Something calls me, and I feel restless as if I would fly far away. "

18. "Let us fly away together!"

19. Then they rose silently, and lifting themselves far up in the air, they looked to the north, — far away they saw the snow coming. They looked to the south, — there they saw green leaves! All day they flew, and all night they flew and flew, till they found a land where there is no winter, — where there is summer all the time; where flowers always blossom and birds always sing.

20. But the birds that stayed behind found the days shorter, the nights longer, and the weather colder. Many of them died of cold; others crept into crevices and holes, and lay torpid. Then it was plain that it was better to go than to stay!

Mel'an-chol-y. Sad; dejected.

Crum'pled. Wrinkled; shrunk up.

Vain. Proud of little things.

Crev'ic-es. Small openings; cracks.

Tor'pid. Benumbed; inactive.



XXXI. — GRACE AND HER FRIENDS.

LUCY LARCOM.

1. "YOUR walk is lonely, blue-eyed Grace,
 Down the long forest-road to school,
 Where shadows troop, in many a place,
 From sullen chasm to sunless pool.
 Are you not often, little maid,
 Beneath the sighing trees afraid?"
2. "Afraid, — beneath the tall, strong trees
 That bend their arms to shelter me,
 And whisper down, with dew and breeze,
 Sweet sounds that float on lovingly,
 Till every gorge and cavern seems
 Thrilled through and through with fairy dreams?"

3. "Afraid, — beside the water dim
That holds the baby lilies white
Upon its bosom, where a hymn
Ripples forth softly to the light
That now and then comes gliding in,
A lily's budding smile to win ?
4. "Fast to the slippery precipice
I see the nodding harebell cling ;
In that blue eye no fear there is ;
Its hold is firm, — the frail, free thing !
The harebell's Guardian cares for me :
So I am in safe company.
5. "The woodbine clammers up the cliff
And seems to murmur, ' Little Grace,
The sunshine were less welcome, if
It brought not every day your face.'
Red leaves slip down from maples high,
And touch my cheek as they flit by.
6. "I feel at home with everything
That has its dwelling in the wood ;
With flowers that laugh, and birds that sing, —
Companions beautiful and good,
Brothers and sisters everywhere ;
And over all, our Father's care.
7. "In rose-time or in berry-time, —
When ripe seeds fall, or buds peep out, —
When green the turf, or white the rime,
There's something to be glad about.
It makes my heart bound, just to pass
The sunbeams dancing on the grass.
8. "And when the bare rocks shut me in
Where not a blade of grass will grow,

My happy fancies soon begin
 To warble music, rich and low,
 And paint what eyes could never see :
 My thoughts are company for me.

9. "What does it mean to be alone ?
 And how is any one afraid,
 Who feels the dear God on his throne
 Beaming like sunshine through the shade,
 Warming the damp sod into bloom,
 And smiling off the thicket's gloom ?
10. "At morning, down the wood-path cool,
 The fluttering leaves make cheerful talk ;
 After the stifled day at school,
 I hear, along my homeward walk,
 The airy wisdom of the wood, —
 Far easiest to be understood.
11. "I whisper to the winds ; I kiss
 The rough old oak, and clasp his bark ;
 No farewell of the thrush I miss ;
 I lift the soft veil of the dark,
 And say to bird and breeze and tree,
 ' Good night ! Good friends you are to me ! ' "

Sul'len. Dismal ; dark ; gloomy.

Gorge. A narrow defile between mountains.

Hare'bell. A plant which bears bell-shaped flowers.

Clam'bers. Climbs with difficulty.

Frail. Slender ; weak.

Rime. Hoar-frost.

Sod. Earth with grass on it.

Air'y. Belonging to the air.

Thick'et. A collection of trees or shrubs growing close together.

XXXII.—TONY WESTON'S REVENGE.

This and the following piece are from "The Boat Club," by Oliver Optic. The club is composed of thirteen boys, who make excursions upon the lake in their boat, which is called the Zephyr. This boat is a present to Frank Sedley from his father, under whose guidance, and that of Uncle Ben,—a retired sailor living with Mr. Sedley,—the club has been organized. The Bunkers are a company of bad boys under the leadership of Tim Bunker, who also have a boat, which is called the Thunderbolt.

PART I.

AS they came round to the boat-house, Mrs. Sedley was landed, and the club rowed up to Weston Bay to leave Mrs. Weston and her daughter. Both the passengers were delighted with their excursion, and were profuse of their thanks to Frank and his companions for their kindness.

2. "What shall we do now?" said Charles, as they pushed off.

3. "Had n't we better give up for to-day?" suggested Frank.

4. "Let us go down to Rippleton for your father," added Fred.

5. "Yes; we will do that," answered Frank, and the Zephyr dashed away towards the village.

6. They had scarcely passed the boat-house before they discovered the Thunderbolt, directly ahead of them. Uncle Ben had landed at Rippleton, and had housed the Sylph, so that the Bunkers were no longer restrained by his presence and that of Mrs. Sedley. There was no way to avoid them, and Frank continued his course with some misgivings as to the consequences.

7. "Bunkers ahead!" said he.

8. "Never mind them, Frank," added Fred Harper. "We won't say anything to them."

9. "Tim will get his revenge upon us if he can, for running into his boat this morning."

10. "We had to do it to get Tony Weston out of his clutches. He was just going to strike Tony with his oar, and perhaps would have killed him if we had n't run into his boat. I suppose we can keep out of his way, though I don't like the idea of running away from them."

11. "I like it better than I do the idea of fighting with them. But the lake is narrow near the village."

12. "We can row two rods to their one."

13. "They have improved a great deal by their day's practice. They are resting on their oars, waiting for us."

14. "Let them wait; we will mind nothing about them."

15. The Zephyr continued on her course. It was necessary for her to pass within a short distance of the Thunderbolt, and Frank feared the Bunkers would retaliate upon them for their discomfiture in the forenoon.

16. "Let every member of the club mind his oar," said he, as the boat approached the vicinity of the Bunkers. "I will watch them; I want you to mind what I say, and work quick when I speak."

17. "We will," answered the boys.

18. "I suspect, if they mean anything, that they intend to rush upon us when we pass them. Yes, there is Tim bringing her head round so that she lies broad-side to us, and every one of them has his oar ready to pull."

19. "Can't you cut across the lake and avoid them?" asked Tony.

20. "We must pass them somewhere, and they can cut us off, whatever course we take."

21. "Smash them, if they come too near," said Fred.

22. "No, no, Fred ; that would n't do. When I tell you to stop and back her, do it promptly, and we can easily get away from them. Pull steady."

23. The boys rowed leisurely, and the Zephyr in a short time reached a position which exposed her to the assault of the Thunderbolt.

24. "Pull ! pull !" cried Tim Bunker.

25. The course of the Thunderbolt was at right angles to that of the Zephyr. Tim had apparently made a nice calculation in regard to his intended movements. He had started so as to come up with his rival, when she came to the point in her course directly ahead of him.

26. The Bunkers pulled with all their might, and the two boats were rapidly nearing each other. Tim's plan had been well conceived, and the collision seemed inevitable. Frank saw that he had rightly interpreted the intentions of the Bunkers, but he still kept on.

27. Suddenly, as the Thunderbolt was on the point of pouncing upon her prey, Frank, with startling energy, gave the command, —

28. "Stop ! back her !"

29. Every boy, expecting the order, was ready to execute it. The oars bent under the violent exertion they made to check the farther progress of the boat.

30. When the collision seemed unavoidable, Tim abandoned the helm, and leaped forward into the bow of the boat. He had a large stick in his hand, and it was evidently his intention to use it upon poor Tony, for his glance was fixed upon him with savage ferocity.

31. Frank's plan worked well. He had withheld the order to stop and back her till the last moment, so that Tim should have no time to change the course of the Thunderbolt, and thus derange his plan. As it was, it was

a very narrow escape, and nothing but the promptness with which the order was executed averted the impending catastrophe.

32. The Thunderbolt passed across the course of the Zephyr, not three feet from her bow. Tim saw that he was foiled, and, enraged at his disappointment, he aimed a blow at Tony with the long stick, as the Thunderbolt shot past.

33. Tony was beyond his reach; he leaned over the side of the boat in a vain attempt to accomplish his malignant purpose. But in doing so he lost his foothold, and fell headforemost into the lake.

34. He disappeared beneath the dark surface of the water, and his boat passed over the spot. The Zephyr, impelled backward by the vigorous strokes of her crew, was several rods from the place before the club fully realized the nature of the unfortunate occurrence.

Ex-cur'sion. A short voyage or journey; a tour; a trip.

Sug-gest'ed. Intimated; hinted.

Con'se-quence. Result; issue.

Nec'es-sa-ry. That must be.

Re-tal'i-ate. Return like for like; repay; pay back.

Dis-com'fit-ure. Defeat; overthrow; frustration.

Vi-cin'i-ty. Neighborhood; place near.

Lei'sure-ly. Not hastily.

Con-ceived. Formed in the mind.

Col-li'sion. A striking together; a running against each other.

Ex'e-cute. Perform.

Might. Power; strength.

Check. Restrain; control.

In-ter'pret-ed. Explained; divined; surmised.

Fe-roc'i-ty. The fierceness of a savage nature.

A-vert'ed. Turned aside.

Ca-tas'tro-phe. Final event; *commonly*, an unfortunate event; a calamity; a mishap.

Re'al-ized. Felt fully.

Foiled. Defeated; disappointed.

Oc-cur'rence. That which happens; an event.

XXXIII.—TONY WESTON'S REVENGE.

PART II.

THE Thunderbolt was much nearer the place where Tim had disappeared than the *Zephyr*; but her crew seemed to be utterly paralyzed by the event, and unable to render the slightest assistance. One of the Bunkers took the helm, and endeavored to rally his companions; but in their confusion they were incapable of handling their oars; some pulled one way, and some another, and instead of urging the boat ahead they only turned it round in a circle.

2. "Stop her!" shouted Frank, as soon as he discovered the accident. "Pull! Tim Bunker has fallen overboard!"

3. The crew, though affected to some extent as the Bunkers were, used their oars with skill and energy. The presence of mind which Frank displayed inspired them with courage, and the *Zephyr* darted forward toward the spot where Tim had gone down.

4. "There he is!" exclaimed Frank, with frantic earnestness; "pull with all your might!"

5. "Help! Save me!" cried Tim as he rose to the surface.

6. The boats were both several rods distant from him. He did not swim, but seemed to struggle with all his strength, apparently with a spasmodic effort, as though he had entirely lost his self-control.

7. "Pull!" shouted Frank, again. "Tony, stand ready with your boat-hook."

8. But Tim struggled only for an instant on the surface, and then went down again.

9. "Steady," said Frank, as the Zephyr approached the spot. "That will do ; back her !"

10. The boat, under the skilful management of the resolute young coxswain, lost her headway, and lay motionless on the water near the spot where Tim had last appeared.

11. "Do you see him, Tony ?"

12. "No. He has sunk to the bottom !"

13. "Fred, go forward with this boat-hook," continued Frank.

14. Fred took the boat-hook, and went forward to the bow of the Zephyr.

15. "There he is !" exclaimed Tony, as he caught a sight of the drowning boy beneath the surface.

16. Fred dropped his boat-hook down into the water with the intention of fastening it into his clothes.

17. "He sinks again !" cried Tony, throwing off his jacket and shoes.

18. Before any of the crew could fully understand his purpose, so quick were his movements, he dived from the bow of the boat deep down into the water.

19. The boys held their breath in the intensity of their feelings. Two or three of them had dropped their oars, and were leaving their places.

20. "Keep your places, and hold on to your oars !" said Frank, sternly. "Henry Calrow, take the other boat-hook."

21. "Back her a little, — one stroke," said Fred Harper. "We are passing over the spot."

22. Frank ordered the boat back, as desired.

23. "Here they rise ! Tony has him !" exclaimed Fred, as he hooked into Tim's clothes. "Grasp the other boat-hook, Tony."

24. Tim was drawn in apparently dead.

25. Tony was so exhausted that he could not speak, and sank into the bottom of the boat.

26. "Pull!" said Frank, heading the Zephyr towards Rippleton.

27. The sad event had been observed from the shore, and before the arrival of the club-boat quite a number of persons had collected. Scarcely a minute elapsed before the Zephyr touched the bank, and the body of Tim Bunker, apparently lifeless, was taken out and conveyed to the nearest house.

28. "How do you feel, Tony?" asked Frank, lifting the noble little fellow from his position.

29. "Badly, Frank; I want to go home," replied he, faintly.

30. Among other persons who had gathered on the shore of the lake was one of the physicians of Rippleton. He followed the party that conveyed Tim into the house, and applied himself vigorously to the means of restoring him. It was a long time before there were any signs of life, and people in the mean time believed him dead.

31. While Dr. Allen was at work over Tim, Fred Harper came to request his assistance for Tony. Fortunately Dr. Davis, another physician, arrived at this moment, and accompanied him to the boat.

32. "What ails him, Dr. Davis?" asked Frank, alarmed by the illness of his friend.

33. "Exhaustion and excitement have affected him."

34. "Is it anything serious?"

35. "I think not. We must get his wet clothes off, and put him to bed."

36. "Will you go home with him? We will row you up and back again."

37. The physician was very willing to go, and the boat put off. The club pulled with all their strength, and the distance to Tony's house was accomplished in a very few moments. Mrs. Weston was greatly alarmed when Tony was brought in, but the doctor assured her it was nothing serious. He was put to bed, the doctor prescribed for him, and when the boys were ready to leave, they had the satisfaction of knowing that the patient was much better.

38. When they reached Rippleton they found that Tim had been restored, and conveyed to his father's house.

Par'a-lyzed. Affected so as to lose the power of action.	Ex-haust'ed (egz-hâwst'ed). Deprived of strength.
Dis-played. Exhibited; showed.	Phy-si'cian (fe-zîsh'an). One who practises medicine; a doctor.
Spas-mod'ic. Convulsive.	Pre-scribed. Gave medical directions; directed.
In-ten'si-ty. State of being highly excited; earnestness; ardor.	



XXXIV. — THE HERO'S DEATH.

MRS. HEMANS.

1. **L**IFE'S parting beams were in his eye,
Life's closing accents on his tongue,
When round him, pealing to the sky,
The shout of victory rung.
2. Then, ere his gallant spirit fled,
A smile so bright illumed his face, —
Oh! never, of the light it shed,
Shall memory lose a trace.

3. His was a death, whose rapture high
Transcended all that life could yield ;
His warmest prayer was so to die,
On the red battle-field.
4. And they may feel, who love him most,
A pride so holy and so pure, —
Fate hath no power o'er those who boast
A treasure thus secure.

Peal'ing. Loudly sounding.

Il-lumed'. Made luminous or light.

Tran-scend'ed. Rose above ; sur-
passed ; excelled.



XXXV.—MAY IN FLORIDA.

MRS. STOWE.

THE birds ! who can describe their jubilees, their exultations, their never-ending, still-beginning babble and jargon of sweet sounds ? All day the air rings with sweet fanciful trills and melodies, as if there were a thousand little vibrating bells.

2. They iterate and reiterate one sweet sound after another ; they call to one another, and answer from thicket to thicket ; they pipe ; they whistle ; they chatter and mock at each other with airy defiance ; and sometimes it seems as if the very air broke into rollicking bird-laughter.

3. A naturalist, who has sojourned for months in the Florida forests to study and observe nature, has told us that no true idea of the bird's plumage can be had till the hot months come on. Then the sun pours light and color, and makes feathers resplendent as steely armor.

4. The birds love the sun ; they adore it. Our own

Phœbus, when his cage is hung on the shady side of the veranda, hangs sulky and silent ; but put him in the full blaze of the sun, and while the thermometer is going up to the nineties, he rackets in a perfectly crazy abandon of bird babblement, singing all he ever heard before, and trying his bill at new notes, and, as a climax, ending each outburst with a purr of satisfaction, like an overgrown cat.

5. Several pairs of family mocking-birds have their nests somewhere in our orange-trees ; and there is no end of amusement in watching their dainty evolutions.

6. Sometimes, for an hour at a time, one of them, perched high and dry on a topmost twig, where he gets the full blaze of the sun, will make the air ring with so many notes and noises, that it would seem as if he were forty birds instead of one.

7. Then again, you will see him stealing silently about, as if on some mysterious mission, perching here and there with a peculiar nervous jerk of his long tail, and a silent little lift of his wings, as if he were fanning himself. What this motion is for, we have never been able to determine.

8. Our plantation, at present, is entirely given over to the domestic affairs of the mocking-birds, dozens of whom have built their nests in the green, inaccessible fastnesses of the orange-trees, and been rearing families in security.

9. Now, however, the young birds are to be taught to fly ; and the air resounds with the bustle and chatter of the operation. Take, for example, one scene which is going on as we write.

10. Down on the little wharf which passes through the swamp in front of our house, three or four juvenile

mocking-birds are running up and down like chickens, uttering plaintive cries of distress. On either side, perched on a tall, dry last-year's coffee-bean stalk, sit papa and mamma, chattering, scolding, exhorting, and coaxing.

11. The little ones run from side to side and say in plaintive squeaks, "I can't," "I dare n't," as plain as birds can say it. There! now they spread their little wings; and—O, joy!—they find, to their delight, that they do not fall; they exult in the possession of a new-born sense of existence.

12. As we look at this pantomime, graver thoughts come over us, and we think how poor, timid little souls moan and hang back, and tremble when the time comes to leave this nest of earth, and trust themselves to the free air of the world they were made for.

13. As the little bird's moans and cries end in delight and rapture in finding himself in a new, glorious, free life, so, just beyond the dark step of death, will come a buoyant, exulting sense of new existence.

14. Our life here is in intimate communion with bird-life. Their singing all day comes in bursts and snatches; and one awakes to a sort of wondering consciousness of the many airy dialects with which the blue heavens are filled. At night a whippoorwill or two, perched in the cypress-trees, make a plaintive and familiar music. When the nights are hot, and the moon bright, the mocking-birds burst into gushes of song at any hour. At midnight we have risen to listen to them.

15. Birds are as plenty about us as chickens in a barnyard; and one wonders at their incessant activity and motion, and studies what their quaint little fanciful way may mean, half inclined to say, with Cowper, —

" But I, whatever power were mine,
 Would cheerfully those gifts resign
 For such a pair of wings as thine,
 And such a head between 'em."

16. Speaking of birds reminds us of a little pastoral which is being enacted in the neighborhood of St. Augustine. A young man from Massachusetts, driven to seek health in a milder climate, has bought a spot of land for a nursery-garden in the neighborhood of St. Augustine.

17. We visited his place, and found him and his mother in a neat little cottage adorned only with grasses and flowers picked in the wild woods, and living in perfect familiarity with the birds, which they have learned to call in from the neighboring forests.

18. It has become one of the fashionable amusements in the season for strangers to drive out to this cottage and see the birds fed. At a cry from the inmates of the cottage, the blue-jay and mocking-bird will come in flocks, settle on their shoulders, eat out of their hands, or out of the hands of any one who chooses to hold food to them.

19. When we drove out the birds were mostly dispersed about their domestic affairs; this being the nest-season. Moreover, the ample supply of fresh wild berries in the woods makes them less anxious for such dry food as contented them in winter.

Ju'bi-lee. A reason of public festivity and joy.

It'er-ate. Go over, utter, or do a second time; repeat.

Rol'lick-ing. Frolicking; frolicsome.

So-journed'. Dwelt for a time; had a temporary abode.

In-ac-ces'si-ble. Not to be reached or approached.

Ju've-nile. Young; youthful.

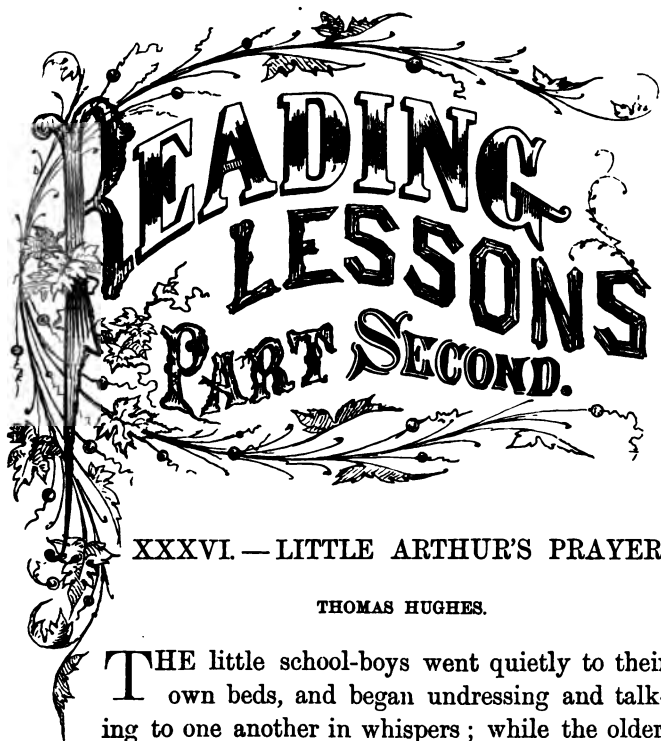
Plain'tive. Sorrowful; mournful; sad.

Buoy'ant (böy'ant). Tending to rise or float; hopeful.

Ex-ult'ing. Rejoicing greatly; triumphing.

Dis-persed'. Scattered; distributed.

Ample. Abundant; plentiful.



READING LESSONS PART SECOND.

XXXVI. — LITTLE ARTHUR'S PRAYER.

THOMAS HUGHES.

THE little school-boys went quietly to their own beds, and began undressing and talking to one another in whispers ; while the older, amongst whom was Tom, sat chatting about on one another's beds with their jackets and waistcoats off.

2. Poor little Arthur was overwhelmed with the novelty of his position. The idea of sleeping in the room with strange boys had clearly never crossed his mind before, and was as painful as it was strange to him.

3. He could hardly bear to take his jacket off ; however, presently, with an effort, off it came, and then he paused and looked at Tom, who was sitting at the bottom of his bed, talking and laughing.

4. "Please, Brown," he whispered, "may I wash my face and hands?"

5. "Of course, if you like," said Tom, staring; "that's your wash-hand-stand under the window, second from your bed. You'll have to go down for more water in the morning if you use it all." And on he went with his talk, while Arthur stole timidly from between the beds out to his wash-hand-stand, and began his ablutions, thereby drawing for a moment on himself the attention of the room.

6. On went the talk and laughter. Arthur finished his washing and undressing, and put on his night-gown. He then looked round more nervously than ever. Two or three of the little boys were already in bed, sitting up with their chins on their knees. The light burned clear, the noise went on.

7. It was a trying moment for the poor little lonely boy; however, this time he did not ask Tom what he might or might not do, but dropped on his knees by his bedside, as he had done every day from his childhood, to open his heart to Him who heareth the cry and beareth the sorrows of the tender child, and of the strong man in agony.

8. Tom was sitting at the bottom of his bed unlacing his boots, so that his back was towards Arthur, and he did not see what had happened, and looked up in wonder at the sudden silence. Then two or three boys laughed and sneered, and a big brutal fellow who was standing in the middle of the room picked up a slipper, and shied it at the kneeling boy, calling him a snivelling young shaver.

9. Then Tom saw the whole, and the next moment the boot he had just pulled off flew straight at the head

of the bully, who had just time to throw up his arm and catch it on his elbow.

10. "Confound you, Brown ; what 's that for?" roared he, stamping with pain.

11. "Never mind what I mean," said Tom, stepping on to the floor, every drop of blood in his body tingling ; "if any fellow wants the other boot, he knows how to get it."

12. What would have been the result is doubtful, for at this moment the sixth form came in, and not another word could be said. Tom and the rest rushed into bed and finished their unrobing there, and the old servant, as punctual as the clock, had put out the candle in another minute, and toddled on to the next room shutting their door with his usual

"Good night, gentlemen."

13. There were many boys in the room by whom that little scene was taken to heart before they slept. But sleep seemed to have deserted the pillow of poor Tom.

14. For some time his excitement and the flood of memories which chased one another through his brain kept him from thinking or resolving. His head throbbed, and his heart leaped, and he could hardly keep himself from springing out of bed and rushing about the room.

15. Then the thought of his own mother came across him, and the promise he had made at her knee, years ago, never to forget to kneel by his bedside, and give himself up to his Father, before he laid his head on the pillow, from which it might never rise ; and he lay down gently, and cried as if his heart would break. He was only fourteen years old.

16. It was no light act of courage in those days for

a little fellow to say his prayers publicly even at Rugby. A few years later, when Arnold's manly piety had begun to leaven the school, the tables turned ; before he died, in the school-house at least, and I believe in the other houses, the rule was the other way.

17. But poor Tom had come to school in other times. The first few nights after he came he did not kneel down because of the noise, but sat up in bed till the candle was out, and then stole out and said his prayers, in fear lest some one should find him out. So did many another poor little fellow.

18. Then he began to think that he might just as well say his prayers in bed, and then that it did not matter whether he was kneeling, or sitting, or lying down. And so it had come to pass with Tom as with all who will not confess their Lord before men ; and for the last year he had probably not said his prayers in earnest a dozen times.

19. Poor Tom ! the first and bitterest feeling which was like to break his heart was the sense of his own cowardice. The vice of all others which he loathed was brought in and burned in on his own soul. He had lied to his mother, to his conscience, to his God !

20. How could he bear it ? And then the poor little weak boy, whom he had pitied and almost scorned for his weakness, had done that which he, braggart as he was, dared not do. The first dawn of comfort came to him in vowing to himself that he would stand by that boy through thick and thin, and cheer him, and help him, and bear his burdens, for the good deed done that night.

21. Then he resolved to write home next day and tell his mother all, and what a coward her son had been.

And then peace came to him as he resolved, lastly, to bear his testimony next morning. The morning would be harder than the night to begin with, but he felt that he could not afford to let one chance slip.

22. Several times he faltered, for the tempter showed him, first, all his old friends calling him "Saint," and "Squaretoes," and a dozen hard names, and whispered to him that his motive would be misunderstood, and he would only be left alone with the new boy; whereas it was his duty to keep all means of influence, that he might do good to the largest number.

23. And then came the more subtle temptation, "Shall I not be showing myself braver than others by doing this? Have I any right to begin it now? Ought I not rather to pray in my own study, letting other boys know that I do so, and trying to lead them to it, while in public, at least, I should go on as I have done?"

24. However, his good angel was too strong that night, and he turned on his side and slept; tired of trying to reason, but resolved to follow the impulse which had been so strong, and in which he had found peace.

25. Next morning he was up and washed and dressed, all but his jacket and waistcoat, just as the ten minutes' bell began to ring, and then in the face of the whole room he knelt down to pray. Not five words could he say,—the bell mocked him, he was listening to every whisper in the room,—what were they all thinking of him? He was ashamed to go on kneeling, ashamed to rise from his knees.

26. At last, as it were from his inmost heart, a still, small voice seemed to breathe forth the words of the publican, "God be merciful to me a sinner!" He repeated them over and over, clinging to them as for his

life, and rose from his knees comforted and humbled, and ready to face the whole world.

27. It was not needed ; two other boys beside Arthur had already followed his example, and he went down to the great school with a glimmering of another lesson in his heart,—the lesson that he who has conquered his own coward spirit has conquered the whole outward world ; and that other one which the old prophet learned in the cave of Mount Horeb, when he hid his face, and the still small voice asked, “What doest thou here, Elijah?” that, however we may fancy ourselves alone on the side of good, the King and Lord of men is nowhere without his witnesses ; for in every society, however seemingly corrupt and godless, there are those who have not bowed the knee to Baal.

28. He found, too, how greatly he had exaggerated the effect to be produced by his act. For a few nights there was a sneer or a laugh when he knelt down, but this passed off soon, and one by one all the other boys but three or four followed the lead.

Over-whelmed'. Overpowered ; overcome.

Nov'el-ty. A new or strange thing ; newness.

Ab-lu'tion. Act of washing or cleansing.

Try'ing. Severe ; painful.

De-sert'ed. Forsaken ; abandoned.

Sneered. Expressed contempt or scorn.

Leav'en. Imbue ; infect.

Cow'ard-ice. Want of courage ; fear.

Loathed. Disliked greatly ; hated.

Fal'tered. Hesitated ; wavered.

Ex-ag'ger-at-ed. Overstated ; increased too much.

XXXVII.—THE MAIN TRUCK, OR A LEAP FOR
LIFE.

GEORGE P. MORRIS.

1. OLD IRONSIDES * at anchor lay
In the harbor of Mahon ; †
A dead calm rested on the bay, —
The waves to sleep had gone ;
When little Hal, the Captain's son,
A lad both brave and good,
In sport, up shroud and rigging ran,
And on the main truck stood.
2. A shudder shot through every vein, —
All eyes were turned on high.
There stood the boy, with dizzy brain,
Between the sea and sky ;
No hold had he above, below, —
Alone he stood in air ;
To that far height none dared to go, —
No aid could reach him there.
3. We gazed, but not a man could speak ;
With horror all aghast,
In groups, with pallid brow and cheek,
We watched the quivering mast.
The atmosphere grew thick and hot,
And of a lurid hue,
As riveted unto the spot,
Stood officers and crew.
4. The father came on deck ; — he gasped,
“ O God ! thy will be done ! ”

* The United States frigate Constitution.

† Mahon (pronounced Ma-hōne) is a port in the Mediterranean Sea.

Then suddenly a rifle grasped,
 And aimed it at his son.
 "Jump, far out, boy, into the wave !
 Jump, or I fire," he said ;
 "That only chance your life can save ;
 Jump, jump, boy !" He obeyed.

5. He sank,—he rose,—he lived,—he moved,—
 And for the ship struck out.
 On board we hailed the lad beloved,
 With many a manly shout.
 His father drew, in silent joy,
 Those wet arms round his neck,
 And folded to his heart his boy,—
Then fainted on the deck.

Anchor. An iron instrument for holding a ship or other floating body at rest in water.

Main Truck. A small wooden cap at the top of the main-mast.

At'mos-phere. The air which surrounds the earth.

Lu'rid. Of a pale, dull color.

Riv'et-ed. Fastened with, or as with, a rivet or iron bolt.

XXXVIII.—MEMOIR OF BENJAMIN WEST.

HAWTHORNE.

PART I.

IN the year 1738 there came into the world, in the town of Springfield, Pennsylvania, a Quaker infant, from whom his parents and neighbors looked for wonderful things. A famous preacher of the Society of Friends had prophesied about little Ben, and foretold that he would be one of the most remarkable characters that had appeared on the earth since the days of William Penn. On this account the eyes of many people were fixed upon the boy.

2. Some of his ancestors had won great renown in the old wars of England and France; but it was probably expected that Ben would become a preacher, and would convert multitudes to the peaceful doctrines of the Quakers. Friend West and his wife were thought to be very fortunate in having such a son.

3. Little Ben lived to the ripe age of six years without doing anything worthy to be told in history. But one summer afternoon, in his seventh year, his mother put a fan into his hand, and bade him keep the flies away from the face of a little babe who lay fast asleep in the cradle. She then left the room.

4. The boy waved the fan to and fro, and drove away the buzzing flies whenever they had the impertinence to come near the baby's face. When they had all flown out of the window, or into distant parts of the room, he bent over the cradle, and delighted himself with gazing at the sleeping infant.

5. It was, indeed, a very pretty sight. The little personage in the cradle slumbered peacefully, with its waxen hands under its chin, looking as full of blissful quiet as if angels were singing lullabies in its ear. Indeed, it must have been dreaming about heaven; for while Ben stooped over the cradle, the little baby smiled.

6. "How beautiful she looks!" said Ben to himself. "What a pity it is that such a pretty smile should not last forever!"

7. Now, Ben, at this period of his life, had never heard of that wonderful art by which a look, that appears and vanishes in a moment, may be made to last for hundreds of years. But, though nobody had told him of such an art, he may be said to have invented it for himself.

8. On a table near at hand there were pens and paper,

and ink of two colors, black and red. The boy seized a pen and sheet of paper, and, kneeling down beside the cradle, began to draw a likeness of the infant. While he was busied in this manner, he heard his mother's step approaching, and hastily tried to conceal the paper.

9. "Benjamin, my son, what hast thou been doing?" inquired his mother, observing marks of confusion in his face.

10. At first Ben was unwilling to tell; for he felt as if there might be something wrong in stealing the baby's face, and putting it upon a sheet of paper. However, as his mother insisted, he finally put the sketch into her hand, and then hung his head, expecting to be well scolded. But when the good lady saw what was on the paper, in lines of red and black ink, she uttered a scream of surprise and joy.

11. "Bless me!" cried she. "It is a picture of little Sally!" And then she threw her arms round our friend Benjamin, and kissed him so tenderly that he never afterwards was afraid to show his performances to his mother.

12. As Ben grew older he was observed to take vast delight in looking at the hues and forms of nature. For instance, he was greatly pleased with the blue violets of spring, the wild roses of summer, and the scarlet cardinal flowers of early autumn.

13. In the decline of the year, when the woods were variegated with all the colors of the rainbow, Ben seemed to desire nothing better than to gaze at them from morn till night. The purple and golden clouds of sunset were a joy to him. And he was continually endeavoring to draw the figures of trees, men, mountains, houses, cattle, geese, ducks, and turkeys, with a piece of chalk, on barn doors or on the floor.

14. In those old times the Mohawk Indians were still numerous in Pennsylvania. Every year a party of them used to pay a visit to Springfield, because the wigwams of their ancestors had formerly stood there. These wild



men grew fond of little Ben, and made him very happy by giving him some of the red and yellow paint with which they were accustomed to adorn their faces. His mother, too, presented him with a piece of indigo.

15. Thus he now had three colors,—red, blue, and

yellow, — and could manufacture green by mixing the yellow with the blue. Our friend Ben was overjoyed, and doubtless showed his gratitude to the Indians by taking their likenesses in the strange dresses which they wore, with feathers, tomahawks, and bows and arrows.

16. But all this time the young artist had no paint-brushes ; nor were there any to be bought, unless he had sent to Philadelphia on purpose. However, he was a very ingenious boy, and resolved to manufacture paint-brushes for himself. With this design he laid hold upon — what do you think ? Why, upon a respectable old black cat, which was sleeping quietly by the fireside.

17. “Puss,” said little Ben to the cat, “pray give me some of the fur from the tip of thy tail.”

18. Though he addressed the black cat so civilly, yet Ben was determined to have the fur, whether she were willing or not. Puss, who had no great zeal for the fine arts, would have resisted if she could ; but the boy was armed with his mother’s scissors, and very dexterously clipped off fur enough to make a paint-brush.

19. This was of so much use to him that he applied to Madam Puss again and again, until her warm coat of fur had become so thin and ragged that she could hardly keep comfortable through the winter. Poor thing ! she was forced to creep close into the chimney-corner, and eyed Ben with a very rueful look. But Ben considered it more necessary that he should have paint-brushes than that puss should be warm.

20. About this period Friend West received a visit from Mr. Pennington, a merchant of Philadelphia, who was likewise a member of the Society of Friends. The visitor, on entering the parlor, was surprised to see it ornamented with drawings of Indian chiefs, and of birds

with beautiful plumage, and of the wild flowers of the forest. Nothing of the kind was ever seen before in the habitation of a Quaker farmer.

21. "Why, Friend West," exclaimed the Philadelphia merchant, "what has possessed thee to cover thy walls with all these pictures? Where on earth didst thou get them?"

22. Then Friend West explained that all these pictures were painted by little Ben, with no better materials than red and yellow ochre and a piece of indigo, and with brushes made of the black cat's fur.

23. "Verily," said Mr. Pennington, "the boy hath wonderful faculty. Some of our friends might look upon these matters as vanity; but little Benjamin appears to have been born a painter; and Providence is wiser than we are."

24. The good merchant patted Benjamin on the head, and evidently considered him a wonderful boy. When his parents saw how much their son's performances were admired, they, no doubt, remembered the prophecy of the old Quaker preacher respecting Ben's future eminence. Yet they could not understand how he was ever to become a very great and useful man merely by making pictures.

Proph'e-sied. Foretold; predicted.

An'ces-tors. Those from whom a person descends; forefathers.

Im-per'ti-nence. Sauciness; an impudent or intrusive act.

Con-fu'sion. State of being disconcerted or -agitated; a disturbed condition.

Car'di-nal Flower. A plant which bears bright scarlet flowers.

Va'ri-e-gat-ed. Having different colors; diversified; many-colored.

Wig'wam. The hut or cabin of a North American Indian.

In-gen'ious. Skilful or prompt to invent or contrive.

Scis'sors. A kind of small shears.

Dex'ter-ous-ly. Skilfully; expertly.

O'chre (o'kur). A kind of colored clay.

Ev'i-dent-ly. Clearly; manifestly.

Proph'e-cy. A foretelling; prediction; that which is foretold.

XXXIX.—MEMOIR OF BENJAMIN WEST.

PART II.

ONE evening, shortly after Mr. Pennington's return to Philadelphia, a package arrived at Springfield directed to our little friend Ben.

2. "What can it possibly be," thought Ben, when it was put into his hands. "Who can have sent me such a great square package as this?"

3. On taking off the thick brown paper which enveloped it, behold, there was a paint-box, with a great many cakes of paint, and brushes of various sizes. It was the gift of good Mr. Pennington.

4. There were likewise several squares of canvas, such as artists use for painting pictures upon, and, in addition to all these treasures, some beautiful engravings of landscapes. These were the first pictures that Ben had ever seen, except those of his own drawing.

5. What a joyful evening was this for the little artist! At bedtime he put the paint-box under his pillow, and got hardly a wink of sleep; for, all night long, his fancy was painting pictures in the darkness.

6. In the morning he hurried to the garret, and was seen no more till the dinner hour; nor did he give himself time to eat more than a mouthful or two of food before he hurried back to the garret again. The next day, and the next, he was just as busy as ever; until at last his mother thought it time to ascertain what he was about. She accordingly followed him to the garret.

7. On opening the door, the first object that presented itself to her eyes was our friend Benjamin, giving the last touches to a beautiful picture. He had copied portions

of two of the engravings, and made one picture out of both, with such admirable skill that it was far more beautiful than the originals. The grass, the trees, the water, the sky, and the houses were all painted in their proper colors. There, too, were the sunshine and the shadow, looking as natural as life.

8. "My dear child, thou hast done wonders!" cried his mother.

9. The good lady was in an ecstasy of delight. And well might she be proud of her boy; for there were touches in this picture which old artists, who had spent a lifetime in the business, need not have been ashamed of. Many a year afterwards, this wonderful production was exhibited at the Royal Academy in London.

10. Well, time went on, and Benjamin continued to draw and paint pictures, until he had now reached the age when it was proper that he should choose a business for life. His father and mother were in considerable perplexity about him. According to the ideas of the Quakers, it is not right for people to spend their lives in occupations that are of no real and sensible advantage to the world.

11. Now, what advantage could the world expect from Benjamin's pictures? This was a difficult question; and, in order to set their minds at rest, his parents determined to consult the preachers and wise men of their society. Accordingly, they all assembled in the meeting-house, and discussed the matter.

12. Finally, they came to a very wise decision. It seemed so evident that Providence had created Benjamin to be a painter, and had given him abilities which would be thrown away in any other business, that the Quakers resolved not to oppose his inclination. They even ac-

knowledged that the sight of a beautiful picture might convey instruction to the mind, and might benefit the heart as much as a good book or a wise discourse.

13. They therefore committed the youth to the direction of God, being well assured that He best knew what was his proper sphere of usefulness. The old men laid their hands upon Benjamin's head and gave him their blessing, and the women kissed him affectionately.

14. So our friend Benjamin left the dwelling of his parents, and his native woods and streams, and the good Quakers of Springfield, and the Indians who had given him his first colors; he left all the places and persons that he had hitherto known, and returned to them no more. He went first to Philadelphia, and afterwards to Europe. Here he was noticed by many great people, but retained all the sobriety and simplicity which he had learned among the Quakers.

15. When he was twenty-five years old he went to London, and established himself there as an artist. In due course of time, he acquired great fame by his pictures, and was made chief painter to King George III., and president of the Royal Academy of Arts. When the Quakers of Pennsylvania heard of his success, they felt that the prophecy of the old preacher as to little Ben's future eminence was now accomplished.

16. It is true they shook their heads at his pictures of battle and bloodshed, such as the Death of Wolfe, thinking that these terrible scenes should not be held up to the admiration of the world. But they approved of the great paintings in which he represented the miracles and sufferings of the Redeemer of mankind.

17. He likewise painted a magnificent picture of Christ Healing the Sick, which he gave to the hospital at

Philadelphia. It was exhibited to the public, and produced so much profit that the hospital was enlarged so as to accommodate thirty more patients. If Benjamin West had done no other good deed than this, yet it would have been enough to entitle him to an honorable remembrance forever. At this very day there are thirty poor people in the hospital, who owe all their comforts to that same picture.

18. We shall mention only a single incident more. The picture of Christ Healing the Sick was exhibited at the Royal Academy in London, where it covered a vast space, and displayed a multitude of figures as large as life. On the wall, close beside this admirable picture, hung a small and faded landscape. It was the same that little Ben had painted, after receiving the paint-box and engravings from good Mr. Pennington.

19. He lived many years in peace and honor, and died in 1820, at the age of eighty-two. The story of his life is almost as wonderful as a fairy tale; for there are few stranger transformations than that of a little unknown Quaker boy, in the wilds of America, into the most distinguished English painter of his day.

20. Let us each make the best use of our natural abilities, as Benjamin West did; and, with the blessing of Providence, we shall arrive at some good end. As for fame, it matters but little whether we acquire it or not.

En-vel'oped. Covered on all sides; inwrapped; infolded.

As-cer-tain'. Make certain; find out; learn

Dis-cussed'. Reasoned upon; debated; argued.

In-cli-na'tion. A leaning; bent; propensity; preference.

As-sured'. Made certain or sure; confident.

Re-tained'. Kept; preserved.

So-bri'e-ty. Soberness; sedateness; gravity.

Mir'a-cle. An act or event which deviates from the established laws of nature.

Ac-com'mo-date. Furnish with what is needed.

Trans-for-ma'tion. Change of form or substance.

XL.—IN SIGHT OF LAND.

CHARLES MACKAY.

ALL.

Land ! land ! land !

FIRST VOICE.

The dangers of the deep are past,
We're drawing near our home at last,
We see its outline on the sky,
And join the sailors' welcome cry, —

ALL.

Land ! land ! land !

SECOND VOICE.

O, joyful thought for weary men,
To tread the solid earth again !

THIRD VOICE.

And hark ! the church-bells pealing clear
From spire and turret looming near,

SECOND AND THIRD VOICES.

As if they rang so loud and free
To bid us welcome o'er the sea.

ALL.

Land ! land ! land !

FOURTH VOICE.

The cry makes every heart rejoice ;
Is this the country of our choice ?
Is this the long-sought happy soil,
Where plenty spreads the board of toil ?

ALL.

Land ! land ! land !

FIFTH VOICE.

How gladly through its paths we'll tread,
 With bounding step, uplifted head,
 And through its wilds and forests roam,
 To clear our farms, to build our home ;
 And sleep at night, and never dread
 That morn shall see us wanting bread.

ALL.

Land ! land ! land !

SIXTH VOICE.

We've passed together o'er the sea ;
 In storm and sunshine, comrades we ;
 But ere we part we'll gather round,
 And shout with one accord the sound, —

ALL.

Land ! land ! land !

SEVENTH VOICE.

The land of rivers broad and deep ;
 The land where he who sows may reap ;
 The land where, if we ploughmen will,
 We may possess the fields we till :
 So gather all, and shout once more, —

ALL.

The land ! the land ! Hurrah for shore !

Tur'ret. A slender, tall tower or eminence.

Loom'ing. Appearing large at sea.

Roam. Wander about ; ramble

Ac-cord'. Consent ; union.

Till. Cultivate.

XII.—THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH.

LONGFELLOW.

1. **U**NDER a spreading chestnut-tree
The village smithy stands ;
The smith, a mighty man is he,
With large and sinewy hands,
And the muscles of his brawny arms
Are strong as iron bands.
2. His hair is crisp and black and long ;
His face is like the tan ;
His brow is wet with honest sweat ;
He earns whate'er he can,
And looks the whole world in the face,
For he owes not any man.
3. Week in, week out, from morn till night,
You can hear his bellows blow ;
You can hear him swing his heavy sledge
With measured beat and slow,
Like a sexton ringing the village bell,
When the evening sun is low.
4. And children coming home from school
Look in at the open door ;
They love to see the flaming forge,
And hear the bellows roar ;
To see the burning sparks that fly
Like chaff from the threshing-floor.
5. He goes on Sunday to the church,
And sits among his boys ;
He hears the parson pray and preach ;
He hears his daughter's voice

Singing in the village choir,
And it makes his heart rejoice.

6. It sounds to him like her mother's voice
Singing in paradise !
He needs must think of her once more,
How in the grave she lies ;
And with his hard, rough hand he wipes
A tear out of his eyes.
7. Toiling, rejoicing, sorrowing,
Onward through life he goes ;
Each morning sees some task begun,
Each evening sees its close ;
Something attempted, something done,
Has earned a night's repose.

Smith'y. The shop of a smith.

Sin'ew-y (sîn'nu-e). Strong ; powerful ; muscular.

Sledge. A large hammer.

Sex'ton. An officer of a church, whose duty it is to take care of the building, etc., and sometimes to dig graves.

Flam'ing. Blazing.

Forge. A furnace in which iron is heated so as to be hammered and shaped.

Choir (kwîr). A band of singers in church service.

Par'a-dise. A place of bliss ; heaven.

At-tempt'ed. Tried ; undertaken.

XLII. — THE CHILDREN'S GARDENS.

MISS ALCOTT.

THE gardens did well that summer, and in September the little crops were gathered in with much rejoicing. Jack and Ned joined their farms and raised potatoes, those being a good salable article.

2. They gathered twelve bushels, counting little ones and all, and sold them to Mr. Bhaer at a fair price.

3. Emil and Franz devoted themselves to corn, and had a jolly little husking in the barn, after which they took their corn to the mill, and came proudly home with meal enough to supply the family with hasty-pudding and Johnny-cake for a long time.

4. They would not take money for their crop ; because, as Franz said, "We never can pay Uncle for all he has done for us if we raise corn for the rest of our days."

5. Nat had beans in such abundance that he despaired of ever shelling them, till Mrs. Jo proposed a new way, which succeeded admirably. The dry pods were spread upon the barn floor, Nat fiddled, and the boys danced quadrilles on them, till they were threshed out with much merriment and very little labor.

6. Tommy's six weeks' beans were a failure ; for a dry spell early in the season hurt them, because he gave them no water ; and after that he was so sure that they could take care of themselves, he let the poor things struggle with bugs and weeds till they were exhausted, and died a lingering death.

7. So Tommy had to dig his farm over again, and plant peas. But they were late ; the birds ate many ; the bushes, not being firmly planted, blew down, and when the poor peas came at last, no one cared for them, as their day was over, and spring lamb had grown into mutton.

8. Tommy consoled himself with a charitable effort ; for he transplanted all the thistles he could find, and tended them carefully for Toby, who was fond of the prickly delicacy, and had eaten all he could find on the place.

9. The boys had great fun over Tom's thistle-bed ; but he insisted that it was better to care for poor Toby than

for himself, and declared that he would devote his entire farm next year to thistles, worms, and snails, that Demi's turtles and Nat's pet owl might have the food they loved, as well as the donkey. So like shiftless, kind-hearted, happy-go-lucky Tommy!

10. Demi had supplied his grandmother with lettuce all summer, and in the autumn sent his grandfather a basket of turnips, each one scrubbed up till it looked like a great white egg. His grandma was fond of salad, and one of his grandpa's favorite quotations was, —

“Lucullus, whom frugality could charm,
Ate roasted turnips at the Sabine farm.”

Therefore these vegetable offerings were affectionate, appropriate, and classical.

11. Daisy had nothing but flowers in her little plot, and it bloomed all summer long with a succession of gay or fragrant posies. She was very fond of her garden, and delved away in it at all hours, watching over her roses and pansies, sweet-peas and mignonette, as faithfully and tenderly as she watched over her dolls or her friends.

12. Little nosegays were sent into town on all occasions, and certain vases about the house were her especial care.

13. She had all sorts of pretty fancies about her flowers, and loved to tell the children the story of the pansy, and show them how the step-mother leaf sat up in her green chair in purple and gold.

14. She told how the two children in gay yellow had each its little seat, while the step-children, in dull colors, both sat on one small stool, and the poor little father, in his red nightcap, was kept out of sight in the middle of the flower; that a monk's dark face looked out of the monk's-hood larkspur; that the flowers of the canary-

vine were so like dainty birds fluttering their yellow wings, that one almost expected to see them fly away.

15. Splendid dollies did she make out of scarlet and white poppies, with ruffled robes tied round the waist with grass-blade sashes, and astonishing hats of coreopsis on their green heads.

16. Pea-pod boats, with rose-leaf sails, received these flower people, and floated them about a placid pool in the most charming style; for, finding that there were no elves, Daisy made her own, and loved the fanciful little friends who played their parts in her summer life.

John'ny-oake. A cake made of Indian meal.

Qua-drille' (ka-dril'). A kind of dance in which there are four couples in a set.

Con-soled'. Comforted; cheered.

Ap-pro'pri-ate. Suitable; fit.

Trans-plant'ed. Removed and planted in another place.

Fru-gal'i-ty. Proper care in avoiding expense; prudent economy.

Delved. Dug.

Plac'id. Calm; tranquil.

Elves. Fairies.

XLIIL.—GOOD LUCK AND BAD LUCK.

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

TO impart the secret of what is called good and bad luck is not a difficult task. There are men who, supposing Providence to have an implacable spite against them, bemoan, in the poverty of a wretched old age, the misfortunes of their lives. Luck forever ran against them, and for others.

2. One, with a good profession, lost his luck in the river, where he idled away his time in fishing, when he ought to have been in his office. Another, with a good trade, perpetually burnt up his luck by his hot temper,

which provoked all his employers to leave him. Another, with a lucrative business, lost his luck by amazing diligence in everything but his business.

3. Another, who steadily followed his trade, as steadily followed his bottle. Another, who was honest and constant at his work, erred by perpetual misjudgment; he lacked discretion. Hundreds lose their luck by indorsing, by sanguine speculations, by fraudulent men, and by dishonest gains.

4. I never knew an early-rising, hard-working, prudent man, careful of his earnings, and strictly honest, who complained of bad luck. A good character, good habits, and iron industry are impregnable to the assaults of all the ill luck that ever fools dreamed of.

5. When I see a tatterdemalion, creeping out of a grocery late in the afternoon with his hands stuck into his pockets, the rim of his hat turned up and crown knocked in, I know he has had bad luck; for the worst of all luck is to be a tippler, a knave, or a sluggard.

Im-part'. Make known; tell.

Im-pla'ca-ble. Constant in enmity; cruel.

Be-moan'. Lament; moan over.

Pro-fes'sion. The act of professing or openly declaring; occupation; business; employment.

Lu'cra-tive. Profitable; bringing money.

A-maz'ing. Wonderful; astonishing.

Lacked. Was destitute of; needed.

San'guine. Inclined to expect much.

Fraud'u-lent. Full of fraud; deceitful.

Im-preg'na-ble. That cannot be taken by assault; secure from capture.

Tat-ter-de-mal'ion (mäl'yun). A ragged fellow.

Knave. Villain; scoundrel.

Slug'gard. A lazy, idle, sleepy fellow; an idler.

XLIV.—THE BURGOMASTER GULL.

CELIA THAXTER.

1. **T**HE old-wives sit on the heaving brine,
White-breasted in the sun,
Preening and smoothing their feathers fine,
And scolding every one.
2. The snowy kittiwakes overhead,
With beautiful beaks of gold,
And wings of delicate gray outspread,
Float listening while they scold.
3. And a foolish guillemot, swimming by,
Though heavy and clumsy and dull,
Joins in with a will when he hears their cry
'Gainst the Burgomaster Gull.
4. For every sea-bird, far and near,
With an atom of brains in its skull,
Knows plenty of reasons for hate and fear
Of the Burgomaster Gull.
5. The black ducks gather, with plumes so rich,
And the coots in twinkling lines ;
And the swift and slender water-witch,
Whose neck like silver shines ;
6. Big eider-ducks, with their caps pale green
And their salmon-colored vests ;
And gay mergansers, sailing between,
With their long and glittering crests.
7. But the loon aloof on the outer edge
Of the noisy meeting keeps,
And laughs to watch them behind the ledge
Where the lazy breakers sweep.

8. They scream and wheel, and dive and fret,
And flutter in the foam ;
And fish and mussels blue they get
To feed their young at home :



9. Till, hurrying in, the little auk
Brings tidings that benumbs,
And stops at once their clamorous talk, —
“The Burgomaster comes !”

10. And up he sails ! a splendid sight,
 With " wings like banners " wide,
And eager eyes, both big and bright,
 That peer on every side.
11. A lovely kittiwake flying past,
 With a slippery pollock fine,
Quoth the Burgomaster, " Not so fast,
 My beauty ! This is mine ! "
12. His strong wing strikes with a dizzying shock ;
 Poor kittiwake, shrieking, flees ;
His booty he takes to the nearest rock,
 To devour it at his ease.
13. The scared birds scatter to left and right,
 But the bold buccaneer, in his glee,
Cares little enough for their woe and their fright, —
 " 'T will be *your* turn next ! " cries he.
14. He sees not, hidden behind the rock,
 In the sea-weed, a small boat's hull,
Nor dreams he the gunners have spared the flock
 For the Burgomaster Gull.
15. So proudly his dusky wings are spread,
 And he launches out on the breeze, —
When lo ! what thunder of wrath and dread !
 What deadly pangs are these !
16. The red blood drips and the feathers fly,
 Down drop the pinions wide ;
The robber-chief, with a bitter cry,
 Falls headlong in the tide !
17. They bear him off with laugh and shout ;
 The wary birds return, —
From the clove-brown feathers that float about
 The glorious news they learn.

18. Then such a tumult fills the place
 As never was sung or said ;
 And all cry, wild with joy, "The base,
 Bad Burgomaster's dead !"
19. And the old-wives sit with their caps so white,
 And their pretty beaks so red,
 And swing on the billows, and scream with deligit ;
 For the Burgomaster's dead !

Old-wives. A local name of a sea-fowl, also known as the Long-tailed Duck.

Preen'ing. Dressing their feathers.

Kit'ti-wake. A small species of gull.

Guil'le-mot. A kind of sea-fowl, which has web-feet, short wings, and is an expert diver.

Bur'go-mas-ter. One of the largest kinds of gull.

Coot. A term improperly applied to the larger sea-ducks.

Mer-gan'ser. A bird like a duck, but with a narrow, saw-like bill.

Wa'ter-witch. A name of the little

grebe, a diver, or water-bird with lobed feet.

Loon. Also called Great Northern Diver; a large water-fowl.

Auk. An Arctic bird, like a Penguin, with wings so small as to be hardly able to fly.

At'om. Anything extremely small.

A-loof. At a distance; apart.

Be-numbs'. Stupefies; paralyzes.

Clam'or-ous. Noisy; boisterous.

Peer. Peep; look narrowly.

Buc-ca-neer'. Pirate.

Base. Mean; dishonorable.

XLV. — GESLER AND WILLIAM TELL.

MORE than five hundred years ago, the country of Switzerland was under the Austrian government, and the people were treated little better than slaves. They were made to pay very heavy taxes, and to perform the most menial offices, while the Austrians governed them as with a rod of iron.

2. One of the Austrian governors, of the name of Ges-

ler,* was a very great tyrant, and did all he could to break the spirit of the Swiss people ; but it was with little success. They were fond of liberty, and were ready to make any sacrifice to obtain the blessings of freedom.

3. Gesler went so far in his tyranny, as to command his hat to be placed on a high pole in the market-place, and ordered that every Swiss who passed it should bow to it. The poor Swiss people did not like this ; but they were afraid to disobey the order, as they knew that imprisonment or death would be the consequence of their disobedience.

4. There was, however, one noble-minded man who was afraid neither of imprisonment nor death, and who refused to bow to Gesler's hat. His name was William Tell. He not only refused to bow to the hat, but incited his countrymen to throw off the Austrian yoke.

5. He was soon seized, and brought into the presence of the tyrant. William Tell was a famous bowman, and had his bow and arrows upon his person when he was seized. Gesler told him that he had forfeited his life, but proposed that he should exhibit a specimen of his skill as an archer, promising that, if he could hit an apple at a certain distance, he should be free.

6. Tell was glad to hear this, and began to have a better opinion of the governor than he deserved ; but the cruel tyrant called forward Tell's only son, a young boy, and placed the apple on his head, bidding his father shoot it off.

7. When Tell saw this, he nearly fainted, and his hand trembled so much that he could scarcely place the arrow in the string. There was, however, no alternative :

* Gessler.

he must attempt the feat or die ; but that which unnerved his arm was the fear that his skill might fail him, and that he might kill his only son.

8. His child, seeing his father's distress, sought to console him. "I am sure you will not hit me, father," said he. "I have seen you strike a bird on the wing at a great distance, and I will stand quite still."

9. The ground was now measured, and the boy was placed against the tree. It is impossible to understand what the unfortunate Tell felt as he prepared to shoot. Twice he levelled his arrow, but dropped it again. His eyes were so blinded by his tears, that he could scarcely see the apple. At length he summoned up all his courage, he dashed the tears from his eyes, and bent his bow. Away went the arrow, and, piercing the apple, cut it in two, and imbedded itself in the tree !

10. The spectators, who had been breathlessly watching the result, shouted and applauded. Tell was taken to Gesler, who was about to set him free, when he observed another arrow sticking under his girdle. "Ha !" said he, "another arrow ! Why that concealed weapon ?"

11. "It was destined for *you*," replied Tell, "if I had killed my son."

12. For this daring threat Tell was again seized by the tyrant's soldiers, and was hurried away to be put to death. But being a strong and resolute man, he made his escape, and, fleeing into the mountains, incited the people to throw off the tyrant's yoke. They accordingly took up arms, and made Tell their leader.

13. Not long after Tell was again captured, and put into a boat with Gesler and his men, to be carried across one of the lakes. A violent storm arose, and Gesler, knowing that Tell was a bold and expert sailor, ordered

his men to release him from his chains, that he might guide the boat safely through the storm.

14. No sooner did Tell take the command than he steered the boat toward the shore. As soon as it reached the rock, he leaped out, before any one else could land, and, snatching a concealed arrow from his person, took aim at the tyrant, and shot him dead where he sat. After this Tell roused the people again. After a long war they gained their freedom, and Switzerland is a free country to this day.

Me'ni-al. That pertains to servants; servile; mean.

Sac'ri-fice (-fiz). A giving up or loss of something valuable for the sake of something else; an act of great self-denial.

Tyr'an-ny. The sway of a tyrant; despotic or cruel rule.

Im-pris'on-ment (-priz'zn-). Act of putting into a prison, or the state of being in a prison.

Dis-o-be'di-ence. Neglect or refusal to obey.

For'feit-ed. Lost by some fault or offence.

Al-ter'na-tive. A choice of two things.

Un-fort'u-nate. Unlucky; unhappy.

Cour'age. Bravery; boldness.

Ap-plaud'ed. Praised by clapping the hands, shouting, etc.

XLVI. — THE ALLEGORY OF WINTER AND SPRING.

This lesson is taken from a book called "Winter Studies and Summer Rambles in Canada," by MRS. JAMESON. It was taken down from the lips of an Indian-woman and translated by her daughter.

A MAN from the north, gray-haired, leaning on his staff, went roving over all countries. Looking around him one day, after having travelled without any intermission for four moons, he sought out a spot on which to recline and rest himself.

2. He had not been long seated, before he saw before him a young man, very beautiful in his appearance, with red cheeks, sparkling eyes, and his hair covered with flowers; and from between his lips he blew a breath that was as sweet as the wild rose.

3. Said the old man to him, as he leaned upon his staff, his white beard reaching down upon his breast, "Let us repose here awhile, and converse a little. But first we will build up a fire, and we will bring together much wood, for it will be needed to keep us warm."

4. The fire was made, and they took their seats by it, and began to converse, each telling the other where he came from, and what had befallen him by the way.

5. Presently the young man felt cold. He looked round him to see what had produced this change, and pressed his hands against his cheeks to keep them warm.

6. The old man spoke, and said, "When I wish to cross a river, I breathe upon it and make it hard, and walk over upon its surface. I have only to speak, and bid the waters be still, and touch them with my finger, and they become hard as stone. The tread of my foot makes soft things hard, and my power is boundless."

7. The young man, feeling every moment still colder, and growing tired of the old man's boasting, and the morning being nigh, as he perceived by the reddening east, thus began, —

8. "Now, my father, I wish to speak."

9. "Speak," said the old man; "my ear, though it be old, is open, — it can hear."

10. "Then," said the young man, "I also go over all the earth. I have seen it covered with snow, and the waters I have seen hard as stone: but I have only passed over them, and the snow has melted; the mountain

streams have begun to flow, the rivers to move, the ice to melt : the earth has become green under my tread, the flowers blossomed, the birds were joyful, and all the power of which you boast vanished away ! ”

11. The old man drew a deep sigh, and, shaking his head, he said, “ I know thee ; thou art Spring ! ”

12. “ True,” said the young man, “ and here behold my head, — see it crowned with flowers ! and my cheeks how they bloom, — come near and touch me. Thou art Winter ! I know thy power is great ; but, father, thou darest not come to my country, — thy beard would fall off, and all thy strength would fail, and thou wouldst die ! ”

13. The old man felt this truth ; for, before the morning was come, he was seen vanishing away : but each, before they parted, expressed a hope that they might meet again before many moons.

Rov'ing. Rambling ; wandering.
In-ter-mis'sion. Pause ; rest.

Be-fall'en. Happened to.
Van'ished. Disappeared.



XLVII. — THE RIVER.

1. **A** MID the rushes green and slight,
Beneath the willows tall and strong,
Wave after wave so fast and bright,
The river runs along.
2. The winter comes with icy blast,
The summer brings her scorching suns,
Day after day has come and passed,
And still the river runs.

3. I see it flow ; away, away,
 Along the same broad, even track,
The waves sweep onward, night and day,
 But never one comes back.



4. And thus it is time passes by,
 Nor ever stops for joy or pain ;
Thus years and days and moments fly,
 And never come again.
5. The shadows on the river fall,
 The wave reflects them every one,
The bending rush, the poplar tall,
 But carries with it none.
6. And every virtue, every crime,
 Our thoughts, our deeds, our feelings, cast

A shadow on the stream of time,
As it goes rushing past.

7. The wave reflecteth sky and tree,
Yet takes no color, blue or green ;
But things we 've done can never be
As though they had not been.

8. 'T was good or bad, 't was right or wrong ;
And He who notes our every deed
Has caught it as it swept along,
And marked it for its meed.

9. Then as we watch the river flow,
Think we how time doth ever glide,
And pray we that our lives may throw
Bright shadows on the tide.

Track. lath ; course.

Re-flects' Turns or casts back.

Notes. Marks ; observes.

Meed. Reward ; recompense.



XLVIII. — THE GENEROUS REVENGE.

EVENINGS AT HOME.

AT the period when the Republic of Genoa was divided between the factions of the nobles and the people, Uberto, a man of low origin, but of an elevated mind and superior talents, and enriched by commerce, having raised himself to be head of the popular party, maintained for a considerable time a democratical form of government.

2. The nobles at length, uniting all their efforts, succeeded in subverting this state of things, and regained their former supremacy. They used their victory with

considerable rigor; and in particular, having imprisoned Uberto, proceeded against him as a traitor, and thought they displayed sufficient lenity in passing a sentence upon him of perpetual banishment, and the confiscation of all his property.

3. Adorno, who was then possessed of the first magistracy, — a man haughty in temper, and proud of ancient nobility, though otherwise not void of generous sentiments, — in pronouncing the sentence on Uberto, aggravated its severity by the insolent terms in which he conveyed it. “You,” said he, — “you, the son of a base mechanic, who have dared to trample upon the nobles of Genoa, — you, by their clemency, are doomed only to shrink again into the nothing whence you sprung.”

4. Uberto received his condemnation with respectful submission to the court; yet, stung by the manner in which it was expressed, he could not forbear saying to Adorno, that perhaps he might hereafter find cause to repent the language he had used to a man capable of sentiments as elevated as his own. He then made his obeisance, and retired; and, after taking leave of his friends, embarked in a vessel bound for Naples, and quitted his native country without a tear.

5. He collected some debts due to him in the Neapolitan dominions, and with the wreck of his fortune went to settle on one of the islands in the Archipelago, belonging to the state of Venice. Here his industry and capacity in mercantile pursuits raised him in a course of years to greater wealth than he had possessed in his most prosperous days at Genoa; and his reputation for honor and generosity equalled his fortune.

6. Among other places which he frequently visited as a merchant was the city of Tunis, at that time in friend-

ship with the Venetians, though hostile to most of the other Italian states, and especially to Genoa. As Uberto was on a visit to one of the first men of that place, at his country house, he saw a young Christian slave at work in irons, whose appearance excited his attention.

7. The youth seemed oppressed with labor to which his delicate frame had not been accustomed; and while he leaned at intervals upon the instrument with which he was working, a sigh burst from his full heart, and a tear stole down his cheek. Uberto eyed him with tender compassion, and addressed him in Italian. The youth eagerly caught the sounds of his native tongue, and, replying to his inquiries, informed him that he was a Genoese.

8. "And what is your name, young man?" said Uberto. "You need not be afraid of confessing to *me* your birth and condition." "Alas!" he answered, "I fear my captors already suspect enough to demand a large ransom. My father is, indeed, one of the first men in Genoa. His name is Adorno, and I am his only son." "Adorno!" Uberto checked himself from uttering more aloud, but to himself he said, "Thank Heaven! then I shall be nobly revenged."

9. He took leave of the youth and immediately went to inquire after the corsair captain, who claimed a right in young Adorno, and, having found him, demanded the price of his ransom. He learned that he was considered as a captive of value, and that less than two thousand crowns would not be accepted. Uberto paid the sum; and, causing his servant to follow him with a horse and a complete suit of handsome apparel, he returned to the youth, who was working as before, and told him he was free.

10. With his own hands he took off his fetters, and

helped him to change his dress and mount on horseback. The youth was tempted to think it all a dream, and the flutter of emotion almost deprived him of the power of returning thanks to his generous benefactor. He was soon, however, convinced of the reality of his good fortune by sharing the lodging and table of Uberto.

11. After a stay of some days at Tunis, to despatch the remainder of his business, Uberto departed homewards, accompanied by young Adorno, who, by his pleasing manners, had highly ingratiated himself with him.

12. Uberto kept him some time at his house, treating him with all the respect and affection he could have shown for the son of his dearest friend. At length, having a safe opportunity of sending him to Genoa, he gave him a faithful servant for a conductor, fitted him out with every convenience, slipped a purse of gold into one hand and a letter into the other, and thus addressed him:—

13. “My dear youth, I could with much pleasure detain you longer in my humble mansion, but I feel your impatience to revisit your friends, and I am sensible that it would be cruelty to deprive them longer than necessary of the joy they will receive in recovering you. Accept this provision for your voyage, and deliver this letter to your father. *He* probably may recollect somewhat of me, though you are too young to do so. Farewell! I shall not soon forget you, and I hope you will not forget me.” Adorno poured out the effusions of a grateful and affectionate heart, and they parted with mutual tears and embraces.

14. The young man had a prosperous voyage home, and the transport with which he was again beheld by his almost heart-broken parents may more easily be con-

ceived than described. After learning that he had been a captive in Tunis (for it was supposed that the ship in which he sailed had foundered at sea), "And to whom," said old Adorno, "am I indebted for the inestimable benefit of restoring you to my arms?" "This letter," said his son, "will inform you." He opened it, and read as follows:—

15. "That son of a vile mechanic, who told you that one day you might repent the scorn with which you treated him, has the satisfaction of seeing his prediction accomplished. For know, proud noble! that the deliverer of your only son from slavery is

"THE BANISHED UBERTO."

16. Adorno dropped the letter and covered his face with his hands, while his son was displaying, in the warmest language of gratitude, the virtues of Uberto, and the truly paternal kindness he had experienced from him.

17. As the debt could not be cancelled, Adorno resolved, if possible, to repay it. He made so powerful intercession with the other nobles, that the sentence pronounced on Uberto was reversed, and full permission given him to return to Genoa. In apprising him of this event, Adorno expressed his sense of the obligations he lay under to him, acknowledged the genuine nobleness of his character, and requested his friendship. Uberto returned to his country and closed his days in peace, with the universal esteem of his fellow-citizens.

Fac'tion. A party or a portion of a party that promotes discord or contention.

Dem-o-crat'i-cal. Pertaining to a government by the people.

Sub-vert'ing. Overturning.

Con-fis-ca'tion. Act of condemning private property to be transferred to public use.

First Mag'is-tra-cy. The office of the chief of a body of magistrates, or public civil officers.

Ag'gra-vat-ed. Made worse; enhanced in evil; heightened.

Clem'en-cy. Mildness; mercy.

Cor'sair. A pirate.

Foun'dered. Filled with water and sunk.

XLIX.—THE LANDING OF THE PILGRIM
FATHERS.

MRS. HEMANS.

The Pilgrims referred to in this poem were a company of one hundred and one persons, who landed at Plymouth, Massachusetts, December 21, 1620, and founded the first permanent settlement in New England. Their memory is reverently cherished by all the sons of New England, in every part of the country. Mrs. Hemans, though a foreigner, shows in this fine poem that she thoroughly appreciated their exalted worth.

1. **T**HE breaking waves dashed high
On a stern and rock-bound coast ;
And the woods, against a stormy sky,
Their giant branches tossed ;
2. And the heavy night hung dark,
The hills and waters o'er,
When a band of exiles moored their bark
On the wild New England shore.
3. Not as the conqueror comes,
They, the true-hearted, came,
Not with the roll of the stirring drums,
And the trumpet that sings of fame ;
4. Not as the flying come,
In silence and in fear ; —
They shook the depths of the desert's gloom
With their hymns of lofty cheer.
5. Amidst the storm they sang ;
And the stars heard, and the sea !
And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang
To the anthem of the free.

6. The ocean eagle soared
 From his nest by the white wave's foam ;
 And the rocking pines of the forest roared, —
 This was their welcome home.
7. There were men with hoary hair,
 Amidst that pilgrim band ;
 Why had they come to wither there,
 Away from their childhood's land ?
8. There was woman's fearless eye,
 Lit by her deep love's truth ;
 There was manhood's brow serenely high,
 And the fiery heart of youth.
9. What sought they thus afar?
 Bright jewels of the mine ?
 The wealth of seas, the spoils of war ?
 They sought a faith's pure shrine.
10. Ay, call it holy ground,
 The soil where first they trod !
 They have left unstained what there they found,
 Freedom to worship God !

Pil'grim. One who leaves his home
 or country on a religious account.

Ex'iles. Persons banished or driven
 from their home or country.

Moored. Made fast in a station by
 cables or ropes.

Con'quer-or. One who conquers ; a
 vanquisher.

Fame. Renown ; glory.

Hymn. A song of praise.

An'them. A divine song or hymn.

Wel'come. Greeting or kind recep-
 tion of a new-comer.

Hoar'y. White or gray with age.

With'er. Pine away ; waste.

Shrine. A case or box in which
 something sacred is placed.

Wor'ship. Adore ; to honor or ven-
 erate with religious rites.

L — CHARLES DICKENS'S LETTER TO HIS
DAUGHTER.

I WRITE this note to-day because your going away is much upon my mind, and because I want you to have a few parting words from me, to think of now and then at quiet times.

2. I need not tell you that I love you dearly, and am very, very sorry in my heart to part with you. But this life is half made up of partings, and these pains must be borne.

3. It is my comfort and my sincere conviction that you are going to try the life for which you are best fitted. I think its freedom and wildness more suited to you than any experiment in a study or office would have been; and without that training, you could have followed no other suitable occupation.

4. What you have always wanted until now, has been a set, steady, constant purpose. I therefore exhort you to persevere in a thorough determination to do whatever you have to do as well as you can do it.

5. I was not so old as you are now, when I first had to win my food, and to do it out of this determination; and I have never slackened in it since.

6. Never take a mean advantage of any one in any transaction, and never be hard upon people who are in your power.

7. Try to do to others as you would have them do to you, and do not be discouraged if they fail sometimes. It is much better for you that they should fail in obeying the greatest rule laid down by our Saviour than that you should.

8. I put a New Testament among your books for the very same reasons and with the very same hopes that

made me write an easy account of it for you, when you were a little child.

9. Because it is the best book that ever was, or will be, known in the world ; and because it teaches you the best lessons by which any human creature who tries to be truthful and faithful to duty can possibly be guided.

10. As your brothers have gone away, one by one, I have written to each such words as I am now writing to you, and have entreated them all to guide themselves by this Book, putting aside the interpretations and inventions of man. You will remember that you have never at home been harassed about religious observances or mere formalities.

11. I have always been anxious not to weary my children with such things, before they are old enough to form opinions respecting them. You will therefore understand the better that I now would most solemnly impress upon you the truth and beauty of the Christian religion, as it came from Christ himself, and the impossibility of your going far wrong, if you humbly but heartily respect it.

12. Only one thing more on this head. The more we are in earnest as to feeling it, the less we are disposed to hold forth about it. Never abandon the wholesome practice of saying your own private prayers, night and morning. I have never abandoned it myself, and I know the comfort of it.

13. I hope you will always be able to say in after life that you had a kind father. In no other way can you show your affection for him so well, or make him so happy, as by doing your duty.

Con-vic'tion. State of being convicted or convinced.

Ex-hort'. Incite by words of advice or well-meant counsel ; advise.

En-treat'ed. Besought ; implored.

In-ter-pre-ta'tions. Explanations.

Heart'i-ly. From the heart ; sincerely.

A-ban'don. Give up ; cast off.

LI.—*"CURFEW MUST NOT RING TO-NIGHT."*

ROSA A. HARTWICK.

1. **E**NGLAND'S sun, bright setting o'er the hills, so far
away,
Filled the land with misty beauty at the close of one sad
day ;
And the last rays kissed the forehead of a man and maiden
fair, —
He with step so slow and weary, she with sunny, floating
hair ;
He with bowed head, sad and thoughtful, she with lips so
cold and white,
Struggled to keep back the murmur, "Curfew must not ring
to-night."
2. "Sexton," Bessie's white lips faltered, pointing to the prison
old,
With its walls so tall and gloomy, walls so dark and damp
and cold,
"I've a lover in that prison, doomed this very night to die
At the ringing of the Curfew, and no earthly help is nigh.
Cromwell will not come till sunset"; and her face grew
strangely white
As she spoke, in husky whispers, — "Curfew must not ring
to-night."
3. "Bessie," calmly spoke the sexton, — every word pierced her
young heart
Like a thousand gleaming arrows, like a deadly poisoned
dart, —
"Long, long years I've rung the Curfew from that gloomy
shadowed tower ;
Every evening, just at sunset, it has told the twilight hour ;

I have done my duty ever, tried to do it just and right,
Now I'm old, I will not miss it ; girl, the Curfew rings to-night !”

4. Wild her eyes and pale her features, stern and white her thoughtful brow,
And within her heart's deep centre Bessie made a solemn vow ;
She had listened while the judges read, without a tear or sigh,
“ At the ringing of the Curfew — Basil Underwood must die.”
And her breath came fast and faster, and her eyes grew large and bright, —
One low murmur, scarcely spoken, — “ Curfew must not ring to-night !”
5. She with light step bounded forward, sprang within the old church-door,
Left the old man coming slowly paths he'd trod so oft before ;
Not one moment paused the maiden, but with cheek and brow aglow
Staggered up the gloomy tower where the bell swung to and fro ;
Then she climbed the slimy ladder, dark, without one ray of light,
Upward still, her pale lips saying, “ Curfew shall not ring to-night !”
6. She has reached the topmost ladder, o'er her hangs the great dark bell,
And the awful gloom beneath her, like the pathway down to hell ;
See, the ponderous tongue is swinging, 't is the hour of Curfew now, —
And the sight has chilled her bosom, stopped her breath and paled her brow.

Shall she let it ring? No, never! her eyes flash with sudden light,

As she springs and grasps it firmly, — "Curfew shall not ring to-night!"

7. Out she swung, far out; the city seemed a tiny speck below;
There, 'twixt heaven and earth suspended, as the bell swung
to and fro;

And the half-deaf sexton ringing (years he had not heard
the bell),

And he thought the twilight Curfew rang young Basil's
funeral knell;

Still the maiden clinging firmly, cheek and brow so pale
and white,

Stilled her frightened heart's wild beating, — "Curfew shall
not ring to-night!"

8. It was o'er, — the bell ceased swaying, and the maiden
stepped once more

Firmly on the damp old ladder where, for hundred years
before,

Human foot had not been planted; and what she this night
had done

Should be told long ages after, — as the rays of setting sun
Light the sky with mellow beauty, aged sires with heads of
white

Tell the children why the Curfew did not ring that one sad
night.

9. O'er the distant hills came Cromwell; Bessie saw him, and
her brow,

Lately white with sickening horror, glows with sudden
beauty now;

At his feet she told her story, showed her hands all bruised
and torn,

And her sweet young face so haggard, with a look so sad
and worn,

pose of meeting his future bride ; for their marriage was agreed upon, and the appointed day was near. One side of this mound is a naked rock, which, for thirty feet or more, is almost perpendicular. Just on the edge of this precipice is a foot-path, and by it a large, flat rock forms a convenient seat for those who would survey the valley, while a few low bushes are scattered over a part of the crest of the mound.

8. On this rock Young Eagle sat down to await the maiden's coming. In a few moments the bushes rustled near him ; and rising, as he thought, to meet her, a tomahawk flashed by his head, and the next instant he was in the arms of a strong man, and forced to the brink of the precipice. The eyes of the two met in the moonlight, and each knew then that the struggle was for life.

9. Pinioned as his arms were by the other's hold, the Young Eagle frustrated the first effort of his foe ; and then a desperate struggle followed. The grasp of the Wolf was broken ; and each, seizing his adversary by the throat with the left hand, sought his weapon with the right, — the one his knife, the other his revolver.

10. In the struggle the handle of the knife of the Wolf had been turned in his belt ; and missing it at the first grasp, ere he could recover himself, the revolver was at his breast, and a bullet through his heart. One flash of hatred from the closing eye, and the arm of the dying warrior relaxed ; and as the body sunk, the Eagle hurled it over the precipice, and in his wrath fired bullet after bullet into the lifeless frame as it rolled down.

11. The young girl, who was ascending the mound to meet her lover, heard these successive shots, and, knowing well from what source such rapid discharges alone could come, hastened on, and reached the summit just as

the fight was over. She soon brought her family to the spot, and every circumstance of the transaction showed at once the dangerous position in which the Eagle was placed. There was no witness of the combat, and no means whatever of showing that he had slain the Wolf in self-defence.

12. The number of ball-holes in the body seemed to bear evidence against him, and he knew that the friends of the Wolf would take advantage of every circumstance in order to procure his death as a murderer. He felt that death was certain if he submitted himself for trial, and therefore determined to defend himself as best he might, and await the result, as his only chance for life.

13. It is a law among the Indians that the shedding of blood may be rightfully avenged by the nearest kinsman of the slain, the murderer being allowed to defend himself as best he may. But as the friends of the deceased are at liberty to accept a ransom for the life that has been taken, a compromise is often effected, and the affair settled.

14. The Young Eagle at once formed his resolution, sustained by the advice of his friends. Completely armed, he took possession of the top of the mound, which was so shaped, that, while he himself was concealed, no one could approach him by day without being exposed to his fire. He had, besides, two devoted and skilful allies, who, together with his position, rendered him far more than a match for his single adversary, the avenger of blood, the brother of the Wolf.

15. These allies were his bride, and a large, sagacious hound, which had long been his hunting companion, and had guarded him many a night when camping on the prairies. The girl had in her veins the blood of Indian

heroes, and she quailed not. She demanded with lofty enthusiasm to be made his wife; and then, with every faculty sharpened by affection and her husband's danger, she watched, warned, and shielded him at all times with a vigilance that never failed.

Prai'rie. A large natural meadow or tract of land, mostly level, bare of trees.

Brave. An Indian warrior.

Suit'or. One who sues or entreats; *here*, one who solicits in marriage.

Weap'ons. Instruments of offence or defence; arms.

Swayed (swād). Influenced; led.

Re-volv'er. A pistol with several loading-chambers which revolve so as to be fired several times in rapid succession. Colt's revolver is so called from the inventor.

For'mi-da-ble. Exciting alarm; powerful so as to be feared.

Pin'ioned (-yund). Confined by having the wings or the arms bound to the body.

Frus'trat-ed. Rendered of no effect; foiled; baffled.

As-cend'ing. Going up.

Sum'mit. Highest point; top.

De-ceased'. One who is dead.

Com'pro-mise. An amicable agreement in which something is yielded on each side; adjustment.

Al-lies'. Those united in a common cause.

Vig'il-ance. Watchfulness; incessant care.

LIII.—AN INDIAN NARRATIVE.

PART II.

IN vain the brother of the Wolf surveyed from afar this fortress of the Eagle. It was evident that long before he could reach a point from which the young warrior could be seen, he would himself be within the range of the Eagle's rifle, without a cover of any kind.

2. Often, by night, he attempted to ascend the mound; but scarcely could he put his foot upon its base before the dog of the Eagle would give his master the alarm, and then to approach would only be to go to his own death. It was known that the Young Eagle's food could

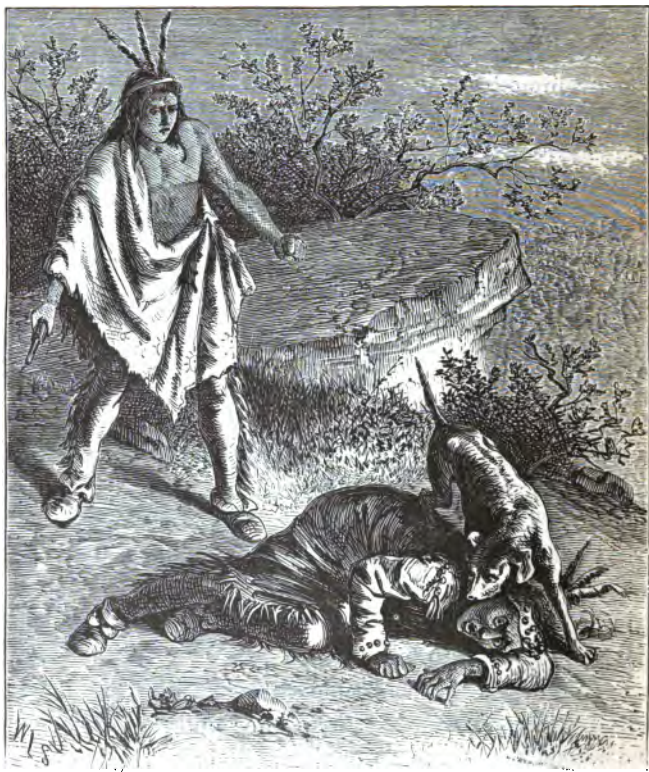
be brought to him by no one but his wife; but no one saw her form, or heard her footsteps on the mound.

3. The brother of the Wolf knew well that the Eagle's wife must supply him with food, and determined, if possible, to entrap him. He therefore studied and imitated her gait, and carefully observed her dress; and when he felt that he was perfect in his part, he arrayed himself one evening in a dress the exact counterpart of hers, with knife and tomahawk concealed beneath, and bearing some food openly before him, took, just at twilight, the common path up the mound, where he knew the mere sound of footsteps would be less likely to alarm the dog or his master; and he hoped to approach so near without suspicion, that he might by a sudden rush secure his victim.

4. His plan was skilfully executed. He imitated well the light step of the Eagle's wife; the approaching form was one familiar to the dog, and he had not caught the scent. He wagged his tail, as he lay with his eye fixed, as if he would soon bound forward with a welcome. The Eagle addressed his supposed wife in gentle tones, and bade her hasten. The avenger of blood was within ten feet of his intended victim, and thought that all was gained; when the dog, with one yell and one bound, threw himself upon him and bore him to the earth, with his jaws grappled to his throat.

5. Entangled by the female dress, and throttled by the hound, he could not draw his knife; and the Eagle, who understood the scene at a glance, deprived him of his weapons while held by the dog, and then pinioned his arms. "Now go to your friends," said the young warrior, "I crave not your blood. Your brother sought my life on this very spot, and I slew him, but only to save my own. But stay; you shall go home as a warrior should.

You have shown some skill in this." He then cut the pinions from his arms, and gave him back his weapons. They were taken in silence, and the humbled, yet grateful foe withdrew.



6. Three months thus had passed away, and negotiations were opened for a ransom. The friends in such a case agree first to treat, but do not engage to accept what may be offered for life. This is to be decided only on a

spot appointed for the ceremony, and with the shedder of blood unarmed, completely in their power, and bound by the law to make no resistance. When the parties are present, and the proposed ransom is offered, it is considered by the friends of the slain man, and if accepted all is settled; but if not, they have the right to slay the murderer on the spot, without resistance from him or his friends.

7. In this case the friends of the Wolf agreed to consider a ransom, and Young Eagle consented to abide the issue, he and his friends hoping that the sparing of the brother's life might have some influence in the decision. Besides, it was now generally believed in the tribe that the Wolf had been the aggressor.

8. At the day appointed the parties met in an open space, with hundreds present to witness the scene. The Eagle, all unarmed, was first seated on the ground, and by his side a large knife was laid down, with which he was to be slain if the ransom were not accepted. By his side sat his wife, her hand clasped in his, while the eyes even of old men were dim with tears. Over against them, and so near that the fatal knife could be easily seized, stood the family of the slain Wolf, the father at the head, by whom the question of life or death was to be settled. He seemed deeply moved, and sad rather than revengeful.

9. A red blanket was now produced, and spread upon the ground. It signified that blood had been shed which was not washed away, the crimson stain remaining. Next a blanket all of blue was laid over the red one. It expressed the hope that the blood might be washed out in heaven, and remembered no more. Last, a blanket purely white was spread over all, significant of a desire

that nowhere on earth or in heaven a stain of the blood should remain, and that everywhere, and by all, it should be forgiven and forgotten.

10. These blankets, thus spread out, were to receive the ransom. The friends of the Eagle brought goods of various kinds, and piled them high before the father of the slain. He looked at them a moment in silence, and then his glance wandered to the fatal knife.

11. The wife of the Eagle threw her arms around her husband's neck, and turned her eyes, imploringly, full upon the old man's face, without a word. He had stretched his hand toward the knife when he met that look. He paused; his fingers moved convulsively, but he did not grasp the handle. His lips quivered, and a tear moistened his eye.

12. "Father," said the brother, "he spared my life." The old man turned away. "I accept the ransom," he said; "the blood of my son is washed away. I see no stain now on the hand of the Eagle, and he shall be in the place of my son."

13. The feud was completely healed. All were at last convinced that the Eagle was not a murderer; the ransom itself was presented to his wife as a gift, and he and the avenger of blood lived afterwards as friends and brothers.

Gait. Manner of walking.

Coun'ter-part. Copy; resemblance.

Ad-dressed'. Spoke to.

Throt'tled. Seized by the throat in such a way as to choke.

Crave. Long for; desire.

Ne-go-ti-a'tion (nə-gō-shə-ā'-shun). Intercourse with another in reference to a treaty, or to any matter open for settlement.

Cer'e-mo-ny. A solemn rite or form.

Is'sue (Ish'shu). Final result.

Sig'ni-fied. Was a sign; denoted.

Ran'som. A price or sum paid for redemption from captivity, imprisonment, or punishment.

Grasp. Seize and hold.

Feud (fūd). A quarrel, — particularly one not to be satisfied but with blood.

LIV.—OUR MISSION.

THE COMMONWEALTH.

1. **I**N the sweet and sacred story
Of the Saviour among men,
We are taught by his example
How the highest bliss to gain.
2. Not by vain and selfish striving
After worldly wealth or fame,
But by walking in his footsteps
Who to raise the fallen came.
3. When the good man of Samaria
Saw the traveller on his way,
Stripped and wounded, faint and bleeding,
Passing from the light of day ;
4. Though the priest and Levite scorned him,
And in silence passed him by,
He most gladly took compassion,
Left him not alone to die ;
5. Wine nor oil nor money sparing,
Like a brother or a friend
To the inn he kindly took him,
Caring for him to the end.
6. In our beauteous, ancient city
Many weary sufferers lie ;
Shall we, like the priest and Levite,
Ever coldly pass them by ?
7. Let us go upon our mission,
Help the sick, the suffering poor ;
Let the weary, homeless wanderer
View with joy the open door.

8. As we do to these our brethren,
 E'en the least of those we see,
 May we meet His glad approval,
 "Ye have done it unto me!"

Bliss. Complete happiness; blessedness.

Inn. A house of entertainment for travellers; a public house.

Beau'te-ous. Fair; beautiful.

Ap-prov'al. Commendation; approbation.



LV. — UNJUST PREJUDICE REBUKED.

HELEN B. BOSTWICK.

The following is the closing portion of "Mrs. Walker's Betsey," a tale by Helen B. Bostwick. The story is told by "Miss Burke," a teacher in the public school of Cliff Spring. Betsey Walker, whose real name is Lizzie Hamlin, is the daughter of intemperate parents. By nature intelligent, and possessing generous impulses, she had been slighted and wrongly suspected by her schoolmates, and had just been denied permission to attend a picnic excursion by them.

SUDDENLY she stopped, and we simultaneously raised our heads and listened. We heard a deep, grinding, crashing sound, as of rocks sliding over and past each other; then a crackling, as of roots and branches twisted and wrenched from their places; then a jar, heavy and terrible, that reverberated through the forest, and made the earth quake beneath our feet, and all the leafy branches tremble above us. We knew instantly that there had been a heavy fall of rock not far from us; and, with one exclamation, we started in the direction of the sound.

2. The place was reached in a moment. An enormous mass of rock and earth, in which many small trees were growing, had fallen directly upon the railroad track, and

that, too, at a point where the stream wound nearest, and its bank made a steep descent upon the other side.

3. Dreadful as the spectacle was to me, through apprehension for the coming train, I could but notice at that moment the wonderful change in my companion. She leaped about among the rocks, shrieking and wringing her hands; she grasped the uprooted trees, tugging wildly at them, till the veins swelled in her forehead, and her flying hair looked as if every separate fibre writhed with horror.

4. I had imagined what might be the aspect of that strange little face when in terror. I now saw it, and realized what a powerful nature lay hidden in that cramped and undeveloped form.

5. This lasted but a moment. Then came to both the soberer question, What is to be done? We were the sole witnesses of the accident; and though the crash might have been heard at the village, who would think of a land slide upon the railroad?

6. Ten minutes must elapse before we could give the alarm, and in less time than that the cars were due. In that speechless, breathless moment, before my duller ear perceived it, Betsey caught the sound of the approaching train, deadened as it was by the hill that lay between us. It was advancing at great speed; rushing on,—all that freight of joyous human life,—rushing on to certain destruction, into the very jaws of death! I was utterly paralyzed. Not so was the girl.

7. "I'm going to run and yell," she said, and was off upon the instant. Screaming at the top of her voice, keeping near the edge of the bank, where she could be soonest seen from the approaching train, plunging through the underbrush, leaping over rocks, she dashed on to meet the cars.

8. I followed as I could, seemingly in a dream, wondering why I could not scream, yet incapable of making a sound; expecting every moment to fall upon the rocks, yet taking my steps with a sureness and rapidity that even then astonished me.

9. Betsey's next move was to run back to me and tear my shawl from my shoulders, — a light crape, of a bright crimson color. Then bending down a small sapling by throwing her whole weight upon it, she spread the shawl upon its top and allowed it to rebound.

10. She called me to shake the tree, which I did vigorously. It stood at an angle of the road, upon a bank which commanded a long view, and was a very appropriate place to erect a signal: then leaping upon the track, she bounded on like a deer, shouting and gesticulating with redoubled energy now that the train appeared in sight.

11. It was soon evident that the engineer was neither blind nor deaf. The brakes were speedily applied, and the engine was reversed. Still it dashed on at fearful velocity, and Betsey turned and ran back towards the obstructed place in an agony of excitement. Gradually the speed lessened, the wheels obeyed their checks, and at last came to a full stop, within a few feet of the rock.

12. Many, seeing the danger, had already leaped off; many more, terrified, and scarcely conscious of the real nature of the danger, crowded the platforms, and pushed off those before them. It was a scene of the wildest confusion, in the midst of which my heart sent up only the quivering cry of joy, "Saved, saved!"

13. Betsey had climbed half-way up the bank, and thrown herself, exhausted, upon the loose gravel, with her apron drawn over her head. I picked my way down to

the train to assist the frightened children. Mr. Price, the principal, was handing out his own three children, and teachers and pupils followed in swarms.



14. "Now, Miss Burke," said the principal, in a voice that grew strangely tremulous as he surveyed the fearful mass before him, "pray tell me who it was that gave the alarm and saved us from this dreadful fate? Was it you?"

15. I believe I never felt a glow of truer pleasure than when I answered quickly: "I had little to do with saving you, Mr. Price. I take no credit in the matter. The person to whom your thanks are due sits on the bank yonder, — Betsey Walker."

16. Every eye wandered toward the crouching figure, who, with head closely covered, appeared indifferent to everything. Mr. Price opened his portmonnaie. "Here are ten dollars," he said, "which I wish you to give the girl for myself and children. Tell her that, as a school, she will hear from us again."

17. I went to Betsey's side, put the money in her hand, and tried to make her uncover her face. But she resolutely refused to do more than peep through one of the rents in her apron, as the whole school slowly and singly defiled past her in the narrow space between the train and the bank.

18. A more crestfallen multitude I never saw. The eyes that ventured to look upon the prostrate figure, as they passed within a few feet of her, had shame and contrition in their glances. Once only she whispered, as a haughty-looking boy went past, "That's the boy that kicked over my basket."

19. The children climbed over the rocks and went to their homes, sadder and wiser for their lesson; and in twenty-four hours the track was again free from all obstruction.

20. The principal, though a man but little inclined to look for the angel side of such unprepossessing humanity as "Mrs. Walker's Betsey," had too strong a sense of justice, and too much gratitude for his children's spared lives, not to make a very affecting appeal to the assembled school on the day following.

21. A vote to consider her a member of the school, and entitled to all its privileges, met with no opposition. A card of thanks, drawn up in feeling terms, received the signature of every pupil and teacher. A purse was next made up for her by voluntary contributions. To this were added new clothes, a quantity of books, and a handsome red shawl, in which her brunette skin and nicely combed jet-black hair appeared to great advantage.

22. Betsey bore her honors meekly; and, no longer feeling that she was regarded as an intruder, came regularly to school, learned rapidly, and in her neat dress and improved manners gradually became an attractive, as she certainly was a very intelligent, child.

23. In less than a year her mother died, and her drunken step-father removed to the far West, leaving her in the protection and care of a worthy and benevolent family in Cliff Spring.

24. The privileges of school were still granted her, and amid the surroundings of comfort and refinement the change from Mrs. Walker's Betsey, to Lizzie Hamlin became still more apparent. She rapidly rose from one class to another, and is now employed as a teacher in the very school, and instructs the younger brothers and sisters of those who, ten years ago, treated her so unworthily.

Si-mul-ta'ne-ous-ly. At the same time; together.

Re-ver'ber-at-ed. Resounded.

E-nor'mous. Huge; vast; immense.

Brake. An apparatus for retarding the motion of a wheel.

Ob-struct'ed. Blocked or stopped up.

Porte-mon-naie' (pört-møn-nā'). A kind of leather purse for the pocket.

De-filed'. Marched or moved off in a line.

Crest'fal-len. Dejected; disheartened.

Con-tri'tion. Sorrow for sin; remorse.

Vol'un-ta-ry. Bestowed freely; willing.

Bru-nette'. A girl or woman with a brown or dark complexion; dark.

LVI. — NOTHING BUT LEAVES.

"He found nothing thereon but leaves." — *MATT. xxi. 19.*

1. **N**OTHING but leaves ; the spirit grieves
 Over a wasted life ;
 Sins committed while conscience slept,
 Promises made, but never kept,
 Hatred, battle, and strife, —
 Nothing but leaves !
2. Nothing but leaves ; no garnered sheaves
 Of life's fair, ripened grain ;
 Words, idle words, for earnest deeds ;
 We sow our seed, — lo ! tares and weeds ;
 We reap with toil and pain
 Nothing but leaves.
3. Nothing but leaves ; fond memory weaves
 No veil to screen the past :
 As we retrace our weary way,
 Counting each lost and misspent day,
 Sadly we find, at last,
 Nothing but leaves.
4. And shall we meet the Master so,
 Bearing our withered leaves ?
 The Saviour looks for perfect fruit ;
 We stand before him, humbled, mute,
 Waiting the word he breathes, —
 Nothing but leaves.

Grieves. Laments ; mourns.

Strife. Contention ; conflict ; discord.

Gar'nered. Stored as in a granary.

Tare. A plant or weed growing among grain.

Screen. Shelter ; conceal ; hide.

Re-trace'. Trace again ; go back in the same path or course.

Mis-spent'. Wasted.

Hum'bled. Abased ; mortified ; degraded.

Mute. Silent ; speechless ; dumb.

LVII.—THE LITTLE MATCH-GIRL

HANS ANDERSEN.

IT was terribly cold ; it snowed, and was quite dark, and it was the last evening of the year. In this cold and darkness there went along the street a poor little girl, bareheaded, and with naked feet. When she left home she had slippers on, it is true, but what good did they do her ?

2. They were very large slippers, which her mother had hitherto worn ; so large were they, that the poor little thing lost them as she shuffled, as fast as she could, across the street, to get out of the way of two carriages that rolled by at a rapid speed. One slipper was nowhere to be found ; the other had been laid hold of by an urchin, and off he ran with it.

3. So the little maiden walked on with her tiny, naked feet, that were quite red and blue from cold. She carried a quantity of matches in an old apron, and she held a bundle of them in her hand. Nobody had bought anything of her the whole livelong day ; no one had given her a single penny.

4. She crept along trembling with cold and hunger, — a very picture of sorrow, the poor little girl. The flakes of snow covered her long fair hair, which fell in beautiful curls around her neck. From all the windows the candles were gleaming, and it smelled so deliciously of roast goose, for you know it was New Year's eve.

5. In a corner formed by two houses she seated herself, and cowered as close to the walls as she could. Her little feet she had drawn close up to her, but she grew colder and colder, and to go home she did not venture,

for she had not sold any matches, and could not bring a single penny; from her father she would certainly get blows; and at home it was cold too, for above she had only the roof, through which the wind whistled, even though the largest cracks were stopped up with straw and rags.

6. Her little hands were almost numbed with cold. Oh! a match might afford her a world of comfort, if she only dared take a single one out of the bunch, draw it against the wall, and warm her fingers by it. She drew one out. "Rischt!" how it blazed, how it burned! It was a warm, bright flame, like a candle, as she held her hands over it; it was a wonderful light.

7. It seemed really to the little maiden as though she were sitting before a large iron stove with burnished brass feet and a brass ornament at top. The fire burned with such blessed influence; it warmed so delightfully! The little girl had already stretched out her feet to warm them too; but—the small flame went out, the stove vanished, she had only the remains of the burnt-out match in her hand.

8. She rubbed another against the wall; it burned brightly, and the wall where the light fell became transparent like a veil, so that she could see into the room. On the table was spread a snow-white table-cloth; upon it was a splendid porcelain service, and the roast goose was steaming freely, with its stuffing of apple and dried plums. But what was still better to behold was, the goose hopped down from the dish, reeled about on the floor with knife and fork in its breast, till it came up to the poor little girl, when—the match went out, and nothing but the thick, cold, damp wall was left behind.

9. She lighted another match. Now there she was, sitting under the Christmas-tree; it was still larger and

more decorated than that one which she had seen through the glass door in the rich merchant's house.

10. Lights were burning on the green branches; and gayly colored pictures, such as she had seen in the shop-windows, looked down upon her. The little maiden stretched out her hands towards them, when — the match went out. The lights of the Christmas-tree rose higher and higher; she saw them now as stars in heaven; one fell down and formed a long trail of fire.

11. "Some one is just dead!" said the little girl; for her old grandmother, the only person who had loved her, and who was now no more, had told her that when a star falls, a soul ascends to God. She drew another match against the wall; it was again light, and, in the lustre, there stood her grandmother, so bright and radiant, so mild, and with such an expression of love!

12. "Grandmother," cried the little one; "oh, take me with you! You go away when the match burns out; you vanish like the warm stove, like the delicious roast goose, and like the magnificent Christmas-tree!" Then she rubbed the whole bunch of matches quickly against the wall, for she wanted to be quite sure of keeping her grandmother near her.

13. The matches gave so brilliant a light that it seemed brighter than at noonday. Never formerly had the grandmother been so beautiful and so tall. She took the little maiden on her arm, and both flew in brightness and in joy high, very high, and then above was neither cold, nor hunger, nor anxiety, — they were with God.

14. But in the corner, at the cold hour of dawn, sat the little girl, with a smiling mouth, leaning against the wall, — frozen to death on the last evening of the old year. Frozen, stark sat the child there, with her matches, of which one bunch had been burned.

15. "She wanted to warm herself," people said. No one had the slightest thought that she had seen things so beautiful; no one ever dreamed of the splendor in which, with her grandmother, she had entered on the joys of a new year.

Ter'ri-bly. In a manner to cause terror; excessively.

Ur'chin. A small boy.

Live'long. Long in passing.

Gleam'ing. Darting rays of light.

De-li'cious-ly. In a manner to highly please the taste.

Cow'ered. Sank down with bended knees; crouched.

Vent'ure Dare; have courage.

Bur'nished (-nışt). Polished; shining; glossy.

Or'na-ment. Something which adorns.

Por'ce-lain. A fine kind of earthenware; China-ware.

Ser'vice. The labor or duty of one who serves; *here*, a set of dishes used at table.

Dec'o-rat-ed. Adorned; beautified; ornamented.

Ex-pres'sion (eks-prësh'un). Appearance of the countenance; look; aspect.

Stark. Stiff; rigid.

Thought (thâwt). Idea; notion.

Splen'dor. Grandeur; brilliancy.

LVIII. — BUGLE-SONG.

TENNYSON.

1ST VOICE. **T**HE splendor falls on castle-walls,
And snowy summits old in story;
The long light shakes across the lakes,
And the wild cataract leaps in glory.

ALL. Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying;

2D VOICE. Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

1ST VOICE. O, hark, O, hear! how thin and clear,
And thinner, clearer, farther going;
O, sweet and far, from cliff and scar,
The horns of Elfland faintly blowing!

ALL. Blow, let us hear the purple glens replying;

2D VOICE. Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

1ST VOICE. O love, they die in yon rich sky,
 They faint on hill or field or river ;
 Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
 And grow forever and forever.

ALL. Blow, bugle, blow ; set the wild echoes flying,
 2D VOICE. And answer, echoes, answer, dying, dying, dying.

Scar. A bare, broken place on the side of a mountain.	Ech'o. A sound reflected from a dis- tant surface and repeated to the ear.
Elf'land. Fairy-land.	



LIX. — THE TEA-PARTY OF 1773.

PART I.

THE relations between the mother country and the thirteen North American Colonies had generally been of a friendly character until about the year 1765. There had, indeed, been some cases in which the colonists had cause to complain, but these had been few.

2. The several settlements were poor, feeble, and dependent, and Great Britain had had nothing to fear from their power and nothing to gain from their wealth.

3. These relations gradually changed. The Colonies advanced in population ; towns sprung up, and thrift and industry began to be followed by prosperity and wealth. Then, for the first time, the British government sought to set up claims and to enforce demands which the Colonies steadfastly and indignantly resisted.

4. The American Colonies already had their own government and their own system of taxation. They had no voice in the Parliament of Great Britain, and therefore denied the right of that Parliament to tax them without their own consent.

5. The first aggressive measure was the Stamp Act, passed in 1765. This enactment was so unproductive, and occasioned so much angry feeling, that it was soon repealed.

6. But the English government was far from giving up the right it claimed to tax the Colonies, and in 1767 established Colonial Boards of Customs. The establishment of these custom-houses, and the collection of duties on imports, continued, for several years, to be an increasing source of disagreement.

7. In 1767 an act was passed by Parliament, establishing duties on tea, glass, and other articles shipped from England to America. At this new attack upon their rights the colonists were highly indignant, and formed associations binding the members not to use any imported articles thus taxed.

8. So loud were the complaints against these taxes that in 1770 the law was modified, and all the duties abolished except the tax on tea.

9. This was an article of luxury, and by a designing cunning on the part of the government it was sold in America at a less price than in England. It was therefore supposed that this tax would be submitted to without much opposition. In this expectation they were disappointed. It was the principle the Colonies opposed, not the price.

10. The women in the different Colonies formed associations, and entered into agreements not to use any teas until they were admitted free from the odious imposts. Secret associations, calling themselves Sons of Liberty, were also organized, with the avowed object of resistance to this tax.

11. A large number of Boston merchants entered into

an agreement neither to import from Great Britain, nor to purchase if imported by others, until all duties were repealed, any kind of merchandise, excepting a few articles necessary for the fisheries.

12. As our merchants would neither buy, import, nor sell any taxed articles, the London merchants sought and obtained authority to send a quantity of tea to Boston on commission, and a few Boston merchants were appointed consignees to receive and to sell the same.

13. This news reached Boston in October, and created the most intense excitement. All declared that a crisis had come that must be met, or the rights and freedom of the Colonies would be at an end. Large and excited meetings were held, protesting against the obnoxious tea-tax, and the commissioners were exhorted to resign their trust.

14. Cost what it might, no tea should be landed; for thereby would be established the subjection of the people to laws in the enacting of which they had had no voice. Fetters would be fastened on their free limbs. But neither did these public meetings nor the strong resolutions therein passed succeed in influencing the consignees. They were unyielding, and refused to give up their privileges.

15. The refusal of the consignees to comply with the wishes of the inhabitants created a feeling of intense indignation. A public meeting was called, over which John Hancock presided, and their course was severely condemned; but all to no effect.

16. The excitement was renewed soon after, in consequence of the arrival from England of Mr. Clarke, a son of one of the commissioners. A committee of citizens waited upon him and his father, and an angry remon-

strance took place, ending in an attack upon their dwelling-house by a mob.

17. The commissioners then placed themselves under the protection of the governor; and, not feeling satisfied with the measures taken for their security, sought shelter in Castle William, now Fort Independence, in Boston harbor.

18. On the 28th of November the Dartmouth, the first of the tea-vessels, arrived, and the excitement among the inhabitants became more intense than ever. A public meeting was held at Faneuil Hall, which, for want of room, adjourned to the Old South Church.

19. The meeting was conducted with great decorum, but with evidences of a very firm determination that the teas should not be landed. The commissioners also promised that no tea should be sent on shore until they had received advices from England.

20. At this stage of the proceedings Governor Hutchinson issued a proclamation denouncing these meetings as seditious, and commanding the people to "surcease" from their opposition to the landing of the tea. This the citizens at an adjourned meeting unanimously voted that they would not do.

21. Captain Hall, master of the Dartmouth, as well as the proprietors of the other vessels, whose arrival with cargoes of tea was momentarily expected, all solemnly assured the citizens that no attempt should be made to land any of the cargoes. For the sake of greater security, an extra watch of citizens was appointed to see that this agreement was kept, and, at any attempt of evasion, to cause all the alarm-bells of the town to be rung.

22. On the 1st and 3d of December the other vessels arrived with their cargoes of tea, and the officers of these

vessels were immediately waited upon by the citizens and ordered to see that no portion of their cargoes was permitted to be landed.

Thrift. The state of prospering ; prosperity ; frugality.

Ag-gres'sive. Making the first attack ; beginning a quarrel.

Im'post. A rate imposed ; tax ; duty.

Tax. A sum imposed or levied by government or other authority.

Con-sign-ees'. Persons to whom merchandise is consigned, or especially directed.

Cri'sis (cri'sis). A decisive point in any important affair.

Mob. A crowd excited to some violent or unlawful act.

Sur-cess'. To be at, or come to, an end ; to cease finally.

Pro-pri'e-tor. A possessor in his own right ; an owner.

E-va'sion. The act of evading ; equivocation ; escape.



LX. — THE TEA-PARTY OF 1773.

PART II.

ON the memorable 16th of December, 1773, the largest popular meeting that had ever been assembled in the Colonies thronged the Old South Church to overflowing. It came not only from Boston, but also from all the surrounding towns.

2. It had become very evident that the British government was determined to force a crisis upon the Colonies. It was equally evident that Governor Hutchinson was not in sympathy with the American people.

3. The spirit of the meeting was firm, determined, and unwavering. On no account should the tea be permitted to be landed. That would be a fatal termination of their struggle for their rights. Sooner than suffer any portion to be unloaded, it must all be destroyed.

4. The entire day was spent in fruitless endeavors to obtain from the governor his consent to have the tea remanded to England. Late in the afternoon the word

came that the governor not only refused to consent to the wished-for papers, but insisted that the tea should be put on shore, and at once. The meeting broke up in the midst of expressions of stern indignation on the part of some, and of despair on that of others.

5. A loud war-whoop resounded in one of the galleries of the church. This is supposed to have been a signal previously agreed upon, showing that, conciliation having failed, force must now be substituted.

6. A number of persons disguised as Mohawk Indians were seen to gather about the door of the church, and to hold a hurried consultation with Samuel Adams.

7. Later in the evening a collection of about fifty persons, all in the disguise of Indians, assembled in Purchase Street, at the head of what was then known as Griffin's Wharf, where the tea-vessels were anchored. After demanding the keys of the hatches, the men were divided into three companies, and went on board the several vessels.

8. There they proceeded to break open the tea-chests and throw their contents into the water. The party met with no opposition, and the work was accomplished in less than three hours.

9. This was the first open act of resistance to the authority of Great Britain. When we recall the comparatively feeble strength of the Colonies and the vastly superior power of England, how utterly hopeless of final success must have appeared the resistance thus begun !

10. By the blessing of Heaven and the firmness, courage, and patient endurance of our fathers, the right finally triumphed, and America became a free, independent nation.

11. The destruction of the tea was followed by the wrath of England in the shape of an edict closing the port of Boston, and known as the Boston Port Bill. It was

designed to punish that rebellious town by the destruction of its growing commerce, which had already become quite important.



12. This attack upon Boston was followed up by the sending of troops and vessels of war to overawe its rebellious people. But this only created a closer union on the part of the Colonies, and soon after led to the siege of Boston, the battles of Lexington and Bunker Hill, and to the war for independence.

13. The Boston Tea-Party was the opening scene of this great national drama, and well deserves to be held up to the study and admiration of American youth, not because of the destruction of property, not because of the resistance to law. These, when unnecessary and without the strongest justifications, are not acts worthy of approval.

14. The British tea-chests symbolized oppression and the loss of liberty. No way was open for freedom but to strike at oppression through them. The laws our fathers resisted were founded not on right, but on might and injustice, and to such laws resistance is always a duty.

15. The fifty Sons of Liberty who daringly defied the might of England did so at the peril of their lives. Happily for them there was no traitor in that noble company. All were pledged in the most solemn manner to eternal secrecy; and their continued reticence, even after all danger was passed, is the most remarkable of the many wonderful features of this patriotic league. One by one the members of the little band of heroes carried with them to the silence of the grave the secret they had sworn to keep inviolate.

16. The accounts which have been given as to the place where the patriots met to assume their disguise have been deemed conflicting. It is more probable that most of them are true, and that all did not assemble for that purpose in the same place, but met, in small parties, in different localities, to avoid exciting notice.

17. Some were openly wearing their disguise in the Old South Church at the close of that memorable meeting. Others are known to have assembled in a back room in the printing-office of Edes and Gill, in Queen Street. The rest assumed their disguises in different places, and all met by agreement on Griffin's Wharf.

18. One party met on that ever-to-be-remembered day in the humble dwelling of the writer's kinsman, — one well known to have been an active participant in the destruction of the tea.

19. The house in which they assembled was an old-fashioned wooden dwelling, with a projecting upper story, standing with its gable end to the street. It was on the northerly side of Summer, below Purchase Street, was close to the water, and not many rods from Griffin's Wharf.



20. The wife of their host aided in arraying her husband's co-patriots, and blackened their faces with burnt cork. She too bound herself by the same solemn obligations never to divulge the momentous secret. She lived to the ripe old age of ninety-four, but nothing could tempt her to betray any portion of the secrecy she had sworn to preserve inviolate forever.

21. Firm in purpose, resolute in action, determined to maintain the right, faithful to their pledges, and

invincible against any temptation to swerve from duty, were the women as well as the men of the Revolution. And in nothing is the full integrity of their character more strikingly illustrated than in their universal adherence to their promises of secrecy, when to reveal their participation would have been safe and must have often been tempting.

Mem'or-a-ble. Worthy of remembrance.

Fruit'less. Productive of no advantage; vain; useless.

Re-mand'ed. Sent or ordered back.

Con-cil-i-a'tion. Peace; agreement; reconciliation.

Sub'sti-tut-ed. Put in the place of another.

Hatch'es. Openings in the deck to afford a passage up and down; hatchways.

E'dict. A public ordinance or decree issued by a sovereign or high power; a proclamation.

Sym'bol-ized. Represented by a symbol or emblem.

O-ver-awe'. Subdue by fear.

Ret'i-cence. Concealment by silence.

League. A union or combination of individuals for some definite object.

Par-tic'i-pant. A participator or one who takes part in anything.

Ga'ble. The triangular end of a house above the eaves.

Aid'ed. Helped; assisted.

Ar-ray'ing. Dressing.

Di-vulge'. Disclose; tell; make commonly known.

Mo-men'tous. Important; weighty; of consequence.

In-vin'ci-ble. Unconquerable.

Swerve. Depart from; turn aside.

In-tag'ri-ty. Honesty; uprightness.

Strik'ing-ly. Surprisingly; impressively.

Ad-he'rence. Constancy; fidelity.

LXI.—GIVE ME YOUR HAND.

MATTHIAS BARR.

1. **C**OME, give me your hand, sir, my friend and my brother;
 If honest, why sure that's enough;
 One hand, if it's true, is as good as another,
 No matter how brawny or rough.

2. Though it toil for a living at hedges or ditches,
Or make for its owner a name,
Or fold in its grasp all the dainties of riches,
If honest I love it the same.
3. Not less in the sight of his Heavenly Maker
Is he who must toil for his bread ;
Not more in the sight of the mute undertaker
Is majesty, shrouded and dead.
4. Let none of us jeeringly scoff at his neighbor,
Or mock at his lowly birth ;
We are all of us God's. Let us earnestly labor
To better this suffering earth.

Hon'est. Honorable ; fair in dealing ; just.

Toil. Labor ; work hard.

Liv'ing. The means by which one lives ; support.

Grasp. Clasp ; embrace ; possession.

Dain'ties. Things delicious, nice, or delicate.

Un-der-tak'er. One who engages to perform any business ; one who manages funerals.

Jeer'ing-ly. Scornfully.

Scoff. Treat with mockery, ridicule, or contempt.

Low'ly. Low ; not high ; humble.

LXII. — COALS OF FIRE.

LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.

PART I.

GUY MORGAN came in with rapid step and an impetuous manner ; his mother looked up from her work. There was a round red spot in each cheek and an ominous glitter in his eyes. She knew the signs.

2. Her son's naturally fierce temper had been unusually stirred. He tossed down his cap, threw himself on an

ottoman at her feet, and exclaimed with not a little warmth in his tone, —

3. "Never say, after this, that I don't love you, mother."

4. "I think I never *did* say so," she answered, gently, as she passed her hand over the tawny locks, and brushed them away from the flushed brow. "But what special thing have you done to prove your love for me just now?"

5. "Taken a blow without returning it."

6. She bent over and kissed him where he sat.

7. He was fifteen years old, a great, tall fellow, with muscles like steel; but he had not grown above liking his mother's kisses. Then she said, softly, —

8. "Tell me all about it, Guy."

9. "Oh! it was Dick Osgood. You know what a mean fellow he is. He had been tormenting some of the younger boys till I could n't endure it. They are every one afraid of him. I told him he ought to be ashamed of himself, and tried to make him stop. After a while he turned from them, and coming to me he struck me in the face. I believe the mark is there now." He turned toward his mother the other cheek, which he had kept carefully away from her up to this time. She saw the marks clearly, and she trembled herself with sympathy and secret indignation.

10. "Well," she said, "and you — what did you do?"

11. "I remembered what I had promised you for this year, and I endured it, — think of it, mother, — and never touched him! I just looked into his eyes, and said, 'If I should strike you back, I should lower myself to your level.' He laughed a great scornful laugh, and said he, 'You hear, boys: Morgan's turned preacher. Before you lecture me on my behavior to the little ones,

you had better have pluck enough to defend them. I've heard about the last impudence I shall take from a coward like you.'

12. "The boys laughed, and some of them said, 'Good for you, Osgood!' and I came home."

13. "I endured it because of my promise to you; for I'm stronger than he is; and you know, mother, whether there's a drop of coward blood in my veins. I thought you were the one to comfort me; though it is n't comfort I want so much either. I just want you to release me from that promise, and let me go back and punish him."

14. Mrs. Morgan's heart thrilled with silent thanksgiving. Her son's temper had been her greatest anxiety. His father was dead, and she had tried in vain to curb his passionate nature. It was a power which no bands could bind.

15. She had concluded, at last, that the only hope was in enlisting his own powerful will, and making him resolve to conquer himself. Now, she thought, he has shown himself capable of self-control. In the midst of his rage he has remembered his pledge and kept it. He would yet be his own master, — this brave boy of hers.

16. "Better heap coals of fire on his head," she said, quietly.

17. "Yes, he deserves a good scorching," — perversely pretending to misunderstand her, — "but I should not have thought *you* would have been so vindictive."

18. "You know well enough what kind of coals I meant, and *who* it was that said, 'If thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink.' I cannot release you from your promise until the year for which you made it is over."

19. "Well, I promised you," he said, "and I will show you that, at least, I'm strong enough to keep my word until you release me from it."

20. Mrs. Morgan knew how "hard" it was to boy nature to be called a coward; but she knew, also, that the truest bravery on earth is that of endurance.

21. "Look out for the coals of fire," she said, smilingly, as her boy started off for school the next morning. "Keep a good watch, and I'm pretty sure you'll find them before the summer is over."

22. But he came home that night depressed and a little gloomy. He felt as if his prestige were gone. There had always been a sort of rivalry between him and Dick Osgood, and now the boys seemed to have gone over to the stronger side, and he had that feeling of humiliation and disgrace which is as bitter to a boy as the sense of defeat ever is to a man.

23. The weeks went on, and the feeling wore away a little. Still that blow, unavenged and unatoned, rankled in Guy's mind, and made him unsocial and ill at ease. His mother watched him with some anxiety, but she did not interfere. She had the true wisdom to leave him to learn some of the lessons of life alone.

Im-pet'u-ous. Violent; rushing; fierce; hasty.

Om'i-nous. Foreshowing ill.

In-dig-na'tion. Anger mingled with contempt or disgust; wrath.

Re-lease'. To set free or at liberty.

Curb. Restrain; control; check.

Vin-dic'tive. Given to revenge; revengeful.

De-pressed'. Dejected; disheartened; discouraged.

En-dur'ance. Patience; sufferance.

Pres-tige' (prës-tēj' or prës'tij). Moral influence or advantage created by past success.

Ri'val-ry. Competition.

Hu-mil-i-a'tion Mortification; descent from greatness.

Un-a-toned'. Not expiated; not answered for.

Ran'kled. Irritated; inflamed.

LXIII.—COALS OF FIRE.

LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.

PART II.

A T length came the last day of school, succeeded the next day by a picnic, in which all the pupils were to join, superintended by their teachers. Guy Morgan hesitated a little, but concluded to go. The place selected was a lovely spot, known in all the neighborhood as "the old mill." It was on the banks of the Quassit River, where the stream ran fast, and the grass on its brink was green, the great trees with drooping boughs shutting out the July sunlight.

2. Among the rest were Dick Osgood and his little sister Hetty, — the one human being whom he seemed really and tenderly to love. The teachers' eyes were on him for this one day, and he ventured neither to insult the older scholars, nor to torment the little ones. He and Guy kept apart as much as they conveniently could; and Guy entered into the spirit of the day, and really enjoyed it more than he had enjoyed anything for the past two months.

3. Dinner was spread on the grass, and nothing taken at home was ever tasted with half the zest which went to the enjoyment of these viands, eaten with pewter spoons out of crockery of every hue and kind.

4. They made dinner last as long as they could, and then they scattered here and there, — some swinging in hammocks, some lounging on the grass, and a group standing on the bridge a few rods above the falls, and playing at fishing.

5. Among these latter were Dick Osgood and his sis-

ter. Guy Morgan was at a little distance with one of the teachers, pulling in pieces a curious flower, and talking botany. Suddenly a wild cry arose above the sultry stillness of the summer afternoon and the hum of quiet voices round, — Dick Osgood's cry: "She's in, boys! Hetty's in the river, and *I* can't swim. Oh! save her, save her! — Will *no* one try?"

6. Before the words were out of his lips, they all saw Guy Morgan coming on with flying feet, — a race for life. He unbuttoned coat and vest as he ran, and cast them off as he neared the bridge. He kicked off his summer shoes, and threw himself over.

7. They heard him strike the water. He went under, rose again, and then struck out towards the golden head which rose just then for the second time. Every one who stood there lived moments which seemed like hours.

8. Mr. Sharp, the teacher with whom Guy had been talking, seized a strong rope, and, running down the stream, threw it out on the water just above the falls, where Guy could reach it if he could get so near the shore, — *if*!

9. The water was very deep where Hetty had fallen in, and the river ran fast. It was sweeping the poor child on, and her brother threw himself upon the bridge and was inconsolable with grief.

10. When she rose the third time, she was near the falls. A moment more and she would go over, down on the jagged, cruel rocks beneath. But that third time Guy Morgan caught her, — caught her by her long, glistening, golden hair. He saw the rope and swam towards it, his strong right arm beating the water back with hammer-strokes; his left motionless, holding his white burden.

11. "O God!" Mr. Sharp prayed, fervently, "keep him up, spare his strength a little longer,—a little longer!"

12. A moment more and he reached the rope, clung to it desperately, and boys and teacher drew the two in over the slippery edge, out of the seething waters, and took them in their arms, both silent, both motionless. Mr. Sharp spoke Guy's name, but he did not answer. Would either of them ever answer again?

13. Teachers and scholars went to work alike for their restoration. It was well there was intelligent guidance, or their best endeavors might have failed. Guy, being the stronger, was the first to revive.

14. "Is Hetty safe?" was his anxious question.

15. "Only God knows," Mr. Sharp answered, solemnly. "We are doing our best."

16. It was almost half an hour more before Hetty opened her pretty blue eyes. Meantime her brother had been utterly frantic and helpless. When he heard his sister's voice he was like one beside himself with joy, until Mr. Sharp quieted him by a few low, firm words, which were audible to no one else.

17. Some of the larger girls arranged one of the wagons, and, getting into it, received Hetty in their arms.

18. Mr. Sharp drove Guy Morgan home. When they reached his mother's gate, Guy insisted on going in alone. He thought it might alarm her to see some one helping him; besides, he wanted her a few moments quite to himself. So Mr. Sharp drove away, and Guy went in. His mother saw him coming, and opened the door.

19. "Where have you been?" she cried, seeing his wet, disordered plight.

20. "In Quassit River, mother, fishing out Hetty Osgood."

21. Then, while she was busying herself in preparations for his comfort, he quietly told his story. His mother's eyes were dim and her heart throbbed.

22. "Oh, if *you* had been drowned, my boy, my darling!" she cried, hugging him close, wet as he was, as if she would hold him back from all dangers forever. "If I had been there, Guy, I could not have let you do it."

23. "I went in after the coals of fire, mother."

24. Mrs. Morgan knew how to laugh with her boy, as well as how to cry over him. "I've heard of people said to be smart enough to set the river on fire," she said, "but you are the first one I ever knew who went in there after coals of fire."

25. The next morning came a delegation of the boys, with Dick Osgood at their head. Every one was there who had seen the blow which Dick struck, and had heard his taunts. They came into the sitting-room, and addressed Guy in the presence of his mother. Dick was their spokesman.

26. "I have come," he said, "to ask you to forgive me for my mean and unjustifiable conduct to you. We have all come to do honor to the bravest boy in town, and to thank you for a life a great deal dearer and better worth saving than my own."

27. Dick broke down just there, for the tears choked his utterance.

28. Guy was as truly noble in his forgiveness as he had been in his forbearance.

29. Hetty and her father and mother came afterwards, and Guy found himself quite a hero. But none of it all

moved him so much as his mother's few fond words, and the pride in her joyful eyes. He had kept with honor and with patience his pledge to her, and he had his reward.

Su-per-in-tend'ed. Overlooked ; watched over.	Sul'try. Hot and close.
Zest. That which serves to increase a pleasure or enjoyment ; relish.	Plight. Condition ; state.
Vi'ands. Food ; victuals.	Taunt. Insult ; reproach ; ridicule.
Bot'a-ny. The science which com- prehends all that relates to the vegetable kingdom.	Spokes'man. One who speaks for another.
	For-bear'ance. Command of tem- per ; patience.



LXIV.—TRUST IN GOD AND DO THE RIGHT.

NORMAN MACLEOD.

1. **C**OURAGE, brother ! do not stumble,
Though thy path be dark as night ;
There's a star to guide the humble, —
"Trust in God, and do the right."
Though the road be long and dreary,
And the goal be out of sight,
Foot it bravely, strong or weary ;
"Trust in God, and do the right."
2. Perish policy and cunning,
Perish all that fears the light ;
Whether losing, whether winning,
"Trust in God and do the right."
Fly all forms of guilty passion,
Fiends can look like angels bright ;
Heed no custom, school, or fashion ;
"Trust in God and do the right."

3. Some will hate thee, some will love thee,
 Some will flatter, some will slight ;
 Cease from man, and look above thee ;
 "Trust in God and do the right."
 Simple rule and surest guiding,
 Inward peace and shining light,
 Star upon our path abiding, —
 "Trust in God and do the right."

Goal. Post or mark set to bound a	Heed. Pay or give attention to ; re-
race ; end.	gard.
Cun'ning. Deceit ; art.	Slight. Neglect ; treat as unworthy
Win'ning. Obtaining ; gaining.	of notice.



LXV. — A DARING DEED.

EARLY in the fifteenth century the several districts of Greece were overrun and conquered by the Turks. The people, for nearly four centuries, were held in subjection, as a part of the Turkish Empire, and governed by rulers placed over them by the Sultan.

2. These viceroys were, almost without exception, bad men, tyrannical and unjust in their government; and their chief end and aim seemed to be to rob and plunder the oppressed people.

3. At length, in 1820, the Greeks rose against their oppressors, and, after a struggle, which lasted nine years, succeeded in making themselves free. The contest was marked by many acts of cruelty on the part of the Turks, and many deeds of heroic courage on the part of the Greeks.

4. By far the most atrocious act of cruelty was perpetrated in 1822, in a beautiful island called Scio, which

is seven miles distant from the coast of Asia Minor, at the entrance of the Gulf of Smyrna. This island is about thirty miles in length. Its climate is mild; its soil fertile, and its scenery varied and lovely.

5. At the beginning of the Greek Revolution the people of Scio took no part in it. They were wholly ignorant of war and the use of arms, and were all employed in farming and commerce. Many of the merchants were rich, and the inhabitants were distinguished for their intelligence and refined manners. A citadel in the principal town was occupied by a body of Turkish soldiers, whom the unarmed and peaceful islanders were powerless to resist.

6. In the spring of 1822 a small body of men, coming from the island of Samos, landed in Scio, and urged the inhabitants to rise against the Turks. Only a few obeyed the summons, but nearly all manifested no wish to revolt, well aware that the result could only be failure and disaster. But the unfortunate movement had been enough to furnish the Turks with a pretext for plunder and devastation. Accordingly, a Turkish fleet appeared off the island and landed a numerous army.

7. Then ensued a scene of blood and horror to which modern history offers no parallel. The soldiers rushed in among the defenceless people of the town, and began to kill all they found. They spared neither the old man on the verge of the grave, nor the infant at its mother's breast.

8. For hours the streets resounded with the shrieks of women and children, and the groans of the wounded and dying. A few were able to escape in boats and small vessels. Many fled into the country, but they were hunted down like wild beasts. Many thousands of women and children were sold into slavery.

9. Out of a population of about a hundred thousand there remained, in July, 1822, not more than a thousand. Everywhere there reigned the silence of death. Houses were burned or destroyed; farms and vineyards were laid waste; and this lovely island, a paradise of beauty and fertility, was changed, in a few weeks, into a dreary and desolate wilderness.

10. This atrocious and unprovoked deed of cruelty recoiled upon the heads of its guilty perpetrators. All Europe and America heard of it with horror, and sympathized with a people struggling to free themselves from the yoke of such barbarous rulers. Money, food, and munitions of war were contributed from America, and the powers of Europe at length interposed and gave freedom to Greece.

11. But in Greece itself, so far from intimidating the people and inducing them to lay down their arms, it only aroused them to a more desperate resistance against their vindictive and relentless oppressors. All preferred to die sooner than now yield to such rulers.

12. And all desired that this fearful crime should be signally avenged, and its guilty authors punished. The heroic avenger was not wanting, and speedy punishment overtook the commander of the Turkish fleet.

13. Constantine Kanaris, a gallant and skilful seaman, and one who had already distinguished himself in the naval service of Greece, was aroused to strike a daring and desperate blow against the fleet of murderers.

14. He was at that time about thirty years old, of low stature, and slender but active frame. His countenance was mild and gentle, and he was much beloved for his amiable character and goodness of heart. But his spirit was that of a hero, and fear was a stranger to his breast.

15. As soon as he received the dreadful intelligence he resolved to burn the Turkish fleet which had aided in the massacre of Scio. Accordingly, on the night of the 18th of June, 1822, two fire-ships, under his command, entered the Straits of Scio, where the Turkish vessels were at anchor, dreaming of no danger.

16. The fire-ships which Kanaris used were contrivances of his own invention, and with them he had already gained renown for himself, and had inspired terror in the hearts of the Turks. To the Turkish sailor the name of Kanaris was already a word of dread.

17. The inside of these fire-ships was daubed with pitch and sulphur, and filled with dry brushwood. Kegs of powder were placed under the hatches, and from each a train was laid, ending at the stern. The rigging was covered with tar, and the ends of the yards were armed with hooks. Thus prepared, she was run into an enemy's ship.

18. The sailors then leaped into a boat which was kept ready for that purpose. The captain fired the train, and followed them. In a few moments the fire-ship would be in a broad sheet of flame, from which the other vessel would take fire. Many Turkish vessels had already been destroyed by Kanaris and his fire-ships.

19. On the memorable night of the 18th of June, as they drew near the Turkish fleet, the sailors under his command, seeing their danger, refused to go on. Kanaris, with a stern voice, threatened to fire his pistol into a keg of powder, and blow the vessel up if they flinched. His brave spirit subdued their fears, and they proceeded.

20. The moon shone clear, and the breeze bore the fire-ships into the middle of the Turkish fleet. Kanaris, disdaining all meaner prey, approached the huge ship of



the Turkish admiral. "Keep away! keep away!" cried the guard.

21. Still the strange craft moved on, and its heroic commander, standing erect on the deck of his vessel, as if announcing their doom, said, in a clear and loud voice

that was heard throughout the Turkish fleet, "I am Kanaris."

22. A wild cry of terror followed this announcement. The sleeping Turks were roused. Hundreds rushed to the deck in confusion, and began to fire. But the strange sail rapidly approached them.

23. All his men had crouched behind the bulwarks; he alone remained standing erect as he steered his vessel full upon the admiral's ship. In a few moments his bow struck her side with a terrible shock. Instantly his own boat was lowered, and the sailors jumped into it. Kanaris touched the train, and followed their example. They then rowed rapidly away.

24. The train communicated with the combustibles, and soon the whole vessel flashed forth in one broad blaze, which seized the Turkish ship in its fiery grasp. Then ensued a scene of horror and confusion, more easily imagined than described. Nothing could be done to separate the entangled vessels.

25. All discipline ceased; orders could not be heard, or, if heard, were not obeyed. In order to escape the flames, many jumped overboard and were drowned. The sails and cordage were all in a blaze, and the fire dropping on deck lighted up everything there.

26. The admiral of the Turkish fleet, the wicked author of the bloody massacre of Scio, hastened with his officers into a boat, and, by cutting off the hands of the drowning wretches who sought to escape with him, succeeded in rowing a short distance from his burning vessel. But he was not destined to escape. The magazine blew up, his vessel was torn to fragments, and a falling mast was hurled upon his boat, and all with him were either crushed or drowned.

27. Thus did the author of one of the most fearful crimes recorded in history meet a speedy and merited punishment, and thus was one of the most daring achievements triumphantly successful. Kanaris and his crew escaped in safety, without the loss of a man, and were picked up the next morning by a Greek ship.

28. He lived to witness the independence of his native land, and to reach the good old age of fourscore years. He died in 1872, the object of universal admiration and respect. He had all the modesty of a true hero, and never seemed conscious of his own remarkable achievements.

O-ver-run'. Run or spread over; roved over in a hostile manner.	In-tim'i-dat-ing. Impressing with fear; frightening.
Sub-jec'tion. State of being under the rule of another; submission.	Stat'ure. Height of any animal, particularly of man.
Sul'tan. The title of the Turkish sovereign.	Flinched. Shrank; withdrew.
A-tro'cious. Wicked in a high degree; outrageous.	Dis-dain'ing. Despising; scorning.
Per-pe-trat'ed. Done; committed; performed.	Com-bus'ti-bles. Substances that will burn.
Cit'a-del. A fortress in or near a city.	Dis'ci-pline. Method of government; order; rule.
Re-volt'. Renounce allegiance; rebel.	O'ver-board. Off the ship; out of the ship.
Pre'text. Pretence; excuse.	Ad'mi-ral. The chief commander of a fleet.
Dev-as-ta'tion. Laying waste.	Mas'sa-cre (mäs'sä-ker). Slaughter; butchery; act of killing with malice.
En-sued'. Came after; succeeded.	Mag-a-zine' (mäg-gä-zën'). In a ship of war, a close room in the hold, where gunpowder is kept.
Par'al-lel. Anything resembling or equal to another.	Mer'it-ed. Deserved; suitable.
Verge. Brink; edge; margin.	Four'score. Four times twenty.
Vine-yard (vîne'yärd). A plantation, garden, or enclosure of grape-vines.	
Re-coiled'. Fell back; rebounded.	

LXVI. — LIVE FOR SOMETHING.

1. **L**IVE for something ; be not idle, —
 Look about thee for employ ;
 Sit not down to useless dreaming, —
 Labor is the sweetest joy.
 Folded hands are ever weary,
 Selfish hearts are never gay ;
 Life for thee hath many duties, —
 Active be, then, while you may.
2. Scatter blessings in thy pathway !
 Gentle words and cheering smiles
 Better are, than gold and silver,
 With their grief-dispelling wiles.
 As the pleasant sunshine falleth
 Ever on the grateful earth,
 So let sympathy and kindness
 Gladden well the darkened hearth.
3. Hearts there are, oppressed and weary ;
 Drop the tear of sympathy,
 Whisper words of hope and comfort,
 Give, and thy reward shall be —
 Joy unto thy soul, returning
 From this perfect fountain-head ;
 Freely as thou freely givest,
 Shall the grateful light be shed.

Dis-pell'ing. Driving away.
Sym'pa-thy. Fellow-feeling ; com-
 passion ; pity.

Op-pressed'. Crushed by heavy bur-
 dens or hardship ; overwhelmed.

LXVII.—WINTER IN THE ARCTIC REGIONS.

IN the summer of 1857 the Fox, a small vessel with auxiliary steam-power, was despatched to the Arctic regions, under the command of Captain McClintock, to make another search for Sir John Franklin and his missing vessels.

2. On September seventh the crew found themselves surrounded by ice-floes, from which it was impossible to get free. From that time until the seventeenth of April, 1858, they never moved, except at the mercy of the ice, and as they were drifted with the winds and currents. They had lost all command over the ship, and were frozen in the moving pack.

3. Preparations for the winter were now made in earnest. They had thirty large dogs beside themselves to feed, and no opportunity was lost of shooting seals. The sea-birds had all left for the southward. The bears occasionally came to look at the ship, but the sailors could not chase them, on account of the broken state of the ice.

4. Provisions were brought upon deck, sledges and travelling equipages prepared, and every arrangement made by the captain in event of being turned out of the ship. As the winter advanced, the ship was housed over with canvas and covered with snow, for both captain and men had made up their minds to winter in the pack, and to drift, no one knew whither.

5. Their first anxiety arose from a fear that the ship would be dashed to pieces against some grounded icebergs, towards which the mass of ice in which the Fox was embedded might be drifting. The floes opened and tore up against the icebergs like turf before the plough; and, had the ship come in contact with any of them, it

must have been instantly destroyed. This peril was happily escaped, and in a few days the vessel and the surrounding ice had drifted out of danger.

6. A bear came to look at the ship one night, and was chased by the dogs to some thin ice, through which it broke. All hands turned out on this occasion to see the sport; and, notwithstanding the intense cold, many of the men, in their excitement, did not wait to put on their extra clothes. The bear was despatched with their rifles, although he made some resistance.

7. In December a school for reading, writing, and navigation was commenced. Captain McClintock lost no opportunity of providing amusement and recreation, so necessary to men in such a dreary life. Besides the ordinary duties of the ship, they were also exercised daily in building snow-houses and preparing travelling equipages.

8. At the winter solstice, December 21st, they had only about half an hour's partial daylight. Once in twenty-four hours, the type of the "Times" newspaper could just be distinguished on a board facing the south, where, at noon, a slight glimmer of light was reflected above the horizon. In the zenith and northwards the stars shone brilliantly. In the absence of light and shade, it was not possible to walk over the ice, for hummocks could not be distinguished from the floe. All presented a uniform level surface; and, in walking, one was in constant danger of falling into the fissures or running against the blocks of ice.

9. All must now, therefore, be content with an hour or two's tramp alongside, or on the snow-covered deck under housing; and during the remainder of the day to sit below in their cabins, endeavoring to read and talk away the time.

10. They saw no change, nor did they hope for any



till the spring. Gale followed gale. An occasional alarm of a disruption in the ice, a bear or seal hunt, formed their only excitement. Indeed, they at times almost desired some crisis, to break the dreadful monotony of their lives.

11. Their walks abroad afforded them no recreation, for they were without an object; there was literally nothing to see or hear; north, south, east, or west, there was nothing but snow and hummocks. The only thing possible was to walk to windward, so as to be certain of returning safe and not frost-bitten, or to pick out a smooth place and form imaginary patterns with footprints.

12. By January 29th, 1858, the Fox had drifted into latitude $72^{\circ} 46'$ north, longitude 62° west, and, by the aid of refraction, the crew saw the sun for the first time since November second, in the preceding year. The weather had now become intensely cold, the mercury was frozen, and the spirit thermometer registered 46° below zero.

13. The men had great difficulty in clearing their bed-places of ice, and their blankets froze nightly to the ship's side; but they had the sun to shine on them, and that made amends for all. A different world was before their eyes. Even in these dreary regions, where nothing moves, and no sounds are heard save the rustling of the snow-drift, the effects of the bright sun are so exhilarating that a walk is then quite enjoyable.

14. A memorable day was February 26th, when the crew of the Fox opened the skylight and let in daylight below, where they had been living for four months by the light of their solitary dips. The change was indeed wonderful, and at first uncomfortable.

15. The breaking up of the ice was attended with considerable danger. On March 25th, a wide fissure, which had been opening and closing during the previous fortnight, closed with such force as to pile up tons and tons of ice within forty yards of the ship, and shattered the floe on a line with the deck. The pressure continued, and on the following night a huge block was hurled within ninety

yards of the ship. Another such a night and the little Fox would have been crushed, and the crew would have been turned out upon the floe.

16. The Fox was not free of the ice until April 25, when a swell entered into the pack, and gradually increased, until the ice commenced dashing against the sides of the vessel. These violent shocks continued throughout the morning, and seemed as if they would destroy the ship. However, by the power of steam, and, with a strong fair wind, the crew commenced pushing out.

17. On the following day not a piece of ice could be seen, save a few distant bergs. The little vessel was dancing on the waters, surrounded by innumerable sea-birds, seals, and whales. On April 28th she was safely moored in Holsteinborg harbor. Her anchors had not been down, nor had any of the crew stood on the land since August third in the preceding year.

18. Ice-bound and imprisoned, they had drifted upwards of twelve hundred miles. Need it be added how thankful they were to that kind Providence who had watched over them, and under him, to their captain, to whose unremitting attentions to their comforts and safety they owed their health and deliverance.

Aux-il'i-a-ry (áwg-zí'ya-re). Helping; assisting.

Ice'floe (fīō). A detached portion of an ice-field; ice-float.

Em-bed'ded. Sunk in; placed in.

Sol'stice. The time at which the sun is at its greatest distance from the equator either north or south.

Hum'mock. A sheet of ice thrown up by the pressure of large fragments coming in contact.

Tramp. Walk; journey on foot.

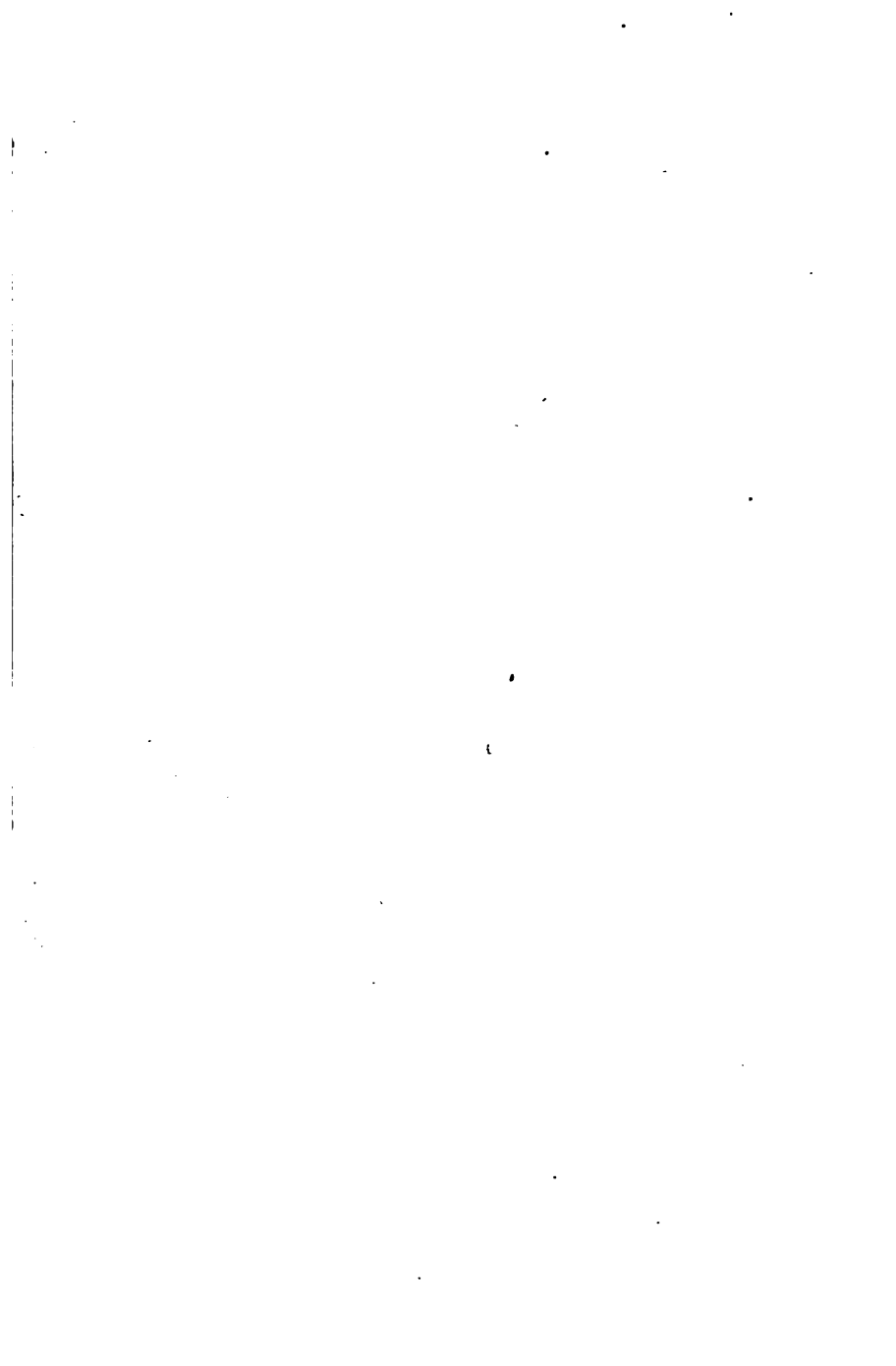
Dis-rup'tion. A breaking or bursting asunder.

Wind'ward. The point towards, or in the direction of the wind.

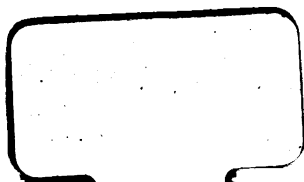
A-mends'. Recompense; compensation.

Dips. Candles made by dipping.

Ice'bound. Blocked up in the ice, applied to vessels.







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